

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.

Vol. III, No. 3 "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Sept. 1889


Once a year the London Athenæum publishes a review of Continental literature. This review is made up of a series of letters specially written for the English periodical by regular correspondents in the various countries and is a wonderfully faithful reflex of the literary doings of the year. The period of time covered is from July, 1888, to June, 1889. The letters as published in the Athenæum are voluminous, and deal with about fifty to sixty thousand words—enough to make a good-sized book. Much of the matter is technical, and to the average reader somewhat tedious. We have, therefore, condensed the correspondence to the live topics and personal gossip, and it will be found an enjoyable reach of instructive reading to those at all interested in what is being done in letters in other tongues than our own.

Belgium: Naturally there is a good deal of writing about the Congo State, of which the King of the Belgians is the sovereign. The most remarkable work on the subject is *Le Partage Politique de l'Afrique* of M. É. Banning, who has made the most recent international agreements the basis of his volume. Lieut. Becker, one of our explorers, has related the doings of *La Troisième Expédition Belge au Pays Noir*, while M. P. Kassai has written a history of the whole of the operations of the Belgians in Africa since 1876. More attention is paid than ever to social questions. The commission on labor appointed by the legislative chambers has published three big volumes comprising close upon three thousand pages, and containing the evidence of the witnesses and the reports and conclusions of the commission. One of the chiefs of the workingmen's party, M. L. Bertrand, has written a volume on the housing of artisans and the poor in Belgium; M. G. DeGreef has examined the condition of the workers in lace, who are cruelly "sweated;" and M. V. Brants, of the University of Louvain, has written on the fishermen on the coast at Heyst. M. Alph. Allard, director of the Brussels Mint, has published a monograph, *La Crise Agricole, Commerciale, et Ouvrière et ses Causes Monétaires en Angleterre*, which has been translated into several languages. M. Gillaume De Greef has printed the second part of his vast *Introduction à la Sociologie*. M. Ernest Gilon's *Misères Sociales, la Lutte pour le Bien-être*, a less ambitious, but more sympathetic work, has carried off the Guinard Prize of 10,000 francs, given by the Royal Academy. In *belles-lettres* Belgium has this year sustained two severe losses. One of our veterans, the old poet Antoine Clesse, died as he was publishing his *Nouvelles Chansons et Poésies*; and M. Max Waller (Maurice Warlomont), the leader of the group called "*La Jeune Belgique*," was taken away before he had given us the full measure of his talents. We can enumerate but a few of the volumes of prose fiction and poetry

that have appeared since July, 1888. *La Nouvelle Carthage*, by M. Georges Eekhoud, is a highly colored picture of Antwerp life and manners, in which we find once more the same remarkable talent for description which the author had heretofore when dwelling upon rural scenes. *Les Légendes de la Meuse*, by M. H. de Nimal, is charmingly written. M. Camille Lemonnier, the greatest "colorist" among our novelists, seems more and more to revel in unclean things, and has even brought upon himself a legal condemnation in Paris, where the public mind is not remarkably prudish.

Denmark: Since I wrote my last summary there has been great activity in almost all branches of our literature. In a little book *On Matrimony*, a Bachelor (*i.e.*, A. C. Larsen) aims at reasoning dispassionately on the question of sexual morality, which, as is well known, has been of late eagerly discussed in Scandinavia. His endeavor is to mediate between the extreme points of view. Among the new names perhaps the greatest interest attaches to Niels Möller. The tone prevailing in his verses is indicated by their title *Efteraar* (Autumn); in most of them the melancholy poet depicts effectively enough the gloomy side of human life; throughout he evinces a rare vigor of sentiment, and proves himself an accomplished artist in words and metres. Less original, but still worthy of notice, are the Poems of S. Michaëlis. A new novelist of talent is Vald. Vedel, who has published *Stavnsbaand* (Bondage), in which he describes how a learned man, whom his natural disposition and one-sided development have alienated from real life, is overpowered by his own train of thought. Finally, I may mention that *Tilskueren* (the Spectator), for some years our sole periodical for literature and criticism, has now two rivals. One of them, *Ny Jord* (New Soil), edited by C. Behrens since January, 1888, is in the main the champion of modern tendencies and aspirations; while the other, *For Literatur og Kritik*, founded this year by Riis-Knudsen, is the rallying point of the conservative school of writers.

France: If one were called upon to classify the various productions of French literature in order of merit, it would not, to my thinking, be unfair to place historical studies, descriptions, and monographs in the first rank. The taste for manuscripts and letters has in our day attained an extraordinary degree of development, and it is not uncommon to see authors living, as it were, for months and even years with some individual of note of another epoch. More than one grave philosopher has fallen in love, across several centuries, with the *grande dame* whose life he was engaged in narrating. These fatal passions are rare, but it frequently—too frequently—happens that a monograph assumes the char-

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acter of a monomania. One of our most patient and most happily inspired workers in this field is M. Lucien Perey, the amiable scholar who has chosen to appear under this sex and pseudonym before the public. He gave us last year *L'Histoire d'une Grande Dame au XVIII. Siècle: la Comtesse Hélène Potocka*, who is no other than the charming Princess Hélène Massalska, whose school-girl diary the same author had presented us with during the preceding year as an instance of the education of a high-born maiden in the eighteenth century. M. Bardoux has related the life of Madame de Custine, another *grande dame* of the eighteenth century who survived the Revolution, and who, far more closely than the Countess Potocka, was connected with the tragic events in which her father-in-law, General de Custine, and later on her own husband, lost their lives.

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It was inevitable that the centenary of 1789 should call forth a number of works on the Revolution and the Imperial era. I shall mention, in somewhat loose order, the most important. *L'Armée Française en Allemagne*, by M. Galli, is a series of narratives of the wars of the Revolution, of the campaign of 1806, and the great battles of Jena and Auerstädt. M. Henri Houssaye, the author of some remarkable studies on Grecian antiquity, has in his 1814 allowed himself to be tempted by the thrilling events of the penultimate campaign of Napoleon. M. Marcellin Pellet has given us a monograph fully as interesting in his *Napoléon à l'Île d'Elbe*. Nothing can be more captivating than the history of the tiny court of the emperor, ruminating and preparing his return to the Continent in spite of the vigilant watch of the spies of Louis XVIII. The correspondence of one of these emissaries, who sent daily reports of the life, of the actions, and movements of this little court, has luckily been found by M. Marcellin Pellet. We learn from it that Napoleon, resolved though he was to quit the place as soon as possible, had nevertheless begun to rule in good earnest the small island which was assigned him as his prison. He had already established a court and a regular administration; he gave entertainments, he undertook some public works and increased the taxes. The insufferable defects and vices of Napoleon are more strikingly apparent in this narrow field than they ever were in Paris. Pauline Bonaparte, who was then living with her brother on terms of intimacy which were denounced as equivocal according to the secret reports of her chambermaid, was, according to another spy, the only person who made life endurable to the little court of Porto Ferrajo.

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The name of M. Thiers is still too intimately connected with the political struggles of republican France to allow of his being regarded with entire impartiality in his own country. While some are preparing to raise a statue to his memory others still hold up to the execration of posterity the name of the liberator of our soil, of the conqueror of the Commune, of the founder of a moderate republic. M. Joseph d'Arcay, the author of *Notes sur M. Thiers*, which reveal a good many scandalous details about the origin and on the family of M. Thiers, is not an opponent of the great statesman's political doctrines: he is worse than that—an unfriendly relative! One is never betrayed but by one's own people. The vindictive spirit which animates the writer takes away from the value of revelations which, at any rate, do not attack the personal honor of M. Thiers. Gambetta, next to Thiers the chief founder of the Republic, has, on the

contrary, found an ardent champion in the person of M. Edmond Deschaumes, whose book bears the significant title of *Le Grand Patriote*. We find these two statesmen again in the company of MM. de Talleyrand, Falloux, Rouher, in *Les Hommes d'État au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, by M. le Marquis de Castellane. If we pass on to history in a lighter form, we find *Les Confessions d'une Abbesse au XVI. Siècle*, by M. Gagnière, a most delicate and pure picture of monastic life in Italy three centuries ago. *Les Mémoires de l'Abbé de Choisy*, edited by M. de Lescure, call for something more than a passing mention. The Abbé de Choisy is by far the most remarkable of those *abbés de cour* of the old régime who both charmed and scandalized Parisian society at that epoch. The life of this one was deplorably loose. He relates with extraordinary impudence the love affairs, the adventures and intrigues he was able to carry on under cover of his priestly garments, or even of female dress, a disguise which, it appears, suited him to perfection. Happily for him—and for us—this little Abbé was master of a charming style and was a witty observer. His memoirs are a most entertaining history of the secret life of the court of Louis XIV.

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A work of selection from the mountains of novels which yearly make their appearance seems to be no inconsiderable task. M. Richepin recounts in *Césarine* a melancholy love story, not particularly original or interesting in itself; but the framework of the novel seems to have been but a pretext for giving us most powerful and striking pictures of the retreat of an army in 1870 and of the street fighting during the Commune. *L'Immortel*, by M. Alphonse Daudet, is one more satire upon the French Academy. This venerable company has the fate of a much-courted beauty; she is the object both of envy and slander. How many of her revilers she has wittily chastised by opening her doors to them! It is assuredly rather mortifying for an Academician to have a book against the Academy on his conscience. The book M. Daudet has been guilty of appeared to the public somewhat harsh and unfair. M. Zola will never renounce the pretension of being a painter—or, to be still more modern, a photographer—of scenes of real life. He was perhaps conscious that in *La Terre* he had gone too far, and in order to obtain pardon for his offence he made an open act of contrition. I cannot call the idyl whose title is *Le Rêve* by any other name. I shall perhaps be allowed to place M. Drumont's book, *La Fin d'un Monde*, among the novels. M. Drumont, who is an uncompromising Catholic, a declared enemy of the Jews and of the financial world, strikes right and left with extraordinary independence and impartiality. This is, by the way, the most remarkable feature of his book. The documents he has consulted seem to be for the most part bits of puerile gossip, or small notes cut out from papers chiefly devoted to the propagation of scandal; all this is launched forth with fiery passion. The intense conviction of this blind and passionate justiciary is what saves the book, which would otherwise appear to be a vulgar instrument of libel and defamation. Nobody, however, has taken it up as such. *La Fin d'un Monde* was talked about for three weeks or so, which, for Paris, was a good deal. What other waifs can be gathered in from the great ocean of novels and *nouvelles*? To tender souls who delight in gentle emotions and sincerely love nature I may recommend M. André Theuriot's *Amour d'Automne* and *Contes de la Vie Intime*, and also *La Grande Bleue*, *alias* the sea, by

M. René Maizeroy. Those who like violent emotions may care to read *Les Histoires Insolites*, of the truculent *décadent* poet Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Pierre Loti's last novel, *Japoneries d'Automne*, will please fanatics for exotic life. Hector Malot in his *Conscience* has been visibly inspired by Dostoevski's *Crime et Châtiment*.

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No account of books published in Paris of late years would be complete if it did not include Russian literature; it would be almost necessary to devote a special chapter to it. The admiration—if I were not afraid of being thought irreverent I should say the infatuation—of French readers for Russian novelists has been prodigiously stimulating. We can no longer keep up with the number of translations which daily appear. After translating the works of masters like Tourguénief, Tolstoi, etc., we have done the same honor to obscure and dull writers with whose names Russians probably are unacquainted. The rising tide has during the year 1888 brought us translations of several works by Dostoevski: *Les Pauvres Gens* and *Les Frères Karamazof*, which are neither better nor worse than the other novels of that remarkable writer. We have also been presented with *Péché de Vieillesse*, by Pissemsky, and with *Poésies et Nouvelles*, by Pouchkine. I must mention an original work, a highly interesting study of the different sects to which so many Russians (as many as fifteen millions, it is said) are affiliated. The author of *La Russie Sectaire*, M. Tsakni, explains admirably the influence of this strange and often barbarous proselytism on the mystic and credulous nature of the Russian peasants—a young and at the same time old race of people, in love with the ideal and plunged in the deepest ignorance, full of unconscious aspirations which no faint ray of hope ever illuminates, and whose ill-directed religious fervor often becomes a thirst after martyrdom and self-sacrifice. The *Souvenirs* of M. Vereschagin, the well-known painter, furnish interesting information concerning General Skobelev, the hero whose glorious past and uncertain future were brought out with such peculiar relief before the eyes of Europe, and whom death carried so prematurely away. M. Vereschagin, who was a friend of the victor of Géok-Tépé, is nevertheless too truthful a writer to conceal any of the brave soldier's defects. Skobelev had many, it must be owned, especially those that are peculiar to Russians: great fickleness, superstition, and obsequiousness in his attitude toward the great ones on the earth. To these he added a certain propensity to boast, a strange weakness in a man who had no need to color facts to pass for a hero. Yet in presence of the enemy he showed nothing but coolness and indomitable courage.

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If we admit that the novel has not shone with particularly bright lustre during the past few months, what shall we say of poetry? Is it true that the Muses have been frightened away by our age of science and industry? Has not art, at any rate, attained a marvellous degree of development within the last few years? The somewhat morbid manifestations of thought, the aspirations toward some crabbed ideal, which are called "decadence," "impressionism," "symbolism," etc., at least show that science and business do not absorb the whole activity of the nation, and that there is a tendency—however ill directed—to rise into the domain of imagination and ideality. Must we believe and hope that, since the death of Victor Hugo, something new is being silently elaborated, and that a renaissance of poetry is

destined to flower on the ruins of romanticism? The annual volume of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo (who will thus survive himself for many years), *Toute la Lyre*, contains about a thousand pages of verse, dating from all the different epochs of the poet's life and written in the most varied tones and moods. Several pieces are epic and sublime, others are cheerful, idyllic, indulgent. It is like a review of the whole poetical work of Victor Hugo in all its infinite variety. Some of the narratives of the wars of the Empire are admirable. M. Leconte de Lisle has once more borrowed from Greek antiquity the subject of a sacred idyl, *L'Apollonide* taken from the *Ion* of Euripides. The poet has preserved the dialogue form of the original, the interludes of the Chorus, the philosophical and somewhat ironical sayings, and above all the serene majesty, which characterize the works of Euripides. One is forcibly impressed, on reading this adaptation of the *Ion*, with the eternal youth of the poetry of the Greeks. M. Jean Aicard has brought back from Algeria some poems called *Au Bord du Désert*. They are remarkable for local coloring—almost too much so perhaps; and they depict the East of the Crusades, at the time of the chivalrous Saladin, rather than the East of to-day. In his *Chansons des Étoiles*, M. Jean Rameau, a somewhat "decadent" poet, treats of subjects of high, and occasionally nebulous, philosophy, according to the taste of to-day. I must acknowledge, however, that the form and the matter of his poems are often more accessible to ordinary mortals than those of most of his colleagues in "modernism." M. Copin has brought to a happy end the difficult, the almost impossible, task of translating into French verse the sonnets of Shakspeare.

Germany: Heavy folios and endless rows of volumes have for some time been strangers to our library tables, but even less ponderous literature, such as poetry and popular books, is gradually assuming a lighter garb. The selected poems of a poetic school rival the collected works of single poets; the "mass" of the poets vies with the numbers of poems. The short one-act plays—the *proverbe*, which is invading even the domain of tragedy—are proving successful rivals, and are gradually driving out the plays, comic and serious, which develop with traditional dignity through five acts. Both the novel in nine volumes of the "contemporaneous" style, such as Gutzkow's *Ritter vom Geist*, which is typical of the "period of width," and the "successive" style, which, as in Freytag's *Ahnen*, develops in a series of periods the dimension of length, have now become obsolete. Short and hurried, like the age itself, our present novels are coming down to the dimensions of a moderate story, and the stories to those of a large *feuilleton*. It is fortunate if a literature, amid this tendency to diminish the size of its works, possesses masters who, like their intellectual brothers in art, are real masters of the little. One of the best and most original of these in the domain of the "Nouvelle," Theodor Storm, closed his career last year (July 4th, 1888), soon after he had celebrated his seventieth birthday amid the congratulations of the whole nation. With the exception of Paul Heyse, no one understood so well as Storm how to create within the smallest imaginable compass a stirring event or a remarkable and striking character. There is also a magical charm for the inlander in the savor of sea and marsh found in nearly all, and certainly in the best works of this author, whose home lay on the coast of North Frisia. The land partially won from the sea in never-

ending fight with waves and floods; the race of "Dithmarschen," outwardly hard and stubborn, but full of deep feeling; the sea with its terrors, and the misty peat-moor with its ghostly tales and superstitions—these are the realms over which the words and magic of Theodor Storm held sway. The last work of his hand, the *Schimmelreiter*, which did not appear till after his death, bears the stamp of his individuality.

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The centenary of the Revolution, which exalted the small and cast down the great, leaves its mark also on the dimensions of our novels. The great novelists, who, like Spielhagen and Ebers, have accustomed their readers to novels in at least three volumes, have restricted themselves to one volume, or at most two. The former seems to be trenching somewhat on the domain of the latter; the title *Ein neuer Pharaon* of F. Spielhagen's latest novel naturally suggests the author of the *Aegyptische Königstochter*, who has appropriated the kingdom of the Pharaohs as his own especial sphere. One glance at the book disappoints our expectations. The new Pharaoh has as little in common with the old as the sandy district of the Mark has with the fertile Nile deposits, or the busy metropolis on the Spree with the Egyptian necropolis Thebes. Nor is the new Pharaoh who rules over Berlin and thence over the whole of Germany, even the whole of Europe, the Emperor William or Bismarck, but simply the spirit of the age (*Zeitgeist*), which, revealing itself in the enthusiasm for liberty of 1848 in dreamy idealisms, has now changed, grown sober, realistic, and practical, and, like the new Pharaoh of the Bible, knows Joseph and his dreams no more. Although there is no lack of gloomy, even of tragic events, yet a feeling of sunny cheerfulness pervades the whole. The opposite may be said of the third important novel of this year, *Dahiel der Convertit*, by R. Voss. This well-known dramatist has transferred to the domain of the novel his love of harsh, almost horrible situations, painful conflicts, and startling developments.

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There is a marked inferiority in metrical composition as compared with unmetrical. The lyric spring, like the real one, every year brings forth similar plants and blossoms, but with the exception of the hothouse plants there is little variety in nature, and in the poetic flora, too, free originality and the surprise of variety are wanting. That the old kinds are still the favorites is proved by the repeated editions of the songs of "Mirza Schaffy," Scheffel, Heyse, Greif, and many others. Among the new collections of poetry the *Lieder aus dem Süden*, by St. Milow, are in his usual manly, but somewhat didactic tone. E. L. Rochholz, who, although near his eightieth year, has been known hitherto only as a scholar, in his *Reichstreu-Denkfrei* strikes a vigorous note with a freshness remarkable in a man of his age. J. H. Mackay's narrative poem *Helene* contains highly realistic Berlin local coloring in its night and street scenes. The leader of the new school of poetry of "Youngest Germany," Heinrich Hart, has added a second to the first canto of his *Lied von der Menschheit*, which seems destined to be the *Messiad* of the future. The first celebrated the prehistoric age, while the second, which bears the title *Nimrod*, is occupied with the beginning of the historic period. In poetic beauty it is by no means inferior to the first; for the remaining twenty-two cantos (without supplements) the daring singer must think himself sure of retaining his strong voice. If the self-confidence of this latest school, which in some

of its members, e.g., C. Bleibtreu, extends to presumption, is justified by their future productions, poetical literature may look forward to a season of blossoming.

Greece: The lion's share in Greek bibliography of the day belongs to history and historical geography. This is not occasioned by the fact that two jubilees have occurred within the twelve months—that in October last we celebrated the five-and-twentieth anniversary of the accession of King George, when an exhibition of art and industry was held, and that on the 3d of last June we commemorated the five-and-twentieth year of the cession of the Ionian islands by England. Those important events have not been without their influence; but I can safely assert that only the daily papers and the magazines have profited by them. On the contrary, the appearance of a large number, comparatively speaking, of books relating to history and geography is due to the growth of the historical sense and the constantly increasing interest taken in local annals of every kind.

Holland: When I finished my last report with the news of the death of Vosmaer I quite expected that some posthumous work would appear that would intensify our regret at his decease. This expectation has been fulfilled by the issue of a fine translation of the *Odyssey* and by *Inwyding*, an unfinished novel. Volumes have appeared by various young poets, and a curious production, *Mei*, by Mr. H. Gorter, who has a metre and rhyme of his own, and whom it is really hard to take seriously in spite of many a musical line. In Alb. Verwey's crude sonnets, *Van het Leven*, it is difficult to recognize the poet of *Persefone*. In taste and feeling few of the younger poets come up to the sad *Hélène Swarth* (*Sneeuwvlokken*), who deigns to write Dutch that any civilized Dutchman can understand.

Italy: Our Italian Office of Statistics is a most active institution: it publishes the statistics of the printing press, the last issued being those of the year 1887. We learn therefrom that on the 31st of December of that year the number of periodicals published in the kingdom was 1,606, that is to say, one for 18,842 inhabitants. The difference in the proportions according to certain divisions of population is in Rome one periodical for 3,904 inhabitants, and in the Basilicata one for 109,332 inhabitants. In the same year, moreover, 11,161 various publications were registered in Italian and in other languages, including translations as well as original works. Of this number only 124 books treated of philosophy and theology; 352 of philology and literary history; 392 were poetical works; 336 were novels, works of fiction, and the like; 218 were dramatic works; 200 treated of the fine arts; and 606 of history and geography. The rest related to technical science and to administration. I may also note, as a further indication of the literary and speculative movement in our country, the publication of 1,011 religious works, the greater part of which, however, were books of devotion and of prayer. It will perhaps interest you to know that 361 translations were published: of these 183 were from the French, 66 from the German, and 52 from the English. The statistics of 1888 are not yet issued, but the total number of publications has been inferior to that of the preceding year.

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Our fiction is the poorest of any, unless, as seems to be the case, it has in dramatic literature a competitor in poverty. I do not mean to say that many novels are not published, and a number of dramas and comedies acted or declaimed; but their life is generally short and

obscure. There is not one of these productions that reveals a strong or profound insight into Italian life, or that gives a true and instructive representation of any phase or portion of it. The minds of authors and readers are satisfied with remaining within a narrow sphere of interests and emotions, and turn forever to the same empty and inane love stories. To foreigners who are desirous of studying Italian I can mention a novel of this kind, well written, however, and clean throughout, *Il Romanzo di Paolo*, by Rodolfo Mondolfi. A young woman who conceals her identity under the name of Neera has given us a novel called *L'Indomani*. It is the same old story of the to-morrow of marriage, which, as every one knows, is not like its to-day. If a certain purity of language is the characteristic of a good writer, the author does not fully deserve that appellation, but her novel is nevertheless very readable. Salvatore Farina, who in my opinion is the best of all our novelists, has lately brought out *Due Desiderii: Prologo ed Epilogo*. The past year has been less productive of verses than the preceding ones. The great wave of poetry that washed over us a few years ago has apparently subsided. Carducci has published nothing new; he is now engaged in collecting and reprinting his prose works, which are chiefly of a polemical character, and deal with literary and historical criticism. I cannot mention any poets that have come to light this year whose names are not in danger of being washed entirely away into oblivion.

Norway: Since my last review of Norwegian literature there has been comparative quiet in the literary world of Norway. The controversy concerning monogamy and polygamy, which raged about a year ago, has gradually subsided, and at present it seems to have ceased altogether. An interesting contribution toward the discussion of sexual morality has, however, been published; it is Arne Garborg's *Fri Skilsmisse* (Free Divorce). The book is made up of articles already published in various periodicals, and its contents are, therefore, to a great extent known, but it is all the same a pleasure to peruse it again, so clear and logical are the ideas of the author, so caustic his arguments, so witty and piquant is his style. Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's lecture *Monogamy and Polygamy*, which he delivered at the beginning of last year in the most important towns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, has also been published, but it does not produce the same impression in print as from the platform. Bjørnson is a brilliant speaker; his commanding presence, his rich voice and expressive features fascinate his audience. It is an intellectual treat to hear him deliver this lecture; in print, however, it is not likely to have the success or produce the effect which it obtained everywhere during his lecturing tour. In this respect Bjørnson forms a complete contrast to his antagonist Garborg, who on the platform is heard to as much disadvantage as Bjørnson is heard to advantage. Bjørnson and Garborg have lately crossed swords on another important topic of the day. During the 400 years that Norway was united with Denmark, the old Norwegian language gradually ceased to be used in literature, at church, and in the law courts, and continued only to exist as the spoken language of the peasantry. The new written language of the country became essentially the same as modern Danish. Since the separation from Denmark (1814) the written Norwegian language has, little by little, acquired greater independence, and several purist schools were founded with the object of making the language completely national. One of these

schools intend to carry on its object by entirely throwing over the present written language, and creating a new one on the basis of the various dialects of the peasantry. Garborg belongs to this school. Another school proposes to go less radically to work; it will retain the present language, and only work for its gradual development as a national language by adopting the best words of the various dialects, by introducing a more phonetic spelling, etc. To this school, which is gaining ground year by year, Bjørnson belongs. It would, undoubtedly, already have been victorious if it had not been for the able opposition of Garborg; but several of his old supporters are falling off, and he himself is not so consistent in practice as in theory. Two of his latest books are written in the usual language, which he so much condemns. Both he and Bjørnson have in the course of the year published pamphlets on the subject. With the exception of these two small literary skirmishes, the last year has been a peaceable one. A good many volumes have been published, the old well-known authors have written new books, and new writers have made their debut. But no literary event of any great importance has taken place, so the year will not count as a remarkable one in the annals of Norwegian literature. The most important production of the year is Henrik Ibsen's *Fruen fra Havet* (The Lady from the Sea). It was published just before Christmas, and has already been performed at a number of the principal theatres in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. The play is not one of Ibsen's best. No one who wants to study Ibsen will omit to read *Fruen fra Havet*. Three years ago Ibsen spent the summer in one of the towns on the west coast most frequented by tourists from all countries, who, for a short time, fill the town with quite a cosmopolitan life and bustle. To this spot has Ibsen gone for the local coloring of his play, and it has been reproduced with mastery fidelity and delicacy. In the midst of these surroundings a most remarkable domestic drama is enacted. Ellida the lady from the sea, has before her marriage with Dr. Wangel been engaged to a stranger, a seafaring person, who exercised a kind of hypnotic influence over her, and although he has long ago disappeared from her part of the country, the mere thought of him continues to have a power over her. With horror she discovers that even after her marriage she remains under his influence, and when the stranger returns to claim her she is on the very point of leaving her home and her husband to follow him; but the kindness and love which Dr. Wangel at this juncture exhibits, and the respect he shows for her own independence and liberty as an individual, even with regard to her sickly infatuation for the stranger, liberate her at last wholly from his influence, and in the decisive moment she elects to remain with her husband, while the mysterious stranger vanishes as suddenly as he appeared. Hypnotism and similar abnormal conditions of mind have as yet been too little studied and explained by science to be fit subjects for satisfactory treatment in a work of imagination, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that in Ibsen's plays there is found a deal of mysticism, which produces a somewhat strange impression upon a modern reader. It is, in all probability, this mysticism which has attracted Ibsen, in whom a certain partiality for what is mystical and enigmatical is a very prominent trait. In a conversation I had with him during the time he was framing the outline of this play he expressed his conviction that the mysterious element would play a greater and greater rôle in the dramatic literature of the nearest future.

Poland: There is no remarkable success to chronicle in Polish literature, such as I have frequently had to record—for instance, when the historical romance of Sienkiewicz or the novel of Madame Orzeszko, *On the Niemen*, attracted the attention of every reader. Comparatively speaking, the *Dewajtis*, of Mlle. Rodziewicz, as the first book of a young writer who has made a literary reputation through it, has made the greatest impression of any work of the twelve months. The idea that runs through the story is attachment to the land held by one's fathers, and the preservation of it—a theme highly popular in the present condition of Poland, and treated in various ways. Certainly the prevailing form of fiction, whether it be from its apparent simplicity or from the influence of fashion, is the tale. Under the name of *Novella* appear sketches, short narratives of various kinds dealing with quite different grades of society, and very various in tone. The favorite topic for some time past has been life in the country, both of the peasantry and the rural nobility. Among the representatives of this branch of fiction may be named Jordan, who in his stories *Of Court and Forest* retails the old misdeeds of the landed gentry; Junosza, who in his *Rural Anthropology* shows himself an amiable, gossipy optimist; and Mankowski, who, in contrast to the last named, paints a black picture of the state of things, yet one marked by much power of observation. Another writer skilled in describing country people is Sewer (Maciejowski); he thoroughly understands them, and pictures them to the life. His most recent stories, *For the Holy Ground's Sake*, deal with the same theme as Zola's *La Terre*, but in a quite different fashion and quite dissimilar spirit. With him may be classed Dygasinski, a more pessimistic writer, who has brought out two new stories. Feldmann delineates in a sympathetic spirit the Polish Jews; Gomulicki is as much of a poet in his tales as in his verse; Sarnecki depicts the refined, often artificial manners of good society. The best of the young men of the school is Kosiakiewicz, who by preference deals with the bourgeoisie and middle-class life in all his works.

Russia: In commencing this review I have to record the serious loss which Russian literature has sustained in the person of our great satirist M. E. Saltikov (Stchedrine), who died on the 28th of April (old style). He commenced his literary career forty years ago, but his first production, which appeared in his own name in the *Otetchestvenia Zapiski* in 1848, entailed most melancholy consequences. He was banished to Viatka, and remained there in the discharge of the various duties of a provincial official until Alexander II.'s ascent to the throne, when he was allowed to return to St. Petersburg. He continued in Government employ, and became vice-governor of Tver and Ryazan. He did not retire until 1868, when he devoted himself entirely to literary work, first as a contributor to, and after 1878 as editor of the *Otetchestvenia Zapiski*, and subsequently, on its prohibition in 1884, as a contributor to the *Vestnik Evrope*. During these twenty years Saltikov followed carefully every manifestation and every phase of Russian public life, and pronounced in his works, of which there are twenty-four volumes, upon every important event. In fact, it is not too much to say he was one of the most influential reflectors and directors of public opinion. "My motto," he says in one of his Letters to my Aunt, "is Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. . . . I create nothing, I formulate nothing of my own; I simply reproduce what every honest human heart is

grieving over at any given time." . . . No one could better than he suggest to his reader's mind the thoughts and reflections that should logically flow from the personal experience of every individual. Nor should we forget that the period in which Saltikov lived was eminently calculated to develop and foster satire. The dominating fact of this period of Russian life is, of course, our great peaceful revolution of 1861, the emancipation of the serfs, and the consequences it has entailed. This social revolution changed at one blow the hitherto customary relations between the classes. Saltikov was only thirty when he began to write, but at the start he came in contact with a generation which was younger in years, and certainly in experience, than he. This rising generation of enthusiasts and dreamers saw an affinity between him and the old order, and accused him of too little hatred for it, and of inaccurate representation of the new. The strange irony of fate has willed it that toward the end of Saltikov's life it was no longer the young men who criticised, but the reactionaries, who found him inconsequential and frivolous. The decease of Saltikov leaves an enormous blank in Russian literature. Of the only two writers of his generation of equal rank, one, Gontcharov, has long ceased to do important work, and the other, Leo Tolstoy, continues obstinately the propaganda and practice of his moral doctrines, in which fragments of modern science are brought to the aid of old questions about the necessity of religious opinions, and where all this is strangely mixed up with the elements of modern political economy, the moral teachings of Buddhism, and the quixotic social Utopias of the saints of Barebone's Parliament.

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The most popular of modern writers of fiction is undoubtedly Gleb Ouspenski, who is an eminent example of the rule that in Russia a novelist who wishes to attain great popularity must be a publicist as well. In the course of the year a cheap edition of his works has appeared with a critical introduction by N. Mikhailovski; to him also has been dedicated an essay by the late Orest Miller, entitled *G. I. Ouspenski: an Explanatory Essay on his Works*. The subject Ouspenski has chosen for his pen is in a great measure the same as Saltikov's—a study of the transitory types and characters that have sprung up since the emancipation. These writers further resemble each other, inasmuch as they both, their great artistic skill notwithstanding, make artistic considerations subservient to another aim—that of the publicist—and inasmuch as their views on general subjects have a kindred tendency. But the difference between them is a greater than are their points of similarity. Saltikov's strength lay in his profound knowledge of the life of the old régime, and even amidst the new forms of contemporary circumstances he liked to seek out some corrupt relic of the olden days, and expose it to the scorn of the world, shattering our illusions in the process. Ouspenski hates the bad old days quite as much, but his mind is not so intent upon the destruction of the old as upon the building up of the new. He is not so intent on tracking out diseases as on finding remedies for their cure. For this reason he is always ready to seek out and rejoice over old institutions which contain a promise of future usefulness and life. Saltikov paints his facts in bold colors, and leaves his readers to form their own deductions, for which reasons his commentators have frequently to alter their deductions if these should happen to clash with their theories. Ouspenski, on the other hand, looks upon facts as materials

for making deductions from, and he generally points the moral himself, forsaking the character of the narrator for that of the advocate and judge. Ouspenski is characterized by that generous love of the ideal, that unremitting search for the absolute, that tendency to moral teaching and propaganda, which distinguish the moralist from the satirist. This makes him the idol of our youth, and is the distinctive feature of all his writings.

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Few literary productions of the past year deserve mention in this article. The friends and comrades of M. Garshin, recently deceased, have among them compiled a volume of Artistic and Literary Collections in his memory. The best part of this book is taken up with biographical and critical essays on Garshin. The melancholy circumstance of his having twice gone out of his mind, and of having taken his own life by a jump from the stairs because he felt that a third attack of madness was approaching, explains much in his works. Garshin was a purely subjective writer, and his best productions are autobiographical in character. I wish I had not to speak this year of Tchekhov, a most sympathetic writer who had hitherto confined himself to small psychological sketches, but who has tried his hand most unfortunately on the drama by writing a play called Ivanov. There is no action, and the principal character presents an impossible combination of contradictions. Korolenko presents to literature two charming tales, *Night and From Two Points of View*. The hero of the second of these stories is so overcome by the death of his friend through a railway accident, that he takes a mechanical view of life and ceases to care for anything, and under the influence of this mood he forsakes the girl whose love he has won, until her sufferings show his petrified heart the true object of life, and revive his old impulses to look for love and sympathy. In choosing his subject the author shows a characteristic motive, which underlies all Russian fiction, to give a moral reason and principle to our conception of the universe. In obedience to the same impulse Count Tolstoy is searching for a moral reason for the existence of the world, while our philosophical historians are searching for principles in the evolution of history, and prove the legitimacy of the ideal element in their explanation of the process. Something similar may be traced through our philosophy. The period of positivism and empiricism is clearly passing away, and our philosophers are renewing the quest of our old Slavophiles after some universal moral truth, in opposition to the scientific truth of the West. Metaphysical ethics with a mystical religious coloring is becoming the favorite subject of study.

Spain: During the last twelve months the publication of works on general literature has apparently suffered a check in the Peninsula. In poetry, both lyrical and dramatic, there is little to announce. Count La Viñaza is now publishing the poetical works of the two brothers Lupericio and Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola, the first edition of which appeared at Saragossa in 1634. Neither this nor the reprint of 1768 contained, however, their satirical and other light poems, which seem to have been carefully expunged from the original manuscript when, after the death of the two Argensolas (1631-34), Gabriel Leonardo de Albion, son of Lupericio and nephew of Bartolomé, undertook to commit to print the works of two poets so highly praised by Cervantes in his *Don Quixote* (part i., chap. xlviii.). A *Romancero de D. Jaime, el Conquistador*, by D. Adolfo Llanos, which

obtained the prize awarded by the Real Academia Española last year, has met with the general approval of those who still love, and adhere to, the old forms of poetical literature. As to the drama—I can only say that it remains stationary. True it is that the two brothers José and Miguel Echegaray, especially the former, still engross public attention, and that two or three more dramatists of their school are striving to gain popular favor; but, in my opinion, unless dramatic art in Spain strikes a new path in a national direction, its once well established fame is likely to vanish forever. *Manantial que no se agota*, by José, and *Lo Sublime en lo Vulgar*, by Miguel Echegaray, are certainly good comedies of their kind; but the individual efforts of two poets, however popular, are not sufficient to rouse the Spanish drama from its lethargy. The same observation may perhaps be applied to novel-writing. With the exception of Perez Galdós, Pereda, and Emilia Pardo Bazan, modern novelists in Spain—and their number is very considerable—are only translators or imitators of the worst possible school of French writers. Not so, I am glad to say, the three authors named above, who continue to enjoy great popularity. *Torquemada en la Hoguera*, by Perez Galdós, and *Morrion* by Boña, by Emilia Pardo Bazan, both published in a new fortnightly review, *La España Moderna*, are good of their kind.

Sweden: Comparatively few original works have been published in Sweden during the last twelve months. However, at least one young writer, Werner von Heidenstam, has made a successful début, and, what is a rare occurrence, he has almost simultaneously made his mark as a poet, as a novelist, and as a traveler. Whatever the form, the topics touched on by him are always congenial. He has a passion for the East. Originally an artist, he made extensive tours for the purpose of studying Eastern scenery and costume; but the principal results of what he saw and experienced appeared in due time not by means of pencil and palette, but of ink and paper. *Vallfart och Vandringsar* (*Pilgrimage and Travels*), the first of his books, extorted from the critics the enthusiastic verdict that Sweden had a new poet. Shortly afterward he printed some traveling sketches, *From Col di Tenda to Blocksberg*, in which he described with singular ability scenes connected with the earthquakes on the Riviera and hit off Italian character with great wit. August Strindberg, who has for the last ten years been more talked of than any other writer in Sweden, has after some years of absence returned to his native country, with the intention of continuing his tales of the archipelago of Stockholm, of which he some two years ago made a brilliant commencement in *Hemsöborna* (*The Inhabitants of Hemsö*). Last year this tale was followed by a new volume entitled *Skärkarlslif* (*Archipelago Life*), which, however, was not quite equal to its predecessor. The highest hopes may now be entertained. The author settled early in the spring in the archipelago among sea-gulls and cliffs, determined to share the life he is going to describe. Ernst Ahlgren (*Madame V. Benedictson*), whom I in my former review pointed out as another Emilie Carlén, unhappily committed suicide shortly afterward during a visit to Copenhagen, without any other motive than an unconquerable loathing for life. She seemed to be on the threshold of a most successful literary career. She left behind her a new collection of *Tales and Sketches*, and a novel entitled *The Mother*. The lady's power consisted to a certain extent in painting peasant life.

CHOICE VERSE—SELECTED FROM THE MAGAZINES

Delos—Rennell Rodd—Murray's Magazine

We came to an isle of flowers
That lay in a trance of sleep,
In a world forgotten of ours,
Far out on a sapphire deep.

Dwellers were none on the island,
And far as the eye could see
From the shore to the central highland
Was never a bush nor tree.

Long, long had her fields lain fallow,
And the drought had dried her rills,
But the vetch and the gourd and mallow
Ran riot on all her hills.

The length of her shoreward level,
High bank and terrace and quay,
Were red with a scarlet revel
Of poppies down to the sea;

Each bloom pressed close on its fellow,
The marigolds peeped between,
Till the scarlet and the yellow
Had hidden the under-green.

Was it here, that heart of a nation,
That first of the fanes of old!
This garden of desolation,
This ruin of red, of gold?

High up from the rock-cleft hollow,
Roofed over of Titan hands;
The cradle of dead Apollo
Still looks to his silent lands.

The sacred lake lies solemn,
In a havoc of fallen shrines;
Where the shaft of each broken column
Is tangled about with vines.

It lives in the dreams which haunt it,
This isle of the Sun-god's birth,
It lives in the songs which vaunt it
The holiest earth on earth.

But the shrines without note or number
Lie wrecked on a barren shore,
And the dead ideals slumber
For ever and evermore.

So Spring in her pride of pity
Had hidden the marble wraith,
And shed on the holy city
The flower and sleep of death.

The River—Charles L. Hildreth—Lippincott's

Through winding valleys and by upland farms
The river sweeps with many a foamy crest,
Until it fall into the meadow's arms
And sleeps with scarce a dimple on its breast,
Save when the wheeling swallow dips its wing,
Or leaping minnow leaves a widening ring.

The silver osier leans above its brink,
Weaving a checkered screen of sun and shade;
And here the shy, swift lizard comes to drink;
The dainty-footed snipe and heron wade,
And, like a chain of emeralds and gold,
The silent adder's glittering coils unfold.

The water-lily dips its vase of snow
In many a shallow cove along whose edge
The graceful reeds and purple flag-flowers grow,
And dappled river buds, and tufted sedge;
And in the stream beneath their image lies,
Mirrored like beauty in a lover's eyes.

O river! was it for these shadows dim,
The cool, pellucid deeps and rushy fens,
And flowers that bend above thy grassy rim,
That thou didst fret among thy mountain-glens?
O happy river! is thy turmoil past,
And hast thou won thy perfect peace at last?

Ah, no; I hear a low continuous voice,
Impatient ever, from thy broad, deep breast
Thou hast not found the haven of thy choice
Not yet is it permitted thee to rest:
O river, there is no repose for thee
Till thou art lost in the oblivious sea.

O river, rushing river of my youth!
Bright turbulence that ever bears me on
To seek some higher good, some truer truth,
Shall not repose be ultimately won
In some calm haven where my toil shall cease
And all my days be locked in perfect peace?

Ah, no: the sleepless voice within me cries,
"All things flow onward like this restless river;
There is no rest on earth or in the skies,

Nor any ceasing in that strong endeavor
Which whirls the ponderous planet on its pole
And leads men blindly toward some unknown goal."

Finalities—Edith M. Thomas—Atlantic

Gold can be but gold alone,
Midas' touch it cannot own;
For the lightning there's no scath,
For the fire no flaming bath.
Canst thou clarify the light,
Or in darkness merge the night?
Add perfection to the sphere,
Fulness to the rounded year?
Chiefdom to the sea declare,
Freedom to the ranging air?

There is beauty past the power
Of the earth or skies to dower;
There is joy no ministrants
Can by fondest skill enhance;
There is pain too keen to feel
Wounding point of driven steel.
Who can seize the souls that dwell
In Sleep's meshy citadel?
Who to Love's estate can add
More than Love hath ever had,
Or from our Great Vast withhold
What drew thither from of old,—
Stint the hunger-bitten rage
That devours from age to age?

Utterance of the Desert—Miles J. Anson—Overland

If thou hast heard,
In Arizonan solitudes
And lonely lands unmastered yet of man,
The eerie swish and whisper of the wind
In all its moods
Through sage and cereus, till thy soul was stirred
With thought of Thought ere conscious life began,
And glimpsed the gulf Eternity behind
This prideful atom and his little span,
That boasts the birth and boundary of mind,—
Oh, then thy spirit caught
The voice sublime
Of utmost space and time,
And all that sound may syllable to thought!

And haply then—
Far gazing o'er the desert sand,
Where, like a wraith of Hunger, travel-sore
The lean coyote limps, and cacti lift
Their wrinkled hands—

Thy fancy saw this deathful realm again
 Re-peopled with the myriad life of yore,—
 Heard murmuring multitudes in dune and drift
 Recount the tale of Time forevermore,
 Till thou didst question,—Was this wondrous gift
 Of mind inborn with man?

Or did it live,
 A formless fugitive,—
 Free tenant of the void since time began?

The King's Dust—Harriet P. Spofford—St. Nicholas

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King,
 "Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring,
 Like the dust of any common thing
 One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
 "Nay, not so," the King said. "I shall stay
 While the great sun in the sky makes day;
 Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
 In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the King died. And with myrrh and nard,
 Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,
 Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard
 Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King.
 Century fled to century; still he lay
 Whole as when they hid him first away—
 Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
 He, it seemed, the King, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
 Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
 Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,
 Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
 Little Arabs, answering to their name,
 With a broken mummy fed the flame,
 Then a wind among the ashes came,
 Blew them lightly—and the King was not!

"Florence the Beautiful"—Herman Merivale—Spectator

The mountain and the seas between
 She lies—the land of golden green;
 The while a glowing silence fills
 The bosom of the Tuscan hills,
 And sparkle like a landward sea
 The warm slopes of Fiesole.

Here, where the years their watches keep,
 All History's angels wake or sleep;
 The war-graved lines of nobles' pride,
 Where patriots fought and martyrs died,
 Till all the past may almost seem
 A glorious, illumined dream—
 The fire that loosed from man's control
 Savonarola's fiery soul—
 The wandering airs that whisper me
 The story of the Medici;
 While in the far-seen temples glow
 Andrea and Angelico,
 And glimmer on the red sky-shine
 Pale ghosts of Guelph and Ghibelline—
 Nestles in Arno's valley curled
 The inland goddess of the world.

Mark her when Autumn's shades embower
 From Galileo's pilot-tower,
 While the bright, little northward town
 O'er storied villas gazes down.
 Boccaccio's jest and Dante's woe,
 The tenor note of Mario,—
 All, ere an hour of watch be ended,
 In one historic memory blended,
 Courting with kiss of waters sweet
 The panorama at our feet.

So love, so breathe, thou city fair
 Beyond the hope of man's compare!
 Still while thy varied marbles vie
 In colors with the varying sky,
 And even God's dove might once have trod
 On Brunelleschi's tower of God,

Which seems to soar o'er sin and strife
 A ladder to the higher life,—
 So dream I on, so watch I thee,
 Silent, from still Fiesole.

Love on, dear land of Beauty, love
 The airs that kiss thee from above,
 The golden stars that seem to hold
 For thee some choice reserve of gold,
 Skies from some unknown source that drew
 For thee some special depth of blue,
 Whose soft gradations melt and rise
 Up to the gates of Paradise—
 Oh, love them in that they love thee,
 Thou pure and peerless Italy!

But yet, of all the gems that shine
 Embroidered on thy robe divine,
 And all the flashing facets set
 About thy lustrous coronet,
 Which links beneath one azure dome
 Brilliants of Naples and of Rome,
 And plucks from Orient's girdle far
 The Adriatic's emerald star,
 Still Nature keeps her best caress,
 For one soft pearl of loveliness.
 Sheds color on the changeable scene,
 Empurpling Vallombrosa's green,
 Breathes thoughts on Galileo's grave,
 And sings in Arno's yellow wave,
 Till some half-tearful longing stirs
 The full heart of her worshippers.

So watched I when the rosy dawn
 Tipped shining spire and sloping lawn—
 So looked I when the night came down,
 To clip and kiss the glittering town—
 Till my own slumbers paint for me
 My Florence, from Fiesole!

Chinook and Chinok—Andrew Lang—Longman's

Chinook and Chinok were magicians of merit
 Who each of them kept a familiar spirit,—
 They lived, we should tell you, a long while ago,
 Between the Red Men and the wild Eskimo,—
 And the feats of the common magicians they'd mock,
 Of the noisy Pow-wow, and the dark Angekok,
 But the best of good friends were Chinook and Chinok!

It was nothing to either to fly in the air,
 To float like a fish, or to climb like a bear.
 It was nothing to either to change by a wish
 His foes into fowls and his friends into fish!
 Thought Chinook, "I shall ask old Chinok to a feast
 And charm him for fun, to the shape of a beast,
 And when I have laughed at his fright till I'm black,
 Why,—dear old Chinok,—I will alter him back."
 So he sent to Chinok, and he asked him to dine.
 Thought Chinok to himself, "I've an artful design,
 For I'll change old Chinook to some sort of beast,
 And I'll soon charm him back at the end of the feast!"
 So they met, and their medicine-bags laid on the shelf,
 But each had a powder he kept to himself,
 A powder for making his friend look absurd
 By changing him into a beast or a bird,
 While each in his medicine-bag kept stored up another,
 By which he'd restore his old shape to his brother.
 Then both, when they settled serenely to eat,
 Dropped a pinch of the powder unseen on the meat;
 And Chinook, with a grin, began making his mock:
 "Why, you're changing," he cried, "to a badger, Chinok!"
 And Chinok, who felt rather uneasy, cried, "Look,
 You are changing yourself to a toad, my Chinook."
 Then each of them longed to return to himself,
 But the bags with the powders were high on a shelf,
 And the badger can't climb, and the toad could not hop
 To the shelf where the medicine-bags lay on the top,
 So the pair could not reach them by hook or by crook,
 And a beaver and toad are Chinok and Chinook!

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

William Sharp, author of the latest London sensation, *Children of To-morrow*, may be fairly said to stand at the head of the present romantic revival in England. His *Romantic Ballads and Fantasies* are saturated with the spirit of the wild, weird old Scotch days when superstition was the very life of the Highlands. His *Sospitra* is almost Greek in its old world classic treatment, and deeply analytical of human moods and passions. But Mr. Sharp's aim in literature is to prove that as much romance exists to-day as when bogies were rampant, and love had the setting of a barbaric past. *Children of To-morrow* is a story of the present, but as romantic as his *Ballads*, and his future poems will all have the same trend. In addition to his creative work, Mr. Sharp is editor of the *Canterbury Poets*, *Sonnets of the Century*, *American Sonnets* (whose circulation, unfortunately, is prohibited in America), literary critic of the *Academy*, art critic of one of the principal Scotch papers, and author of monographs on Rossetti, Shelley, and Heine which have been accepted as classics. His style is lucid, rich, poetical, and brilliant. His imaginative powers, literary conscience, and originality are equally remarkable, and he is an artist to his finger tips. His personal experience has been a wide one. He was for years an intimate friend of Rossetti, and Philip Marston—James Thompson, the unhappy author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, died in his arms,—and there are few great literary men in London to-day with whom he is not on terms of close friendship. He has travelled all over the world and written poems of nature in every clime. He corresponds with most American authors and poets, and intends visiting New York in October to be the guest of many of them. Mr. Sharp is a Scotchman by birth, tall, powerfully built and unusually handsome. He is married to a brilliant and charming woman who insures the success of his literary receptions. As he is only thirty-three, his future is certainly one of extraordinary promise.

There has been some curiosity of late among those posted on good book reviewing as to the identity of the literary editor of the *Memphis Daily Appeal*. The critical work on that paper—editorial and review—has been of so superior a quality as to attract attention. The secret is out! The work is that of a bright Southern woman—Mrs. J. E. Keating, wife of the managing editor of the *Appeal*. In addition to being a charming writer, the lady is possessed of analytical and critical faculties strongly tinged with liberality and broad, intelligent common sense. She has the courage of her convictions, and they are far from being narrow or provincial. Every summer season she visits New York and informs herself as completely as possible as to what is going on in a literary way, and knowing her own field and people thoroughly she is more than ordinarily well equipped for her work. Mrs. Keating is of the true Southern type, tall, blonde, and of dignified presence; a good conversationalist, a woman of superior mind and judgment, a firm believer in the literary development of the South, and an enthusiast regarding its possibilities.

Thomas Hardy, according to the *Contemporary Review*, is not popular with the English maiden. His ideas about young women are altogether too original and complex, and in the girls' marginal handwriting on the returned *Mudie* books are such sentences as these:

"What a horrid book," "This is a libel on womankind," "Oh, how I hate Thomas Hardy!" Mr. Hardy seems by the time he began to write to have formed a theory about young women, which every one of his books, since he adopted a method of his own, has been largely devoted to illustrating. It is very subtle and elaborate, and it amounts to this, that on the subject of matrimony no woman knows her own mind. Mr. Hardy's maidens, husband-high, are persons who think marriage a terrible thing to contemplate, engagements not quite so fearful, and arrangements to get engaged presently comparatively safe. There never, however, were ladies more anxious to swim if it could be done without going into the water. They think they would like to marry, but are not sure when they arrive at the altar. They hesitate about becoming engaged lest they should then cease to love; they marry in secret, get engaged in secret, and even ask the gentleman whom they engage to get engaged to by-and-by, to keep it to himself. They are seldom sure of their own love unless there is ground for believing that it is not returned, and the only tolerable safe thing to predict of them is, that first they will have two lovers and then marry a third. After marriage they become more conventional, but until then they are for disturbing the peace of man. As Henchard, the grandest male figure in Mr. Hardy's novels, says: "These cursed woman—there's not an inch of straight grain in 'em!" As a stylist Mr. Hardy stands higher than any contemporary novelist. His writing has not always the air of distinction which sometimes catches one's breath when reading Mr. Stevenson, but it is clear and terse.

Joaquin Miller is on his wanderings once again. He has been visiting the great Northwest and Visscher, the poet-editor of the *Tacoma Globe*, thus describes the eulogist of "her warm tremendous mouth": Imagine a man of less than medium stature and flesh dressed in a black frock suit, a scarf tied loosely about his collar, which is buttoned with a diamond, and another huge stone of first water glittering on a left-hand finger, a broad-brimmed Panama hat, a great, pointed, gray moustache, hair falling in heavy curls almost to the shoulders, not leoninely, but cavalierishly, the hair yellow, almost to blond, with white streaks in it, the Panama removed a vast expanse of forehead, and a great white bare place on the crown—and you have something of the appearance of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. He carried the money of the Wells Fargo Express over the mountains of Oregon and Washington away back in the early Sixties, when he was barely out of his boyhood, and has one stubby middle finger which the wolves chewed off, while he fought a pack of them one winter day in 1862, laying about him with quirt and revolver. The cow boy—and the gentleman are blended in the man, the antique and unique. He is a philosopher and a raconteur. He is a wonderful man, wise in the world's ways, yet a child of nature; big-hearted; eccentric because natural and careless of conventionalities. Joaquin Miller has been for years engaged upon *The Life of Christ* in verse, and he says "On that raft I shall ship my future. If it goes to wreck I am willing to go with it." For rest, recreation, and the needful he has temporarily left his mile of roses, his great space of sky and the innumerable stars above his Oak-

land cabin, and is writing poetry about Tacoma and traditions of Puget Sound, which he knows so well. Soon he goes to the Yellowstone region to write for *The Independent* whose managers say to him: "We want you and no one else but you to do it." He said on parting: "Good-by, old fellow. We shall meet again, for I am always going and the world is round."

The prevailing idea that Mona Caird, because the unconscious instigator of a sensational correspondence, must be given over to sensationalism herself is altogether erroneous. Probably no woman in London is more seriously in earnest. The great questions of woman, marriage, ethics, and socialism occupy her entire thoughts and time. She writes from pure conviction and is a bitter antagonist of all narrow existing conventions. Her reasoning is often logical, if passionate, and this fact, together with her seriousness, is recognized by the Reviews, for she is constantly asked to contribute to them. She is at present under contract to write for *The North American Review* and *The Forum*. In appearance she is small and slight, with an intelligent, sensitive face, and blue eyes and dark hair. Her house in Hampstead is very beautiful, and her drawing-room has probably been more discussed than any room in literary London. The walls, ceiling, woodwork, and doors are of a uniform tint of daffodil yellow. The hangings are of toning shades of terra-cotta, and the furniture dark and rich. On the polished oaken floor is a dull blue rug, and against the walls fine old dark carved cabinets. In manner she is simple and natural without a suspicion of the *poseur*. Just now she is at a Sun Cure in the Tyrol for nervous prostration.

One of the popular and promising young literary men of New York is Allan Forman, editor and proprietor of the *Journalist*. His first work was on the *Brooklyn Eagle*, under the late Thomas Kinsella, and consisted in a series of letters from the West—Denver, Salt Lake and San Francisco. It was at the time of the Kearney Sand Lots agitation, and the young writer became a violent pro-Chinese sympathizer, a sentiment which has grown as he has learned to know "John" and his peculiarities more intimately. Returning from San Francisco he did considerable work on *Harper's Weekly*, and for four years had the benefit of the advice and ripe experience of Mr. S. S. Conant, then editor of *Harper's*. To the friendship and training of Mr. Conant, Mr. Forman attributes much of his success as a writer. Between 1881 and 1884 he bought an interest in a religious magazine published in Brooklyn, edited it and wrote about half the matter in it each month. At the same time he acted as New York correspondent of some half a dozen out-of-town papers, did theatrical criticisms and wrote stories for various juvenile publications. He became interested in *The Journalist* in 1884, and since 1885 has had sole control of that paper, doing little outside work other than occasional syndicate letters on phases of New York life, and a few magazine articles on subjects in which he has been particularly interested. His best work has been in the direction of children's stories, and a series relating the adventures of a Mr. Thompson, which were published in *Harper's Young People*, met with a most flattering success. Mr. Forman has three hobbies which he rides whenever opportunity offers.—*The Chinese*,—*Tenement House Reform*,—*The Journalist*.

Graham R. Tomson is now as well known in America as in England; a month never passes without a poem of

hers appearing either in *Harper's*, the *Century*, or *Scribner's*, sometimes in all. She is a singular-looking woman, very young, but with a look of one who has gone through intense suffering, so intense that it has given her dark, deep-set eyes an expression little short of wild and uncanny. Her well-shaped head is covered with a mass of dark, red-brown hair which she coils low on her neck. She is frequently to be seen in a Greek-patterned gown of orange-colored India silk, with a crêpe embroidered shawl of the same color draped about her. She has a charming house in St. John's Wood, surrounded by a garden and high wall. Besides her poetry she edited the volumes of *Border Ballads* and *Greek Authors* for William Sharp's *Canterbury Series*. Graham is her husband's middle name, and he has given it to her in a double sense, as he no longer uses it himself. The R stands for her own name, Rosalind. These are the facts about this much-discussed woman who has so long been a mystery. Her husband, Arthur Tomson, is a poetic landscape painter, a seceder from conventional methods, and one of the most promising of the younger artists.

Leander Richardson, the editor of the *Dramatic News*, has had something like a Mark Twain development in Journalism. He started in 1871 on the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* and was discharged for incompetency. He then came to New York, and remained for two years on the *Tribune*, when he was enthusiastically regarded as the most utterly unreliable reporter in New York City. This was reputation, but it rose to such a degree of unavailability that he reluctantly went to Denver and for a summer season conducted the *Rocky Mountain News*. When he returned to New York he made immediate and rapid headway. Besides doing general journalistic and literary work, he wrote letters from New York and Europe to the *Boston Herald* for nearly fifteen years. He was virtually one of the originators of the syndicate system, and during the first blush of this new feature in journalism earned as high as \$400 per week by his pen. Four years ago he wrote a book on London—*The Dark City*—which had a good sale. Now he has taken to fiction, and his recently published *Lord Dunmersey* is a brilliant and exciting bit of literary work. It is really a filled-in play—highly dramatic and full of plot and situation. It reads like a rifle shot. It is keyed to the taste of the reading public, and confessedly written to sell. The class of work, however, and the strength of construction, give promise of great success as a popular novel writer. Mr. Richardson is tall, bearded, athletic of figure, genial in face and manner, quiet of speech, and modest as to a pretty broad acquaintance with what is politely and piquantly termed "the world."

Olive Schreiner, since her phenomenal success, has developed from a plain, shy, retiring girl into a brilliant, self-poised woman, with many pretensions to beauty. She has large brown, Oriental eyes, and a manner of great fascination, particularly to men. She could be a lion in London society if she would, but she goes nowhere, is absolutely unreliable, and can rarely be seen in her own house. At the woman's dinner, recently given in London, she accepted the invitation to preside, but never turned up, in spite of frantic telegraphing right and left—Mona Caird presided in her stead. She is an ardent Socialist, and upon the rare occasions when she invites a friend to dinner, directs her to bring her own beef-steak. The general impression is that she has a slight attack of the megaloccephalitis and that she has written her last book. But her *Story of an African Farm* has

given her an enduring place in literature, and she can independently rest on what she has accomplished.

Eugene Field, the talented Chicago journalist, is thus described by an admirer in the *Minneapolis Journal*: "A smooth-faced gentleman who might be taken—while you wait—for a clergyman or gambler, is Eugene Field. Mr. Field is the Sharps and Flats of the Chicago News. His father, R. M. Field, of Missouri, was the attorney for the negro in the celebrated Dred Scott case. It was the intention of Mr. Field's parents that he should become President of the United States, but the youthful Eugene put a damper upon that eminently proper ambition by early evincing an aptitude for the newspaper business. He received a college education, polished until it shone by a six months' visit to Europe. Here he gained a knowledge of the French language that was as bread cast upon the waters, for when Paul Coquelin and Mme. J. Hading visited Chicago a few months ago M. Field was made their official interpreter. He was also chiefly responsible for the introduction of the Hading veil into this country. Mr. Field's first newspaper work was done as a reporter on the *St. Louis Evening Journal* in 1873, and soon after he became city editor of that paper. His great fondness for sitting up nights led him to take a position on the *Kansas City Times*, which he filled with great success. Later he took the advice of numerous railroad emigration agents and went westward. Denver owned him and was proud of him, and he made the *Tribune* known all over the country. A few years ago the *Chicago News* offered him an advance in salary and permission to write poetry, and he accepted. He has since been connected with that paper, besides having collected about him a remarkably fine family. As a roaster of men and things Mr. Field has few equals. Personally he is a whole-souled, genial gentleman, a master of good English, and a forceful writer. Some of his recent poems are worthy of high praise."

E. Nesbit, whose beautiful and passionate poems have of late attracted so much attention, is tall, slender, and her dark flowing hair makes her look like the pictures of the Italian angels. She dresses in a most æsthetic fashion and is a picturesque figure in London literary society. Her real name is Mrs. Edith Bland, wife of Hubert Bland, and she is a vigorous Socialist and member of the Fabian Society. She is about thirty years of age, and lives at Lee, one of the suburbs of London. Her sister was engaged to Philip Marston, the blind poet, whose sad and tragic death followed close upon that of the girl to whom he wrote his most beautiful lines. Mrs. Bland's poems have been collected into two volumes—*Lays and Legends* and *Leaves of Life*. Readers of this magazine will recall her *Absolution*, published in the September number, 1888.

Edward A. Oldham, who has been writing good dialect verse of late for the Century and other magazines, is a young North Carolinian with a phenomenal record for literary activity. At a very early age he manifested journalistic tendencies, and when only nine years old founded and edited *The Little Monitor*, a small pen-and-ink journal, in his native city of Wilmington. Out of school hours he worked and earned money enough to buy a small printing press and type, with which he issued a little paper called the *Star of the South*, which was discontinued when he left Wilmington to attend the Hillsboro school. At Bethel, the well-known military academy of Virginia, he established a college paper called the *Bethel Cadet*, which still exists. While here

he was awarded the Corcoran Essayist Medal; the highest literary honor of the school. When sixteen years old young Oldham founded the North Carolina Press Association, of which he became president. Before he had attained the age of nineteen, he had contributed a series of American letters to a British quarterly, and had been liberally paid by the *New York Herald* for an article. He founded the *New South* and managed and edited into good looks and prosperity a half-dozen other Southern publications. He lately retired from the editorship of the *Charleston World*, to become editor and manager of the *Daily Globe* of Durham, North Carolina. Margaret Andrews Oldham, his wife, is a talented writer in prose and verse, for the *Youth's Companion* and the home periodicals. Mr. Oldham is about twenty-eight years old, slender, erect, and possessed of vitality enough to fully match his industrious ambition.

The Robinson girls, Mary and Mabel, are prominent figures in the literary society of London. The elder—poet, historian, and essayist—is very pretty. She is dark and petite and has brown eyes and hair. Mabel, author of the novels, *Disenchantment* and *Plan of Campaign*, is equally good to look upon, with fair hair and blue eyes. Their father was famous as a war-correspondent during the Franco-Prussian war, and being shut up at Metz for a long time, was thereafter known as Metz-Robinson. Mary's first book was published when she was twenty-one, her father giving her the choice of going to a ball or paying the expenses of her maiden effort. She accepted the latter without an instant's hesitation. She is married to a French professor named Darmstett. Mabel is unmarried. Of Mary Robinson's monograph on Emily Brontë in the series of *Eminent Women* an English critic says: "Full justice is here meted out to the power of imagination possessed by the writer of *Wuthering Heights*, and the story of her life and that of the Brontë family reads like a fascinating novel. Very interesting is the account of Cowan's Bridge School, and of the childhood generally of Emily. The tragedy of Branwell, the unhappy and abandoned brother whose pity in trial was all for himself, is told with power; and we have a very incisive analysis of Shirley, wherein Charlotte Brontë gave the world a fancy likeness of Emily. The closing scenes are full of pathos, and in the final words of this picturesque and tender monograph we are told that never before were hands so inspired alike for daily drudgery and for golden writing never to fade; never was heart more honorable and strong, nor any more pitiful to shameful weakness, and not only her works, but the memory of her life, shall rise up and praise her who lived without praise so well."

Anna Katherine Green, the so-called American Gaboriau, has been writing tales and verse since she was eleven years old. She comes of an East Haddam Connecticut family, and is the daughter of James Wilson Green, at one time editor of the *National Era*, a Washington publication. From the father the daughter inherits her legal turn of mind. Anna Katherine was born in Brooklyn, in the shadow of Plymouth Church, and into a literary environment. Recognition was first given to her verse, which appeared in *The Independent* and the old *Scribner's Magazine*. Then came *The Leavenworth Case*, a *Lawyer's Story*, and the list of her detective tales. Her friend and schoolmate, Mary R. P. Hatch, writes of her: "Though still Anna Katherine Green to the world, she is Mrs. Rohlf to her friends. She resides in Buffalo, N. Y., in a charming home, made delightful by an ap-

preciative husband and two fair children, Rosamond and Sterling. In appearance she is striking rather than beautiful, but the glory of her hair! unbound, it sweeps just to the floor when she stands erect. Mrs. Rohlf is a patient and careful writer, spending much time in elaborating her first ideas. Some chapters of *The Leavenworth Case* were written as many as twelve times. "The literary career is a very demanding one," she wrote years ago. "If I succeed, it will be by dint of pure work. From morning to night, week in and week out, labor, labor, labor." Later words are these: "I should not advise people to enter upon a literary life who were not driven to it by all the forces of their being. You have to fight, not one day, but a lifetime, to keep abreast of the crowd. Only a special talent, or a certain knack of putting old things in a new light, will insure one immunity from the conflict." Her theory in regard to novel writing in this: To have a story to tell, and then to tell it with force and directness, bringing to bear upon every part of it the most absorbing interest. The exponents of her success have been unusually varied in this country and Europe. Her novels have been dramatized and translated into other languages, her songs have been set to music, but no success stirs her individuality from its equipoise of good judgment and strong common sense. She is kind and true, and has scores of friends."

Writing of Zorilla, the National Poet of Spain, a correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* says: It is years since any event in Spain not connected with politics has awakened so general and warm an interest as the crowning of José Zorilla as national poet—a ceremony which was lately performed in the city of Granada. The act was accompanied with all that pomp and festivity which the Spaniards delight to throw around their public spectacles: endless banquets and processions, orations and poems, musical and literary tournaments, and of course bull-fighting without stint leading up to and following the central event. The personal representative of the Queen Regent, the Brazilian Ambassador bearing an autograph letter of congratulation from Dom Pedro, many representatives from Spanish America and the Spanish colonies, delegates from the leading literary societies of Spain, scholars, journalists, and politicians, school-children and workingmen's societies, all united with the greatest enthusiasm in the tribute to the aged poet. The object of all this adoring honor, Zorilla himself, was born in 1817 in the city of Valladolid. Destined by his parents for the law, he spent two years in legal studies, and then, disgusted with the profession chosen for him, and filled with an impetuous longing to embark in the career of literature to which he felt himself inwardly drawn, he went to Madrid, at the cost of a rupture with his family, to test his fortune in the metropolis. His first volume of poems appeared when he was but twenty, and for eight years afterward he poured out poetical and dramatic productions with true Spanish fecundity. No less than ten volumes of verse and thirty dramas are to be assigned to this period. But his literary activity brought him more fame than money. His father having died unreconciled to the disobedient son, the latter was left to his own resources. He went to Paris, and there began publishing his longest and most famous poem, *Granada*—a sort of epic, into which he wove some of the proudest traditions and most cherished legends of the southern kingdom. It was to this poem that was due the initiative taken by the Liceo of Granada in proposing his crowning, it being thought

eminently fitting that the province and city whose glories he had sung should take the lead in doing him honor. But even from this work Zorilla derived no profit—what with a bankrupt agent, pirated editions, and the difficulty of making collections, the poet became discouraged, and left his epic unfinished, though it had already extended through two volumes. Next came twelve years passed in Mexico, lost to poetry, though filled with pleasant experiences, and marked by the temporary advantage of the patronage of the mushroom Emperor, Maximilian. Upon the fall of the latter, Zorilla returned to Spain to begin life anew. It was a hard struggle. Hack-work was for a long time his principal contribution to literature. Finally, Amadeus appointed him a sort of roving commissioner to examine Italian libraries and archives, but his salary on this score ran for less than two years. Then he had a period of successful lecturing, and at last, through the eloquent advocacy of Castelar, was granted a pension by the government. Since then he has been living a retired life in Valladolid, to be called forth at the end of his days to receive, in memory of his former literary labors, the nation's tribute of affection and honor.

Mr. Henry M. Alden has been the editor of *Harper's Magazine* for twenty years. He graduated from Williams College and afterward from the Andover Theological Seminary, and his life has been devoted to the study of letters. He is probably one of the most cultivated and widely read men in America, and certainly the most conscientious editor. He reads many of the MSS. submitted to the magazine, himself, and gives a personal opinion thereof, and often, when for some reason or other the MSS., though possessed of merit, does not strike him as suited to *Harper's*, he writes a kindly, and in some cases, even an elaborate letter of explanation to the author, including an honest criticism of the article which is of no little assistance to an intelligent young writer athirst for just such generous information. Mr. Alden lives at Metuchen, New Jersey. He has a beautiful home, and although the busiest of men, he finds time to entertain with a royal hospitality.

"To succeed in literature it is better to have many more good enemies than good friends. Good friends are like women who tire of their lovers, they forget rapidly; but good enemies are like forsaken women, who pursue us even beyond the grave." This sentiment, scrawled at random on a loose sheet of paper in an elegant, aristocratic hand, was not penned by a cynical Frenchman, trying to emulate La Rochefoucauld, says a London correspondent of the *Sun*, but by a genial Galician, the author of a series of charming stories and novelettes, who, with the Russians Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, has from his début won for himself a European reputation—the clever and prolific Sacher Masoch. Sacher Masoch is still a young man, and shows no signs of wear and tear, although the years of his busy life have been fully occupied. He speaks eight languages almost equally well; he is a great traveller, and having associated with every race, mixed with all classes of men, and being possessed of a very keen and observant mind, has availed himself of every opportunity thus placed in his way to collect materials for varied and pregnant sketches, which all have a striking atmosphere of reality and individuality. His voice is finely modulated and well under control, his gestures are rare, correct, and expressive; he always appears thoroughly at his ease without any offensive officiousness or conceited pretensions, and is as much at home abroad as in his own country or

family circle. His hair and skin are dark, as becomes his origin: from his Spanish grandfather he has inherited the clear brown Castilian complexion, while a certain pallor seems to have descended to him from his Russian grandmother, like the reflection of Muscovite snows. He has often been accused of belonging to the Jewish race on account of an unmistakable Semitic partiality which pervades his works; but such is not the case. He freely admits, however, his admiration for the Hebrews. The mental activity of Masoch is prodigious; he is indefatigable, he can without a strain evolve from his creative faculties five or six stories at the same time, and bring them simultaneously to an artistic finish. He has on his desk a number of boxes and portfolios heaped with rapid sketches and random notes, hastily jotted down on the spur of the moment, of any incidents, episodes, characters, traits, descriptions of scenery, which he has observed; and from this brilliant store of mosaics he composes, without apparent effort, a picture always true to nature, admirably understood, and treated with rare felicity. Sacher Masoch is the nearest successor of Turgenieff, whom he resembles in many points, and he deserves the praise awarded him, that he has ever placed his talent at the service of the good and the beautiful.

The age of authors: Sarah Orne Jewett is 40, Humphry Ward 38, Lucy Larcom 63, Harriet Prescott Spofford 54, Edith M. Thomas 35, Marion Harland 59, Amélie Rives-Chanler 26, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett 39, and she published her first story when only 18, Celia Thaxter 53, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) 57, Miss Braddon 52, Blanche Willis Howard, who is now publishing an English magazine in Stuttgart, Germany, 42, Rose Terry Cooke 62, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward 45, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney 27, Constance Fenimore Woolson 41; nobody ever found out exactly the age of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her 44; Mrs. Margaretta Wade Deland, author of *John Ward, Preacher*, is 31, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge 51 and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is at least eight years older. To take some of the most popular of the male authors who are writing now, F. Marion Crawford is 35, he wrote *Mr. Isaacs* when 27; Robert Louis Stevenson is 39, W. D. Howells 52, E. W. Howe, whose *The Story of a Country Town* made so great a hit, is 35; Bret Harte 49, Julian Hawthorne 43, Richard Malcolm Johnson 67, Rossiter Johnson 49, Arlo Bates 39, Walter Besant 51, Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be 53 next November, William Black is 48, William H. Bishop 42, General Lew Wallace 62, and he wrote *Ben Hur* when 57; John Habberton, the author of *Helen's Babies*, 47; Joel Chandler Harris 41, George W. Cable 44, Edward Eggleston 51, and looks 15 years older; H. H. Boyesen is 40, H. C. Bunner about 38, Frank R. Stockton is 55, William Hamilton Gibson 48, Thomas Nelson Page 36, James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852, James Payn is 59, Brander Matthews 37, J. T. Trowbridge 61 and Jules Verne is the same age, while Edgar Fawcett was 42 on May 26th last. To the class of veterans belong Richard Henry Stoddard, who is 64; George H. Boker, 65; George Bancroft, who in next October will end his 89th year; George Ticknor Curtis, who is 76; Joel T. Headley, who twenty-five years ago was one of the most popular of our writers, is 76; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is 65, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe 70, Edmund Clarence Stedman 56, John Bigelow 71, Mrs. Stowe 77, Donald G. Mitchell 67, Francis Parkman 66,

Charles Dudley Warner 60, George William Curtis 65, Moncure D. Conway 57 and Edward Everett Hale 67.

Robert Kidson is a salesman in a carpet store in Brooklyn. He is English born, and was apprenticed to the carpet trade in London, twenty years ago, but soon emigrated to this country, where he became a citizen, and an enthusiastic American. He is one of the rising generation of versifiers whose work seems destined to be popular. For some months past he has been contributing verse of excellent quality to the pages of the Brooklyn daily *Standard-Union*. Since he was a mere youth he has supplemented his salary as a salesman by earnings through the unsigned prose of the daily press, but poetry is evidently his favorite recreation. Where he finds time and inspiration amidst the prosaic surroundings of commerce to write what he does; and why he does not forsake trade for literature is a puzzle to his friends, but probably an understood thing to himself. He intends soon to collect his verse into a volume. Mr. Kidson's English brother John is also a versifier and a volume of his poems entitled *Told in a Garden* has just been published in London by Elliot Stock. John Kidson is also engaged in trade and jocularly inscribes a presentation copy of his book to the naturalized member of this remarkably independent literary-trade family: "To brother Bob, singer of songs and seller of carpets."

Mr. Arthur W. Gundry is a Canadian and about thirty years of age. He was educated in England—first at the London University School and afterward at Eastbourne College, where he distinguished himself in the literature class and edited the College paper. On his return to Canada, he began the study of his present profession, the law, but continued to write for the press and went on the staff of the *Canadian Monthly*, which is no longer in existence. His translation of *Manon Lescaut* was an admirable piece of work and completed during a temporary residence in New York after a year's travel on the continent. Mr. Gundry had practised law at Ottawa, but fragments from his pen—chiefly poetic, are constantly finding their way into New York publications—weekly and monthly; but with the exception of his translation, he has, as yet, done no serious literary work.

Mr. Robert Francillon, the novelist, whose name has cropped up so often recently in connection with the commemorative celebrations of the Order of the White Rose, says the *London Star*, is one of the most ardent of latter-day Jacobites. He is a well-built man of some fifty summers, with a fair beard streaked with gray, clear blue eyes, and a somewhat nervous manner. He is one of the mildest and best-natured of men. Mr. Francillon is married to a handsome wife who is the image of the portrait of Queen Anne in the late Stuart Exhibition. She is a great musician, and there are few old Jacobite ballads which she does not sing, and few modern lays of the Stuarts which she has not composed. They live in a very pretty house near Regent's Park. Mr. Francillon holds the office of Recorder of the White Rose. But there are other high dignitaries in this weird society, and foremost of these is Mr. Henry Jenner, a tall and magnificent specimen of mankind, well read in historic lore, who spends his days in the British Museum and his nights at Harrow, where he lives with his wife, who is well known as an authoress by the name of Katherine Lee. Then there is the Registrar, Mr. Ernest Radclyffe Crump, a gentleman of retiring manners and with a striking resemblance to King Charles I., enhanced by a cavalier cut of moustache and imperial.

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Proposition of Luck—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Possibly worst of all is our growing belief in luck and disbelief in law. To be sure ours is the age of science, and science teaches us law—nothing but law; and if you hear a teacher or preacher or philosopher nowadays he is enlarging on the universality of law. There is no such thing as chance any more. The exact relation between consequence and cause is definable. Given the consequence, the adequate cause may be ascertained. It is a magnificent universe these men give us. They have not only banished special providences, but special diabolisms. Chemistry is our God. HO_2 cannot be H_2O . We live in the pair of scales. Morally it is the same way. If a man does unright there is an equivalent consequence that he cannot escape. If he obey rightness there is an equivalent in the way of peace, joy or character. The very fairies have had to vacate. We cannot endure the least, most trifling interference with law. But science and modernized theology and physics do not govern our business affairs. You will find that in the centres of speculation the belief in luck is all-pre-dominant. Nine men out of ten will venture their all on a lucky number, or a lucky horse, or on a point given by a lucky man. When a successful gambler breaks it is said that luck has deserted him. Nowhere in decent society, nowhere among intelligent people is there so much superstition as among men who, at our trade centres, are trying to turn one dollar by magic into one thousand, and one thousand into one million, and you will see the moral conditions are of the same sort. The most startling feature of the Ward banking affair was the fact that men did not see that they could not put ten thousand in a bank and draw out one hundred thousand in a year's time, and do it honestly. They know that legal interest was fixed by statute, to determine approximately what honest increment might be obtained from money. They know that, by no known means, could profit on labor, or on accommodation, honestly approximate what they intended to reap in. Yet the moral obliquity of the affair did not impress them. On that trial, as on all others of defaulters, it is apparent that they do not have a keen, sound sense of wrong-doing in the handling of money. Men that could not be bought for \$10,000 to steal a ham or an ax, and for \$100,000 would not take a widow's pig or an old man's overcoat, will waste every dime of the old man's money on riotous living, and will spend the washerwoman's coal money on lewd women.

Hints from the Eiffel Tower—New York Sunday Sun

The great Exposition in Paris, toward which the whole world has been moving, will illustrate what patriotism and national pride can accomplish. The vast palace built by Frederick the Great after the seven years' war to show Europe that Prussia was not bankrupt, was a bagatelle to this triumphant achievement of France. One stands appalled at the financial resources of a nation which has for thirty-five years poured out its blood and treasure in one continuous stream, yet here in the year of our Lord 1889 can present a Universal Exposition of such magnitude and grandeur that it is safe to say that all other national efforts in this direction are now surpassed. The buildings, or, rather, palaces, erected for this Exposition are a sufficient study without considering the treasures they contain. The daring engineering feats, the unique combinations of warmly

tinted terra cotta and iron for vertical walls, the enamelled domes, the colossal figures and decorations in high relief, the charming and tasteful colorations of interior surfaces, all testify to the transcendent artistic, inventive, and executive ability of the wonderful French people. The engineering exploits violate in many cases what might be called axioms. An arch has always been rigid at its crest, a tower has always been broad, thick, and solid at its base; and just in proportion to the span of the arch or the height of the tower have the keystone and base been ponderous. Here in the Hall of Machines, with a truss-arch span of five hundred feet, the crest of the arch is in no way united, but the two elements of the arch simply lean against each other, a transverse steel roller receiving the enormous pressure of contact. The base of the arch, instead of widening out and being heavily grounded in masonry to stand lateral stress, comes down to a point and rests daintily on a cast iron plate with a circular bearing. These audacious contrivances are to permit expansion and contraction; and the whole vast roof, over a sixth of a mile long, rises and falls with every change of temperature. The usual conception of a tower a thousand feet high, requires a base so dense and broad that vision and circulation would be obstructed, yet here is the great Eiffel tower resting on light, airy arches of such stupendous proportion that the eye has unimpeded range, and thronging thousands stream beneath it in every direction. A description even of the chief merits of the interior display is well-nigh impossible. A most wonderful and complete exhibition is made in every department of human effort. The students of science, art, mechanics may here find material for exhaustive monographs. One may see in a building devoted to the liberal arts the development and progress of every industry illustrated by a wealth of material and ingenuity of demonstration that is bewildering. It would be enough, for example, to show a series of violins from the earliest form to the perfected Stradivarius; but here we behold not only the successive stages in the development of the violin, but the well-worn workroom of the violin maker, with benches, tools, and all the appliances involved in the construction of the instrument, as well as the different portions of the violin in various stages of completion. The successive stages in the history of man are shown with a skill little short of marvellous. To Mr. Hamy, director of the Ethnological Museum of the Trocadero, the Exposition is indebted for this instructive exhibit. Life-size models, strikingly realistic, give one an idea of paleolithic man hammering out his rude stone implements at the mouth of a cave; and round about are scattered bones of extinct animals and other accessories to complete the illusion. Graphic figures of men of the neolithic and bronze and iron ages are encountered as you pass through this great building devoted to the development of humanity as shown by the various industries and arts. The student of ethnology finds ample material for study. Not only the life of prehistoric and ancient peoples is set forth in that ingenious and picturesque way in which the French excel all others, but the living examples of various races are seen here moving and acting. This department covers a large area; with negroes of various tribes in huts made by themselves; Cochinese, with buildings as brilliant in color as they are grotesque

in form; Javanese, with their strange music and dancing; Tonkinese, performing feats on horseback; and many trades of these races are carried on to the delight of admiring crowds. In the main exhibition grounds one may walk through a Cairo street lined with buildings, many of which have been brought from Egypt. Here is the metal worker, the potter, the wood turner, with his head bent down within an inch of his big toe, with which he holds the turning chisel. Barbaric sounds come out from buildings where troops of Morocco musicians, Abyssinians, Egyptians, with wild music and barbaric dancing, entertain an ever-changing audience. Something may also be learned from the history of habitations. Under the direction of Mr. Charles Garnier an attempt has been made to give full-sized models of the houses of various races, ancient and modern. A Persian house, constructed after the suggestions of M. Dieulafoy, an ancient Assyrian house, an Egyptian house; and, indeed, all nations are represented even to a ridiculous travesty of a North American Indian's wigwam. Some of these reproductions are doubtless correct, but, judging from the house of the Japanese, it is evident that M. Garnier did not take the trouble to consult any competent authority. He has endeavored to answer adverse criticisms by saying that he intended to represent a Japanese house, two thousand years ago; but this makes the caricature laughable. His Chinese house is equally inaccurate and unworthy. The application of fictile ware to building purpose occupies a large space. The importance of this material, which never decays or corrodes, becomes most impressive as we look at the immense range of uses to which it can be adapted. Among the objects are a large variety of roofing tiles, some with glass inserted in the tile and others made entirely of pressed glass, and mouldings, friezes, dados of terra cotta ordinary bricks with one end glazed, and a great variety of useful and ornamented devices, illustrate the employment of fired clay in building in ways generally undreamed of. The exhibition of the city of Paris occupies two large buildings, and here is displayed all the paraphernalia of city administration. Fire engines, ambulances, models of schools, pedagogic material, hospitals, full-sized models in the ground, showing sewage pipes and traps; maps of Paris, showing by different shades of color the vital statistics of the city, such as the percentage of deaths by disease, suicide, and violence, make a most wonderful and instructive display. The maps showing high death rate, illegitimate births, and violent deaths have some correspondence indicating the kind of people with which these conditions are associated, while suicide indicates a different class in a different portion of the city. The contents of these two buildings alone would repay a month's study. Viewed from the summit of the Eiffel tower, that marvellous achievement of modern engineering, the scene is overwhelming. The Champ de Mars, the colossal structures that invade it, the vast areas inclosed, the Seine imprisoned and its bridges confiscated, the Trocadero attached, the Invalides assimilated, the bewildering outburst of color, the inconceivable gayety and animation of the scene, all produce an impression upon the mind such as no humanly contrived spectacle ever before effected. All the occasions of spectacular delight that have ever been known, whether they sprang from the industry of a people or the pride of a conqueror, paled into insignificance before the display now made in Paris. To see it and to absorb its variety, day by day, is a liberal education, and a most potent and irresistible incentive to progress and

endeavor. Over a quarter of a million persons have visited it in a single day; and it is not too much to say that each one was better for it, had added to his sum of knowledge, and derived some new and wholesome impulse. And just now this should deeply and intensely interest every citizen of New York and every citizen of the whole country. We are about to have an exhibition ourselves, and we mean to make it commensurate with the dignity and the standing of ourselves as a people among the peoples of the world. We shall not measure it by what the French have just done or by what we have ourselves in the past accomplished; but we shall make it an adequate and comprehensive expression of what we have achieved for our share of human progress and improvement in the wonderful age in which we live. It is not inexpedient, therefore, to turn now for incitement and suggestion to the marvellous spectacle of industry to which all Europe is flocking on the banks of the Seine; and to learn therefrom what may serve to set us to our task with suitable energy and spirit.

Talk and Talkers of To-day—The New Review

That conversation is a lost art is a commonplace of social criticism. Whether the commonplace is also a truism, or even a truth, it is the purpose of this article to inquire. And, at the outset, it may be admitted that, whether true or false, a belief in the decadence of the art of conversation is natural to those who have received, by not remote tradition, an impression of Sydney Smith's irresistible fun, and Macaulay's overwhelming fulness; who can themselves recall the frank but high-bred gayety of the late Lord Derby; the rollicking good-humor and animal spirits of Bishop Wilberforce; the saturnine epigrams of Lord Beaconsfield; the versatilities and choice diction of Lord Houghton; or even the concentrated yet many-sided malice which supplied the stock of Mr. Hayward. Another generation of talkers has arisen since that night, described by a social poet,

"When over the port of the innermost bin
The circle of diners was laughing with Phinn;
When Brookfield had hit on his happiest vein,
And Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane."

And the sole survivor of that brilliant group, in his gambols on political platforms, reminds one irresistibly of the scene in *Paradise Lost*, where

"the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis."

But brave men have lived since, as well as before, Agamemnon; and those who know the present society of London may not unreasonably ask whether the art of conversation is really extinct, and whether the talkers of to-day are, in truth, so immeasurably inferior to the great men who preceded them. Before we can answer these questions, even tentatively, we must try to define our idea of good conversation, and this we can best do by rigidly ruling out what is bad. All affectation, unreality, and straining after effect are intolerable; scarcely less so are rhetoric, declamation, and all that tends toward speech-making. Mimicry is a very dangerous trick, rare in perfection, and contemptible when imperfect; and though an apt story well told is delicious, there was sound philosophy in Mr. Pinto's view that when a man fell into his anecdote, it was a sign for him to retire from the world. A spice of malice is agreeable to the intellectual palate, when it, half suspected, animates the whole. But a conversation which is mainly malicious is entirely dull. Constant joking is a weariness to the flesh, and a too-sustained seriousness

of discourse is apt to make the head ache. A talker who monopolizes the conversation is by common consent insufferable; and a man who regulates his choice of topics by reference to what interests, not his hearers, but himself, has yet to learn the alphabet of his art. Conversation is like lawn-tennis, and requires alacrity in return, at least as much as vigor in service. A happy phrase, an unexpected collocation of words, an habitual precision in the choice of terms, are rare and shining ornaments of conversation; but they do not for an instant supply the place of lively and interesting matter, and an excessive care for them is apt to tell unfavorably on the substance of discourse. In conversation, as in literature, it is more necessary to have something to say than to say it remarkably well. A young man about town once said to the present writer, in the tone of one who utters a truism: "It is so much more interesting to talk about people than things." The sentiment spoke volumes for the mental calibre and associations of the speaker; and certainly the habitual talk—for it is not conversation—of that section of society which calls itself smart seems to touch the lowest depth of spiteful and sordid dulness. But still, when the mischiefs of habitual personality have been admitted to the uttermost, there remains something to be said on the other side. We are not inhabitants of Jupiter or Saturn, but human beings, to whom nothing that is human is wholly alien. And if, in the pursuit of high abstractions and improving themes, we imitate too closely Wordsworth's avoidance of "Personal Talk," our "fireside," or still more our dinner-table, will inevitably lose a large portion of its proper liveliness. Among the accidental accompaniments of good conversation must be reckoned a manner which knows how to be easy and free without being free-and-easy; an habitual deference to the prejudices and tastes of other people; a hearty desire to be, or at any rate to seem, interested in their concerns; and a constant recollection that they, too, may sometimes wish to be speakers as well as hearers. Above all else, the agreeable talker cultivates gentleness and delicacy of speech, avoids aggressive and overwhelming displays, and remembers the gentle poet's cry of pain—

"Vociferated logic kills me quite;
A noisy man is always in the right."

If these, or something like these, are the attributes of good conversation, in whom do we find them best exemplified? Who best understands the art of conversation? Who, in a word, are our best talkers? In answering this question, we shall first exclude from our purview all provincial conversation. We are, of course, well aware that in so doing we exclude much that is well worth close attention. No doubt there is plenty that is valuable and interesting to be heard in those academic circles, where men still cherish the icy sneers of the late Master of Trinity, and encourage the snappish impertinences of the present Master of Balliol—even, we believe, in the cultured quarters of manufacturing districts, and in the villas where the literary ladies of Edgbaston gather round the mystic tripod of Mr. Shorthouse. But all this conversation we exclude, simply because its heroes are little known in London, and we wish to illustrate the virtues and vices of conversation by reference to familiar examples. Again, we shall say nothing of the part borne in conversation by ladies. Here it is a sacred awe which makes us mute. London is indeed happy in the possession of not a few hostesses, excellently accomplished, and not more accomplished than gracious, of whom it is no flattery to say that to know

them is a liberal education. But, as Lord Beaconsfield observes, in a more than usually grotesque passage of Lothair: "We must not profane the mysteries of Bona Dea." And we will not submit to the impertinences of critical analysis the most refined and elevating element of our social delight. Again, the terms of our inquiry forbid us to illustrate the theory of conversation by the case of those who are no longer living. Fifteen months ago a writer, who wished to exemplify conversation at its best, would very probably have selected the instance of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who combined, in singular harmony, the various elements which go to make good company—urbanity, courtesy, liveliness, quick sympathy, eagerness to learn, readiness to impart, keen interest in the world's works and ways, and a natural and never-failing humor, as genial as it was pungent. His crowning glory was that he knew how to be a man of the world without being frivolous, and a man of letters without being pedantic. And now, when we come to consider and to analyze the best conversation of to-day, we obey a natural instinct when we think first of Mr. Charles Villiers. His venerable age alone would entitle him to this pre-eminence, for has he not been one of the best talkers in London for something like seventy years? Born of a family which united high rank with intellectual distinction, his birth was a passport to all that was best in social and political life. It argues no political bias to maintain that, in the first quarter of this century, Toryism afforded its neophytes no educational opportunities equal to those which a young Whig enjoyed at Bowood and Panshanger and Holland House. There the best traditions of the last century were constantly reinforced by accessions of new intellect. The charmed circle was indeed essentially, but not exclusively, aristocratic; genius held the key, and there was a *carrière ouverte aux talents*. Thus the society of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland and Lord Melbourne was also the society of Luttrell and Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh and Sydney Smith. It presented every variety of accomplishment and experience and social charm, and offered to a man beginning life the best conceivable education in the art of making one's self agreeable. Mr. Charles Villiers was born with a natural genius for that art, and his early habituation to the society of the Whigs superadded that technical training by which the resources of genius are turned to practical account. But this was by no means all. We hold it to be an axiom that a man who is only a member of society is never so agreeable as one who is something else as well. And Mr. Villiers, though a man about town, a story-teller, and a diner-out of high renown, has had a sixty years' experience of practical business and Parliamentary life. Thus the resources of his knowledge have been perpetually enlarged, and, learning much, he has forgotten nothing. The stores of his memory are full of treasures, new and old. He has taken part in the making of history, and can estimate the great men of the present time by a personal comparison with the political Immortals. That this comparison is not always wholly favorable to some illustrious reputations of to-day is indeed sufficiently notorious to all who have the pleasure of Mr. Villier's acquaintance; and nowhere is his absolute mastery of the art of conversation more conspicuous than in his knack of implying dislike and insinuating contempt without recourse to crude abuse or noisy denunciation. He has a delicate sense of fun, a keen eye for incongruities and absurdities, and that genuine cynicism which springs not from the poor desire to be

thought worldly-wise, but from a life-long acquaintance with the foibles of political men. To these gifts must be added a voice which age has not robbed of its sympathetic qualities, a style of diction and a habit of pronunciation which belong to the last age, and that facile yet formal courtesy which no one less than eighty years old seems capable of even imitating. We have instanced Mr. Villiers as an eminent talker. We now turn to an eminent man who talks—Mr. Gladstone, "I," said the Duke of Wellington, on a memorable occasion, "have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Mr. Gladstone has manners, but no small talk. He is so consumed by zeal for the subjects which interest him that he leaves out of account the possibility that they may not interest other people. He pays to every one, not least to ladies, the compliment of assuming that they are on his own intellectual level; engrossed in the subjects which engross him; and furnished with at least as much information as will enable them to follow and to understand him. Hence, we believe, the genesis of the absurd story just quoted about his demeanor to the Queen. The astute Lord Beaconsfield used to engage her Majesty in conversation about water-color drawing and the third-cousinships of German Princes. Mr. Gladstone harangues her about the polity of the Hittites, or the relations between the Athanasian Creed and Homer. The Queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, seeks to make a digression, addresses a remark to a daughter, or offers a biscuit to a begging terrier. Mr. Gladstone restrains himself with an effort, waits till the Princess has answered, or the dog has sat down, and then promptly resumes—"As I was saying—" Meanwhile the flood has gathered force by delay, and when it bursts forth again it carries all before it. No image except that of a torrent can convey the notion of Mr. Gladstone's conversation—its rapidity, its volume, its splash and dash, its frequent beauty, its striking effects, the amount of varied matter which it brings with it, the hopelessness of trying to resist it, the unexpectedness of its onrush, the subdued but fertilized condition of the subjected area which it leaves behind. The bare mention of a topic in which Mr. Gladstone is interested opens the flood-gates, and submerges a province. But the torrent does not wait for invitation. If not invited, it comes of itself, headlong, overwhelming, sweeping all before it in a seething flood of reasoned and impassioned eloquence, and gathering fresh strength and fury from every obstacle which it encounters in its course. But for conversation, strictly so-called, Mr. Gladstone has no taste. He asks questions when he wants information, and answers them copiously when asked by others. But of give-and-take, of meeting you half-way, and of paying you back in your own conversational coin, he has no notion. He discourses, he lectures, he harangues. But if a subject is started which does not interest him, it falls flat. He makes no attempt to return the ball. And though, when he is amused, his amusement is intense and long-sustained, it cannot be said that his general appreciation of humor is keen. On the other hand, he has a grand capacity for generous indignation, and nothing is finer than to see the changing lights and shades on his mobile and expressive face when some tale of injury calls forth the indignant spirit of the North; the hawk-like features become more strongly marked, the onyx-eyes flash and glow, the voice grows more resonant, and the utterance more emphatic. Nothing funnier can be imagined than the discomfiture of a story-teller who has fondly thought to tickle the great

man's sense of humor by an anecdote which depends for its point upon some trait of cynicism, baseness, or sharp practice. He finds his tale received in silence, looks wonderingly up for an explanation, and finds that what was intended to amuse has only disgusted. "Do you call that amusing? I call it devilish," was the emphatic comment with which a characteristic story of Lord Beaconsfield was once received by his eminent rival.

The Spiritual Fatigue of the World—London Spectator

Dr. Liddon, in the new volume which he has just published, begins with two striking sermons on St. Thomas, in which he suggest that one of the modern maladies, which palliates though it does not justify a good deal of its unbelief, is "a morbidly active imagination which cannot acquiesce in the idea of fixed and unalterable truth." Such a malady of imagination there no doubt is, and it shows itself in morbid activity; but this morbid activity is more often, we believe, the inability to rest which is due to over-fatigue, than the inability to rest which is due to abundance of life—the restlessness of fever, not the restlessness of overflowing vitality. Look at such a book as Amiel's *Journal*, of which Mrs. Humphry Ward has just issued a new edition, with a portrait in which Amiel looks out upon the world with tired eyes that seem to be discerning in every new glimpse they take of life, some fresh difficulty which his strenuous but wearied soul cannot surmount. "Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué!" are the words with which his long scrutiny of himself concludes; and perhaps the most characteristic thing in a journal full of characteristic things is this—"Am I not more attached to the *ennuis* I know, than in love with pleasures unknown to me?" "Attached to the *ennuis* I know!"—is it not the condition of half the souls which are yearning for faith and unable to attain it? Shelley declared nearly seventy years ago:

"The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!"

But since Shelley made that declaration, the world has grown more weary of the present than it was then of the past, and now, too, seems to be so weary of the future that it yearns after some modern form of the Nirvana doctrine of the Buddhists. When Mrs. Humphry Ward makes her dying hero, Robert Elsmere, declare that he can neither ascribe nor deny personality or intelligence to God, is it not obvious that the predominant feeling in that tired mind which is dying of its spiritual struggles, is something like Amiel's "Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué!"—the difference being, however, that Amiel was really dying when he so wrote, and that physical exhaustion may have prompted the exclamation; while there is no reason at all to suppose that Mrs. Humphry Ward intended her imaginary hero's deliberate judgment to be symptomatic of the physical exhaustion of his condition. Robert Elsmere's fatigue is purely intellectual and moral, not physical. Yet he can neither affirm nor deny the eternal spring of life in God, for it is at least clear that if God may be denied personality and intelligence, he must also be denied what forms part of the very essence of life to all human experience. Dr. Liddon might even have suggested, what is not, we think, at all improbable, that when St. Thomas anticipated, as he remarks, "something of the positive spirit of the modern world," and was so anxious "to escape illusions and to arrive at truth by experiment," that he would trust only his own senses, it was just because he was more subject than the other Apostles to this dejection and weariness of the soul. Does not the suggestion, when Christ prepares to return

to Jerusalem to restore Lazarus to life, "Let us also go that we may die with him," read like the cry of an affectionate but weary soul that could see no end to all the tragic elements which were gathering so thick about our Lord, except death, and had not a glimpse of the new life and refreshment that was about to spring from that great collapse of their recent hopes? Indeed, the question which forms the subject of Dr. Liddon's second sermon on St. Thomas, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" has all the air of a mind that had almost exhausted itself already in the effort to follow the vivid but mystic teaching of his Master in tracks to him new and strange; and if so, there is less reason to wonder that when he was told that Christ had appeared to the ten Apostles in Jerusalem, he found the statement a new demand upon his spiritual nature to which he was hardly equal, so that he devolved, as it were, upon his senses the responsibility of faith. "Except I shall see in his hands the prints of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." There is the same tone of fatigued spiritual feeling about a great deal of the scepticism of to-day. As Dr. Liddon says, men are impressed by the apparent difficulties of Christianity, and ask to put their hands into the print of the nails if they are to receive it; but in all probability they would not find it any the easier to believe if they could do so; they would immediately explain it away as subjective illusion. Most likely they have not vivid life enough in themselves to enter into so great a manifestation of the divine life:

"For we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?"

Is it not this want of vivid life in themselves which makes men like Amiel at once unable to believe and to disbelieve, unable to reject so great and natural a consolation for the soul as faith, and yet unable to accept? Dr. Liddon finds fault with the Laureate for saying:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But there we think that he does not quite give the significance which Tennyson meant to be given to the epithet "honest" doubt. There is a healthy doubt which may properly be called "honest," and which is in many men and women the beginning of true faith; but it is not the doubt of mere hesitation and *ennui*. It is not even the rather sickly faith which the Poet-Laureate describes in some lines which perhaps better deserved Dr. Liddon's stricture than the line praising "honest doubt:"

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That lead through darkness up to God,
"I lift lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff; and call
To what I deem is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

This "faint" trusting of the larger hope, this double mind of which the one self shrinks and suffers in the shadow, while the other only totters feebly toward the light, betrays, we think, a good deal more of the morbid tendency of the day than doubt which faces calmly and boldly the testing of its true significance. We feel quite sure that a vast deal of the spiritual lassitude of the day is due much less to the magnitude of the obstacles to hearty faith, than to the fatigue of spirit with which those obstacles are regarded. The modern world is far too full of small cares and interests, and the modern

conception of life and its duties is far too favorable to the frittering away of life on a multitude of petty distractions. As Dr. Liddon says in the sermon we have referred to, a great deal of the scepticism of the day is due to the insufficiency of people's knowledge of Christianity, to their very superficial acquaintance with it, the complete absence of any preparation for sounding its depths, and surveying its wide horizon, and apprehending the inner harmonies of its spiritual teaching. And, in fact, this is often impossible with the meagre amount of life which remains to be thrown into the search for spiritual truth, after all the other excitements of life have been provided for. There is now no adequate economy of human strength for the higher objects of life, too much a great deal being lavished on its petty interests. People are attached to their religion much as Amiel said that he was attached to his *ennui*. They have not the strength requisite either to give it up or to give themselves up to its demands, and so they hover in a nervous tension on the boundary dividing faith from doubt.

Where the Time Goes—From The Baltimore Sun

A man whose head is bulging with mathematical problems has figured out the disposition of every hour of the daily life of an average man, and tells just how many hours a man of 50 years has devoted to his toilet, meals, or newspaper. "Let us assume," said he, "that the sleeping hours of an average man will number eight daily. That is one-third of his time, so that in 50 years your man will have slept all told sixteen years and eight months. The man who is shaved daily at 50 years probably had his face scraped not oftener than three times per week at twenty-five years, while during his eighteen years a razor never touched his face. Say that the semi-centenarian has arranged two shaves a week for fifty years, and that will give 5,700 scrapes in the half century. At an average of fifteen minutes per shave the time devoted to this one small element of life will run up to fifty-nine days and nine hours. If a man should not shave in fifty years, and then attempt to make up his proportion all at once, he would have to shave night and day for nearly two months. The average man who is not limited to twenty minutes for dressing, breakfast, and catching his train, consumes about thirty minutes in getting inside his clothing in the morning. Half an hour per day for fifty years would amount to one year fifteen days and five hours, so that if a man should dress himself at the start in life for the whole fifty years he would pass two weeks beyond his first birthday anniversary, and this means working twenty-four hours per day. A bath should precede dressing, however, and twenty minutes a day for that purpose would put a man in the tub for eight months thirteen days and eleven hours out of the fifty years. For other demands of the morning toilet allow ten minutes per day, or four months five days and twenty hours in half a century. Why, just a single minute every day spent in hunting for a collar button means twelve days and fourteen hours in the course of fifty years. Half an hour for breakfast, forty minutes for lunch, and an hour for dinner amounts to five months, five days, and nine hours of eating in fifty years in life. The man who spends an hour of each day jogging to and from business in a horse car may not realize it, but it is nevertheless true that in thirty years one year three months one day, and six hours of his time will go in that way. When a man reckons his time as worth 50 cents an hour it seems rather rough to think that it takes \$182.50 worth every year to get to business and back home again every day, but such is the fact."

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Dead Love—Melbourne Review

Her love, she said in coldest tones, was dead;
 Her face seemed like a statue carved in stone.
 She took with trembling fingers from her hand
 The ring I gave, and laid it in my own.
 I might have spoken many bitter words,
 For bitter thoughts were struggling in my heart,
 But forcing back the angry flood I said:
 "If it be so, 'tis better that we part."

She gave me back my letters, and unclasped
 From off her slender wrist the band of gold.
 And when her touch met mine, it seemed to freeze
 The blood within my veins—it was so cold.
 And few and cold the parting words we spoke,
 So different from the lingering farewells,
 The sweet good-by, in which I seemed to hear
 A distant music, as of marriage bells.

Long years have passed—since then twin roses blush
 Beside the fragrant garden's gravelled walk.
 The cream-white lily with her heart aflame,
 Bends low upon her slender tapering stalk;
 And still I keep the trinkets and the gems,
 As one might keep some relic of the dead,
 Shut close within a casket from all eyes,
 The hidden souvenirs of moments fled.

I sometimes lift the lid and look within;
 And sometimes read my letters o'er again;
 Seeming like one who has a pleasant dream,
 And waking, feels a dull, vague sense of pain.
 Such dreams as linger on the edge of night
 And vanish with the morning's earliest beam,
 When raising heavy eyelids to the light
 We grieve to find it only was a dream.

Yet though our love is dead like some poor flower,
 Which nevermore by garden paths may blow,
 I sometimes wonder if, in other worlds,
 Dead love a resurrection may not know—
 For often when alone in silent mood,
 And from the careless crowd I sit apart,
 Its ghost will come with sad and pallid face
 To haunt the vacant chambers of my heart.

Daffodils—All the Year Round

I sang of these bright flowers, you know,
 When I was young, long years ago,
 And how you praised the song!
 Then softly stroked my hair adown,
 And whispered of the poet's crown
 That should be mine ere long.

I sang to please you, as the flowers
 Were pulled to grace your birthday hours,
 That came with coming spring;
 I was so happy, for your love
 Filled earth below and heaven above—
 I could not choose but sing.

I was so happy; and to-day,
 Though God hath parted far away
 Your unknown life from mine,
 A sense of peace my bosom fills;
 And lo! I bring fair daffodils,
 Beloved, for a sign.

A sign of love that tires not yet,
 That would not, if it could, forget;
 Of love by love made brave;
 For I can bear you flowers to bring,
 And bear to hear the thrushes sing,
 Here, by your quiet grave.

And I can bear to turn away,
 To leave you sleeping day by day,
 What time my task goes on—
 The task I shared with you so long,
 The work for which love makes me strong,
 Though all its joy be gone!

Oh! vanished far from sight and touch,
 My heart I leaned on yours too much,
 As by your side I crept;
 My head was sheltered by your breast,
 You toiled and thought while I took rest,
 You wakened while I slept.

The way was long, the world was hard,
 All fortune's gates were golden barred,
 Alas! we had no key;
 God closed in love those tired eyes,
 Death gave life's work its crown and prize,
 And parted you and me!

Awhile—ah, workmate, not for long!—
 I sing my simple, saddened song,
 And learn my lesson plain.
 I, yearly, bring your daffodils,
 Till far beyond the eternal hills
 We meet—nor part again!

The Cry of the Dreamer—John Boyle O'Reilly

I am tired of planning and toiling
 In the crowded hives of men;
 Heart weary of building and spoiling
 And spoiling and building again.
 And I long for the dear old river
 Where I dreamed my youth away;
 For a dreamer lives forever,
 And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
 Of a life that is half a lie;
 Of the faces lined with scheming
 In the throng that hurries by.
 From the sleepless thought's endeavor
 I would go where the children play;
 For a dreamer lives forever,
 And a toiler dies in a day.

Away from the street's rude bustle,
 From trophies of mart and stage,
 I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
 And the meadow's kindly page.
 Let me dream as of old by the river,
 And be loved for the dream alway;
 For a dreamer lives forever,
 And a toiler dies in a day.

Good-by, Sweetheart—Madeline S. Bridges—Frank Leslie's

The sleep is broken, the fair dream ended—
 Sweet sleep that crowned us, dear dream that blessed;
 Life's faded robe may be patched and mended
 For daily wear, but no more for best.

We two, poor spendthrifts, were gay together,
 Deep, deep we drank of Life's richest wine;
 And all our weather was summer weather,
 When I was yours, dear, and you were mine.

My eyes seemed made but to seek and find you,
 My voice to name you, my hands to press,
 My brain to know you, my arms to bind you,
 My lips to kiss you, my heart to bless.

The rain blew by us, the stars shone o'er us—
 We laughed at snow-fall, at cloud and sun;
 What fear had we of the way before us?
 We walked together, all roads were one.

So rich we were—but our wealth is squandered;
 So gay we were—we are gay no more.
 Afar and apart our feet have wandered;
 Our eyes are heavy, our hearts are sore.

Good-by, my sweetheart; God love and guard you
 For my poor sake, who has loved you well—
 Who no more may call you, nor look toward you,
 From highest heaven, nor from deepest hell!

Mourners by the Sea—Christian Register

By the side of the sea three mourners pale
 Sat idly watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head,
 "By the sweet Spice Islands it lies," she said.

"And often I fancy on days like these
 Their breath floats to me o'er southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed,
 On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost.

"Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed,
 And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" O wan, white face,
 Does she know not then her lost love's place?

"My ship sank not," she said, and cast
 A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price
 Her dreams to its resting place entice;
 Her ship lies frozen in Arctic ice.

Alain Chartier, Queen Margaret's Lover—Eng. Illust. Mag.

One kiss I ask, O my beloved one,
 Before I stand among the silent dead,
 My life is ebbing fast, my love is done,
 Like autumn leaves my withered hopes are fled.

There reign thick mists and darkness overhead;
 There in the dim, wide wastes will shine no sun;
 But as remembrance of sweet hours long sped
 One kiss I ask, O my beloved one.

Silent has been my love, no whispered tone
 Told of my passionate longing; Nay, I said,
 My heart shall speak to hers but once alone
 Before I stand among the silent dead.

Now at thy feet I lay the tears, the dread,
 The love that never grace nor guerdon won,
 For never more may I love's pathway tread,
 My life is ebbing fast, my love is done.

The viols are dumb, and joy and mirth are flown,
 Gray grief and silence all around are shed,
 Yet what avails it now to make a moan?
 Like autumn leaves my withered hopes are fled.

Let me behold those eyes like stars that shone;
 O lady sweet, bend down that royal head,
 Stoop to the dying lover from thy throne,
 For from that tender mouth, so rosy red,
 One kiss I ask.

From the Goal—Nora Perry—Once a Week

Long ago you said to me, "Sweet,
 A glorious kingdom before you lies;"
 You pointed the path to my willing feet,
 You lighted the way with your loving eyes.

Many the triumphs the years have brought,
 Keen the pleasures—but keener the pain,
 I stand by your side in the realms of thought,
 And I ask myself is it loss or gain?

You give me glorious meed of praise,
 You give me honor and trust, I know;
 Yet you think with regret of my simple ways,
 My fond unwisdom of long ago.

Though I speak with the wisdom of gods and men
 (This is the bitter that spoils my sweet)
 I know full well that never again
 Can I stir your pulse by a single beat.

You are not to blame—there is naught to be said;
 Ever by fate is our planning crossed.
 I did the best that I could, love-led,
 For the sake of winning what I have lost.

Misapprehension—New Orleans Picayune

It was only a word that you might have said,
 Or a look, O love, would have told me then,
 But you did not know—you were proud—and I,
 I looked and hoped for your coming again.
 But you went your way, and you never knew
 How the sunlight was darkened my whole life through.

But, O love, you loved me. Your heart was sore
 At the cold restraint as we parted and met
 And parted again, and I could not speak
 Though I watched you with wistful eyes—and yet
 The days went on, and you never knew
 How I hoped and waited the long days through.
 And I loved you so I had given my life
 To have won some sign of the love I craved.
 What was it between us? God knows, not I—
 Had the silence been broken we two had been saved
 From a sorrow, as hopeless as love was true,
 We must bear in our hearts this whole life through.

A Life's Regret—London World

Turning the leaves in an idle way,
 Of a book I was skimming the other day,
 I found a line at the end of a song,
 Which keeps on haunting me all day long
 With its sweet and mournful melody—
 "O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
 Sadder a burden could never be
 Than: "love, my love, had you loved but me!"
 Few words and simple; but, oh, how much
 The singer has told in that little touch!
 How hard a story of chances lost,
 Of bright hopes blighted and true love crossed,
 Is heard in the whispered melody,
 O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
 To many a sorrow the key may be
 That "love, my love, had you loved but me!"
 The world rolls on and the years roll by,
 Day-dreams vanish and memories die;
 But it surges up with a restless pain,
 That fond lost longing over again
 Breathed in the passionate melody,
 "O love, my love, had you loved but me!"
 It might have been, but it cannot be;
 Yet "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

When My Dreams Come True—James Whitcomb Riley

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—
 Shall I lean from out my casement in the starlight and the dew,
 To listen—smile and listen, to the tinkle of the strings
 Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle as he sings?
 And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,
 Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear
 Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair
 Be ravelled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,
 To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?
 Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover liken to
 "The fervor of his passion" when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves
 Of happy harvest meadows, and the grasses and the leaves
 Shall I lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun
 Till the moon swoons into twilight; the gleaners' work is done—
 Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do
 The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!
 True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew:—
 The blossom in the blackest mould is kindlier to the eye
 Than any lily born of pride that blooms against the sky.
 And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,
 My lowliest of lovers when my dreams come true.

THE NAKED ASSASSIN—A STORY OF CAREFUL CRIME*

When Pierre Lurier stepped out of prison, he found himself without occupation and without bread. At the age of twenty-five he had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for burglary—committed in the house where he served as valet de chambre. In prison, he had learned to make tags for shoe strings. This trade was useless to him in the small provincial town where the surveillance of the police forced him to live. A return to domestic service was impossible. Pierre Lurier stared into the future, and misery and hunger stared complacently back at Pierre Lurier.

Then he reflected.

By dint of hard daily labor, if indeed, he was fortunate enough to secure employment of any kind, he might, of course, drive the wolf each night, from the door. But, by committing some new crime, he might, at a single stroke, satisfy present hunger and insure future prosperity! For this man, there was no hesitation.

What crime should he commit?

Ah yes! But this was not the most important consideration. Pierre Lurier had learned a lesson in prudence. First of all, he must fly the eyes of justice.

He walked out of the little town and along the high road straight before him.

He knew not whither he was going.

He had no papers—no money.

He begged from door to door.

He slept beneath the stars.

When storms came, he crept into a stable, and when none watched, he stole to the farmhouse door and lifted the latch. But this was not too often! He took no chances. He waited, ever, for his opportunity, and many times when it smiled, seemingly, upon him he turned his face from it and went further lest the risk be too great and the profit too small.

For six months he led the life of a vagabond, and prowled about society like the wolf about the farmyard—watchful, wary, sneaking, skulking, famished—but determined to endure until the end was sure and he might devour the coveted prey in security.

"For one must be prudent," said Pierre Lurier, and he thought of his fifteen years in prison.

One day he found himself in his own country—in the province of Champagne.

At first he was terror stricken. What? To have stumbled into a hornet's nest! To have walked into a trap! To have run his head into a noose! And panting with fear, he turned to retrace his steps. Then he paused and reflected, sensibly.

What had he to fear—recognition? And who should recognize him? He left his home a rosy, blond lad of twelve—he returned to it a wrinkled, grizzled criminal of forty. He seated himself by the roadside and took his head between his two hands. There were other things to be considered. For six months he had patiently awaited his golden opportunity. How many times had it passed him by? Who could tell? He had wandered among strange places and people. He knew nothing of their ways. He had not dared to stay to spy upon strangers, and he had gone on and on and fortune had never seemed quite near enough to his hand, not near enough or sure enough—for Pierre Lurier was not one

to take risks. Here—all was different. He glanced about him. He knew his ground. There might have been some changes—things may change in thirty years—yet everything about him seemed familiar—the trees there by the road—and the road led straight on for about ten leagues to Nizy-le-Comte.

Wait—*Nizy-le-Comte*?

There lay his opportunity!

He must think—he must remember!

And Pierre Lurier busied himself with his memory.

At Nizy-le-Comte lived the couple Berlot—very rich and without children. The peasants called them Count-Pence. Pierre had known them well. For a little while he had been a servant there. They paid but little and hired, always, some peasants' lad—who would work for two meals a day and a few sous at the end of the week.

He could remember them perfectly—the couple Berlot—and the house and their ways.

There was, for example, all around the garden, a high, stone wall, with barred gates of iron—like the gates of a prison. On the top of the wall were sharp, iron spikes and, for further protection, piles of broken glass. But, inside the wall, grew tall trees whose branches spread out over the top of the wall with its spikes of iron and its piles of broken glass, and if one were agile, one might spring up from the road into these branches and so enter the garden. And at night the great doors of the house were strongly bolted and barred, and the strongest bolt of all was on the kitchen door which opened on the garden. But the walls of the laundry were lightly built of bricks and if one were strong one could displace a few of these and so enter the laundry. Once in the laundry it was but the lifting of a latch to find one's self in the kitchen. Then it was but another step into the great hall where the key of the back staircase hung on the wall under the old clock. At the head of this staircase was the broom closet—within the brooms stood in a row against the wall—Pierre used to place them there in order and he remembered that from this closet, a door led into the sleeping apartment of the couple Berlot. Here, to be sure, he had never entered, but he had stood, many times, in the broom closet and peered through the half closed door. He could vaguely remember the huge, dark bed away at the other end of the room, and beside it, a solid press of oak with hinges of copper. Here without doubt, lay the treasure owned by the couple Berlot and coveted by the criminal Pierre Lurier.

As, one by one, these details returned to his memory so, step by step, he planned his course. Here, indeed, was the golden opportunity! Here was neither risk nor uncertainty! Of course he would have to reconnoitre and take every precaution—even though the way seemed so clear. And, perhaps, too, there had been changes—one would have to look to that.

Nizy-le-Comte lay ten leagues beyond. After two nights' steady tramp Pierre Lurier reached the place. For an entire day, he concealed himself in the woods. He hunted through the brush until he found a place far from the path where there was a sort of grotto. It was damp there, and he lay with his feet in the water and he had no food. But, at least, no one had seen his face.

At nightfall he made his way to the Berlot place. In the lane behind the garden he found a patch of carrots. He ate some of these greedily, and sustained by the fever

*Translated from the French of Jean Richepin for Current Literature by Alice Ballard-Macdonald.

of hope he crept along by the base of the wall until he stood beneath a tree whose branches hung lower than any of the others. With one prodigious bound he reached a stout limb, and swinging himself over the wall, dropped into the garden. Softly as he fell upon the earth, he made sufficient noise to rouse some watch dog in the neighborhood, and the fierce note of alarm was caught up and carried along by a canine chorus—in which Lurier satisfied himself that no animal on the Berlot place took part. Gradually, the barks, yelps, and howls died away and Lurier shaking himself to see that no bones were broken, scrambled into the great tree and settled himself to review the situation.

It was a great deal to have gotten as far as the garden and again—it was nothing! He had flung himself into this affair urged by a strong impulse which he chose to consider an inspiration, and he told himself, now, that if all went well, he might be rid of ill fortune forever at one bold, successful stroke.

But if the Berlots were no longer here?

If their tempting treasure had been removed, long years before, from the oaken press, with its hinges of copper? Ah bah! That was soon learned.

And if others lived in the place Pierre Lurier would experiment with no strangers—but make his way off.

At the worst it was a day spent in a tree—and Pierre Lurier's time was not valuable.

At midnight, he dropped softly to the ground and went in search of food. He had forgotten nothing about the place. He went straight to the pig-sty and finding a few large pieces of bread in the trough, he ate two and put the others in his pocket for the morrow. He had learned not to be dainty. At the stable door he listened. He heard a cow within. The beast moved restlessly as he opened the door, but he pacified her and drank of her milk. In the garden he plucked a little fruit—one here, one there, to avoid the suspicion of any theft. Then he went back to his tree and finding an enormous limb twisted into what the peasants call a crutch, he disposed himself to slumber without fear of fall or discovery, and slept, on the eve of his great crime, like Napoleon on the eve of Austerlitz. The sun had gilded the cobwebs on the branches over his head and dried the dew on the leaves, before he unclosed his eyes. The first object which greeted them was the figure of Père Berlot in the yard below. The old man walked backward and forward calling *pion, pion*, to the chickens. They crowded about his feet pecking at the grain he threw them from the basket on his arm.

The heart of Pierre Lurier beat fast for joy.

Père Berlot threw the last handful of grain to the chickens and went into the kitchen. In a few moments he reappeared with the breakfast for the pigs.

The heart of Pierre Lurier beat the faster.

Père Berlot attended to the farmyard alone? Then, there were no servants about the place! Where was the old wife? Perhaps, dead. So much the better!

But suddenly, the heart of Pierre Lurier jumped up in his throat. Père Berlot, on his way to the pig-sty, had stopped short under the great pear tree. He was looking, upward. He was counting the fruit. Pierre Lurier knew that there were two missing.

Père Berlot counted over his pears three times. Once, he glanced toward the garden wall, but the sharp iron spikes and the piles of broken glass must have reassured him, for he smiled and shrugged his shoulders, as one who would say—

"Ah yes! But *that* is impossible!"

Then he suddenly called—"Pierre!"

The man who was hiding in the tree trembled violently and covered his face with his hands.

What recollections came with that sudden, unexpected cry of "Pierre!" How often had he answered to it, shaking in his little wooden shoes, with the consciousness of some childish misdemeanor!

"Pierre!" called Père Berlot. And Pierre Lurier almost fancied that he must answer now.

But the door of the kitchen opened and a boy ran out—a boy of ten, rosy and blond—like Pierre Lurier of many years ago. The man in the tree still trembled and there was something which hurt him in his throat and he put one of his hands there and with the other he grasped the crutch of the tree, for he was afraid, for the first time, of falling.

"Pierre!" said Père Berlot, "thou hast stolen more fruit—thou hast stolen two pears!"

"But no, Monsieur! I swear it!"

"Who then, little rascal?"

"Monsieur, I cannot say!"

"Ah! Thou good-for-naught! Thou wouldst lie to the Holy Virgin! Little pig!" And Père Berlot tweaked the boy's ear and drove him into the house.

It was twelve o'clock. The clock in the village struck the hour. The warmth and hush of noontide lay over the place. The chickens stood about in the shade and pecked, lazily, at nothing. The pigs slept in a corner of the sty. The fragrance of the fruits in the garden filled the warm air. The swallows had flown and the tapping of their little beaks against the ripe fruit had ceased. The peasant had left the fields for the midday soup and one no longer heard the confused sound of their voices as they talked and sang at their work. Only a vague, far humming reached the ear—a sound for which one could find no name, but it was as if the great, warm earth stirred and sighed in her noonday sleep.

Pierre Lurier lay motionless in the crutch of the great tree. But he did not sleep. His heart had grown heavy. How happy the chickens were, over there in the shade! Food in plenty was provided for them. And the pigs! Pierre Lurier found it in his heart to envy the pigs. And little Pierre! Ah! Little Pierre. What if one were scolded a bit and pushed about and given a tweak on the ear for what was really no fault of one's own—What of that? There were things in life more cruel than this. And he had found them out—he, Pierre Lurier—who was once like this little, new Pierre, whose other name he did not know. Why had he not remained here to work for Père Berlot and the old wife? They might have left him a little something which could have grown and made him prosperous like themselves! Why had he not been content to remain?

Ah why? Because temptation came and said:

"In the great cities there is gold in plenty for all."

And when he listened and followed, and found one must work for gold in Paris as well as in Champagne, temptation came again and said:

"Stretch out thy hand! Take what is not thine own—none will be the wiser!"

But alas! Others had been the wiser and Pierre Lurier had been sent to prison—to prison for fifteen long, bitter, hateful years, which passed over his head and left him with the stamp of the vagabond and the thief upon him.

And to-night—who knows? Perhaps, the assassin! And to-morrow?—Perhaps arrested again, and again sent to prison. But this time not for theft and not for fifteen years. But for a very short time, before he should

be led out and something placed over his eyes that he might not see what stood between him and the bright sun and the gay world and life—

"Ah-h-h!"

For life was dear and sweet—even to Pierre Lurier.

He had shrieked aloud in horror and now he shuddered with fear lest he had been overheard. The kitchen door opened and Père Berlot stood on the threshold. Pierre Lurier held his breath. But the old man stepped, leisurely, out into the garden. After him trotted the little Pierre. They had heard nothing.

"Go thou, Pierre," said Père Berlot, "and move the mother's chair to the west window that the sun may shine upon and warm her still."

The child returned to the house, and presently, Pierre Lurier saw a curtain pushed aside from the window looking out on the garden, and a strange, rigid figure, bolt upright in a great chair which was being wheeled, slowly, into the sunlight.

"Paralyzed!"

"So much the better."

Night came. While the shadows fell, Pierre Lurier matured his plan. "Everything goes well," thought he.

"But I must be prudent—prudent above all things."

"He is a fool who is twice caught."

Then he thought over some of the things he had heard in those long, hard days in the prison.

Stories of great crimes which had gone unpunished—stories of great criminals whose necks were whole.

"They were all prudent—very prudent," he said to himself. And he recalled in particular, one old reprobate who had a record which none there could touch, and who could tell of others greater than himself.

"'You should have known Feuille-de-zinc,' he would say, often. There was a genius! A man who cut the throats of seven persons in less than half an hour and escaped without suspicion! But he had his method. Listen! He worked alone. 'A man may trust himself,' said he. He worked, always, on ground that he knew, but where none knew him, for he said, 'One may hide in darkness and shadow, but one should know of what it is made. And he worked *naked*. 'A man cannot be caught by the color of his skin,' said he."

Pierre Lurier thought of all this. Alone—on familiar ground—and without his clothes. Nothing simpler! Here he was in a position to follow the example of Feuille-de-zinc who escaped without suspicion! He would follow exactly in the footsteps of this genius. He also would accomplish his purpose and escape without the murmur of suspicion.

Nine o'clock sounded. The man in the tree stretched his limbs and glanced up at the upper windows of the house. In the one where Mère Berlot had been, a light burned, but the curtain had, long since, been drawn.

"Père Berlot counts gold," thought Pierre Lurier and his palm itched terribly.

Ten o'clock sounded and he shook himself. One can get a terrible cramp in the limbs, sitting, for a whole day, in the crutch of a tree.

The light in the window was extinguished.

Eleven o'clock sounded. Pierre Lurier dropped to the ground. He stood, for an instant, listening. Everything was wrapped in profound silence. He went straight to the laundry wall and felt, carefully, along the bricks until he found a crevice between two of them large enough to admit the blade of his knife. He picked and scratched patiently, but it took a long time to displace the first brick. The others came away more easily.

He laid them, without noise, on the ground beside him—two—three—six—ten—twelve—fifteen—and the body of Pierre Lurier passed through the wall. Here, too, he stood for a moment, accustoming his eyes to the darkness. Then he felt before him for the latch of the kitchen door. He lifted it—stepped into the kitchen, stopped short. A sound of heavy, regular breathing reached his ears.

What—?

Ah yes! The child.

He slept here then.

He must be quieted. That was sure!

Pierre Lurier stepped softly back into the laundry. He divested himself rapidly of his clothing—tied it into a small package and slung it about his neck. Guided by his memory, he went directly to a corner of the laundry where Père Berlot kept his garden tools standing against the wall. Lurier felt them all over carefully and selected a heavy short-handled mattock as best suited to his purpose. A little higher on the wall, Lurier remembered—there used to hang two lanterns—one a small carriage lamp with a blind which could be closed to shut off the light, at will. It was there, in the old place. There was even a bit of a candle within.

"Very considerate of them," chuckled Lurier. Everything was going so well that he felt almost gay.

He returned to the kitchen, and finding some matches on the dresser, lighted his lantern. He only half-closed the blind. He did not fear to waken the child, after all. Bah! A boy of ten—at that age one sleeps through the thunders of God himself!

"Still, it is best to be prudent." He went and stood over the little Pierre. The child slept profoundly. The light of the carriage lamp shone on his rosy face and his blonde hair. He smiled a little in his sleep. The other Pierre lifted the short-handled mattock and swung it high in the air. Then his arm dropped at his side—

"Bah! Of what use?"

And he turned away.

Why? Who can tell?

On his way to the hall he remembered that without his clothes he had nowhere to stow his gold.

"I shall find more than I can carry away in my hands," thought he and he smiled grimly.

He went back again to the laundry and rummaged in the bin where the feed was kept for a canvas bag such as the horses feed from. This he also slung about his neck, and thus, thoroughly equipped, he stole back to the hall, found the key in its place under the old clock, unlocked the door leading to the back stairway, and began a cautious ascent. The wooden steps creaked and groaned beneath his naked feet.

"Pig of a wooden staircase!" he muttered angrily, and paused to hear if there came a sound from above.

All was silent there.

He could hear the breathing of little Pierre in his cot in the kitchen, below.

"The old do not sleep so well," he thought uncomfortably, "and there are two above! I would rather have one to do with." But he thought of the seven throats cut in less than half an hour and he went on—only more cautiously than before.

Two steps—now only one.

Here was the broom closet. There were the brooms standing in a row against the wall and just beyond the door leading into the sleeping apartment of the couple Berlot. It was closed.

Was it locked?

He tried it with an easy pressure.

Oh! but that door had a creaking hinge!

And to hush it, Pierre Lurier must bend forward and stretch out the other hand and forget to close the blind of the lantern, so that a ray of light shot out and struck full in the awakening eyes of Père Berlot.

But this one had not the time for a cry. With a single bound Pierre Lurier sprang through the open door across the great room and stood beside the bed.

Up swung the heavy, short-handled mattock—

And when it came down, one would not have in any way recognized Père Berlot.

The old wife was awake. Pierre Lurier thought she must have seen all—there was such horror in her eyes. One would scarcely believe that eyes could be so alive when all the rest was dead! Pierre Lurier stood and looked into those fearful eyes.

This is what he saw in them—

"I lay here—I, Mère Berlot—I have not been asleep. I heard a sound on the stairs—but I cannot cry out to alarm my good man. Then I heard a step in the broom closet and I knew some one was there—I thought God would give me strength to speak—but he did not. Then I heard the door creak on its hinges and I knew it was being opened. Then came a stream of light and my good man sat up in the bed beside me, but the light struck in his eyes and blinded him. But it could not blind mine and out of the stream of light there came a naked man with a terrible look on his face and something heavy in his hand. I saw him lift this high in the air and bring it down in my husband's face. And I asked for strength to cry out, but none came. I cannot speak—I cannot move, but I can look—look—look—"

And Pierre Lurier swung the short-handled mattock fiercely in the air and struck out that look.

"Good!" said he, heartily. "It is over."

He thrust his knife blade into the copper lock of the oaken press and with one quick turn it yielded. There, before his eager eyes, within his eager hands lay the treasure of the Berlots.

"It has grown fat!" chuckled Lurier as he counted four little bags in a row on the shelf. But he opened one—to be sure.

It was filled with five-franc pieces.

He opened a second.

It was filled with shining louis.

He was satisfied. Here was enough for a life-time!

One after another, he dropped the little gold-laden sacks into the canvas bag that was slung about his palpitating and perspiring throat.

The gold was heavy. The weight of it dragged his head forward and worried him.

Then he turned to go.

For the first time, he felt nervous. It was hard to get out of this room. He wished now that he had put the child out of the way. Suppose he should waken? He seemed to feel the eyes of Mère Berlot—those speaking living eyes in a gray, dead face—those horrible, horrible eyes! Instinctively he drew near the bed.

Well! He had nothing to fear there. They were dead—the couple Berlot—dead.

Their skulls cracked open!

And their savings belonged to him—to Pierre Lurier—all, all to him!

He laughed loudly and exultingly—the prudent Pierre Lurier—drunk with the thoughts of his gold!

But the laugh sounded shrill and strange to his own ears in this dim, quiet room where the dead lay. The

candle was going out. He was without his clothes and it was growing cold. What was that sudden noise?

The door closed softly?

A draught of cold air struck him on his naked back.

He wheeled swiftly round. The sudden motion extinguished the dying light of the candle—but not before Pierre Lurier had seen the figure of a man standing in the doorway.

There was perfect silence in the dark room.

What should he do—fly?

Certainly. He must escape somehow!

But how, with a man in the doorway?

Ah! a blow in the dark! He could remember just where to strike—as yet there had been no movement—of that he was certain.

Pierre Lurier gathered his strength and drew himself up so that his body bent backward.

The bag of money strained at his throat and lay heavily on his chest like some living thing. Then it was thrown out again from his body, as he rushed forward fiercely, brandishing the short-handled mattock over his head and brought it down with crushing, terrific force against—

What?

There was a crash of glass and breaking wood. The treacherous light had shown him but the outline of his own reflection in the mirrored panel of the door, and he had not seen that this fancied enemy who closed the door with a breath of wind, stood—

Naked!

With a canvas bag about his neck!

And a blood-stained weapon in his hand!

The body of Pierre Lurier pitched violently forward.

He struggled, to regain his balance, but the sack about his throat dragged him down. With one supreme effort he threw back his head to rid himself of the accursed weight and so—with his naked throat against the glass—dashed through the shattered panel of the door.

The child Pierre stirred in his sleep.

There had been a sound from above.

Père Berlot must have called him.

He tumbled out of bed and went sleepily, toward the old clock, for the key of the stairway.

But, the door stood wide open.

How strange! He stopped to rub his eyes and then went on, very slowly up the stairs.

On the landing of the broom closet he fell senseless.

* * * * *

When the officers of justice were called by the peasants of Nizy-le-Comte to unravel the mystery and silence of the Berlot place, they entered the kitchen by a hole which had been made in the laundry wall.

On the stairs they were met by an idiot child who laughed and gibbered at them horribly.

In the broom closet they found the body of a naked man, with his throat cut, hanging head downward, through the shattered panel of a mirror glass door.

Through the broken panel, they saw, on the great bed at the other end of the room—

Two bodies with their skulls cracked open!

The officers of justice pointed to the bloody mattock and the little sacks of gold, and said wisely, after much discussion among themselves—

"Crime brings its own punishment!"

But the good couple Berlot who lay dead in their bed, or the child Pierre, who laughed his horrible laughter on the stairs below, could have added—

"Virtue does not always meet with its reward."

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

Show your Hand—Edwin Ellis—The Universal Review

I have been twenty years at the study of palmistry or chiromny, and during that time have not been able to discover any philosophic reason for believing that the lines of the hand and its shape indicate character. The want of a connecting theory frequently causes me to lose all hope and belief in the investigation; but practice restores confidence. No one can look at even a few hands every month for years together without being driven to the conclusion that they really do contain a guide to much that is to be found in the nature of their owners. As an actual fact, however, I find that the leading lines of the hand are never eccentrically deformed, broken, or deficient in persons who have not some gaps or queer places in their characters, to match. If the lines are long, clear, red, gently curved, except the upright ones, few in number, and shown in a hand that has fingers with substantial tips and not too long roots, the best sort of nature may be looked for. In the case of persons of brilliant original talent and thought, the upright line from the base of the palm toward the fingers is never absent and is sometimes repeated twice or even thrice. It is called the "line of Saturn," and springs from many different places. In musicians, actors, and some others it usually starts from below the little finger. When it is joined at the base to the curved line round the thumb an independence of feeling, out of proportion to the will-strength or the pride of the rest of the character, is to be expected. If the line called that of the head, which crosses the hand from above the thumb, usually turning down to the pad below the little finger, be entirely separate from the line that surrounds the thumb, the whole character will be modified, whether it be a good or bad one, by this separation. As a rule, that modification will tend to make the person seem more clever when thinking out of his own head, but less able, however sympathetic and docile, to adopt the modes of getting at ideas by which his teachers achieve their success. A short little finger often goes with a sweetness, a readiness to repent of evil and of anger, and sometimes even a cheerful abnegation. Both kinds are consistent with a permanence of negative wishes, or, as it is usually called, obstinacy, as this is a quality capable of drawing strength from many sources. A large-ended thumb is very good in a good man, and helps him to fight the battle of life. In a dull and selfish man it enables him to be extra oppressive at home, and to make his opinions of much more effect than their value warrants. A thumb whose end is large and its shaft poor, as though it were a door-handle with a weak neck and could be twisted off the hand, is not an advantage. This leads to many evils, and, though often found in a good man, gives a tendency to change the reasons for his good deeds or good opinions, even after he has been very emphatic in choosing or defending them. Such change will usually be rather of the nature of a reversal than a drifting away. Blunt-ended thumbs seldom go with a natural tendency to politeness of address or a polished approach, except when, as in persons much before the world, this has been learned as a part. But in good types it goes with a gentleness and kindness of manner bred by self-knowledge which has taught the owner to counteract his faults before they have time to hurt innocent people. It follows as a matter of course

that among women those whose fingers and thumbs are pointed are generally the more superficially charming. Those with large, blunt-ended fingers are (if intellectual and educated) more valued and more impressive, and even commanding. But command, like melancholy, has more than one origin, viewed as an expression of constitutional tendency. Pointed-fingered people have no excuse if they are not agreeable, for it costs them little to seem so. If large-ended blunt-fingered people show delicate discernment, self-abnegation in mental matters, indulgence to shallow weakness, patience with anger and folly, they are either entirely uninterested personally in the occasions that bring such qualities before them, or have bought their good nature at a price, like the Centurion his freedom. How to do it. When a student of the hand has read and applied for himself all the volumes that have been written on the subject, and when he has also discovered how to discount the bias of his different authors by guessing at their hands and accounting for their predilections, and when he has achieved such proficiency in looking at a hand and adding up all the conflicting forces suggested by its balance of lines and segments that he can at once tell how to classify the owner and what to expect of him, yet the greatest of all difficulties will remain to be surmounted. This hard hill to climb is nothing less than to describe a character in such terms that the owner of the same must confess his portrait, and say, "Yes, it is true; I am like that."

The Delsartean Aesthete—N. Y. Mail and Express

Edmund Russell, the aesthete, is making quite a stir in art circles in this city. Since his return from London he has been a feature at many gatherings of artists and literary people. Mr. Russell is a disciple of Delsarte, a lecturer on the higher principles of art and an advocate of the application of art ideas to ordinary life. He says that there is a secret synonym for art, known only to the initiated—it is common sense, or the putting of the right thing in the right place. He points out that most rooms in our houses represent nothing but a transfer of unrelated objects from a shop, and that we spend as much money on house decoration and dress as was spent in the most gorgeous days of Venice and Florence, but that we do not know how to spend it. Although a little drawing and painting may have entered into our education, Mr. Russell holds that we have never been taught real art principles and that we are entirely dependent on the taste of shopkeepers. He, therefore, proposes to inaugurate an art reform. He aims to elevate art from materialism to the expression of the ideal and to induce the teaching of art ideas even in our public schools. He has reduced art criticism to a science and claims that the principles underlying art are as easily learned as any science, and that they are of the greatest importance to everybody. Mr. Russell has given a few private talks in this city and intends to return for a public season here in October, after which he will make a tour of the country lecturing on "The Delsarte System as a Basis for Art Criticism," "Dramatic Expression," "Beauty," "Dress," "House Decoration" and similar subjects. In his own dress Mr. Russell carries out the ideas which he advocates as much as possible. On the street he wears the conventional costume of the present day, and avoids anything that would attract attention and cause comment; but in the house he fol-

lows his own tastes. His favorite costume is a loose sack coat of linen plush of a rich brown color, and trousers of the same material, but of a lighter shade of color. The material is soft and forms graceful folds instead of the general stiffness produced by conventional fabrics. A belt composed of bronze Japanese sword-hilts is worn with this costume. Mr. Russell wears Persian slippers that are soft and comfortable for the feet. A favorite foot covering of his is also of Persian make, and resembles the Indian moccasin. It is of soft, pliable leather, laces over the instep, and fits the foot as a glove does the hand. It is embroidered with gold and is really a leather stocking, such as is often worn in the Orient, the shoes being left at the door. The most remarkable part of Mr. Russell's wardrobe, however, is his dressing gown. This is a beautiful garment of camel's hair, and is the present of an Indian prince from Delhi. It is called a *choja*, and is elaborately decorated with hand embroidery. It is a long, flowing garment, similar to that worn by Salvini as Othello. It permits absolute freedom of motion of every part of the body, and while it completely covers the form, it clings in soft folds and gracefully follows the movements of the wearer. According to Mr. Russell a great change in the dress of both men and women is impending. Mr. Russell says: "Abroad there is at present great discussion about changes in dress. All look for it to come from some higher source than themselves. Some look for a great genius who will invent an entirely new order of costume, or declare if the Prince of Wales could only become the leader of the new movement its success would be assured. But, alas! the Prince of Wales's dress consists of trousers, coat, and vest of different colors and different patterns. His dress is like his mother's drawing room at Balmoral, which is carpeted with Highland plaid, with furniture checked off in the red and green of the Stewart clan. I am tired of waiting for the higher authorities. I put on the garb of mourning in the street, but in the house I claim my rights to beauty, to color, to line, to expression, and will take them from any country or any age where I may find them. An artist who spends his time in the study of beauty, and whose mind becomes awakened to the ugliness of the pot hat, black coat, and check trousers, finds it intolerable to put them on every day. A musician would go mad with such discord in his ears as we have to stand always before our eyes—the musical discord is for a moment, but the color stays and will not change. Modern dress has no beauty, of line, design, texture, or color. It hides all the plastic beauty of the figure and robs it of freedom of expression. It cuts the form up into parts, and pays no regard to its expression as a whole. There is no reason in our garments. As William Morris said: 'We wear a coat without a front, over a vest which is a coat without a back.' Clothes are pinched at the chest and are not free at the extremities. They do not give an opportunity for a deep diaphragmatic breath. They constrain the form so that a singer or speaker cannot give full tone to the voice, or an actor a good poise to the figure, or grace to his movements. A walk like that of Salvini when he appears in answer to the summons of Cæsar is only possible in loose garments that grace the form, give freedom to the extremities and liberty of action to every part.

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"I spent a Sunday with Sir Edwin Arnold just before leaving London, and found him wearing the Indian *choja*—so dignified and so beautiful. The lines of his beard

continued by the lines of the garment, the charm of his manner repeated in the graceful poetic lines which changed with every changing expression. I have noticed that when the Indian students attended receptions in London, in their own costume, every one asked, 'Who are those distinguished Oriental strangers?' but when they adopted our style of dress it was, 'How badly they look in English clothes;' and their grace and dignity are spoken of no more. The change is so great that one then realizes the hideous ugliness of their eternal blackness. The high, choking collar of modern style prevents moving the head and gives a stiff-necked appearance. Properly speaking the collar should not come above the point where the neck joins the body. I asked a native of India what he thought of our ladies. He replied that they reminded him of magnificent antique torsos with movable heads. The Indian woman covers herself with a veil and turns her back when spoken to. Her body is graceful and moves in undulating rhythm. He had never seen an English woman's body move.

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"There never has been a period of such utter stupidity in dress as the present. Even old age is not respected now, and an old man wears the same cut of clothes as his grandson, and all the dignity of lines, flowing garments, dark rich colors, fur and velvet have passed away. Among some Russian emigrants the other day I saw an old man with a long gray beard wearing a coat of gray wolf skin, which ran into all the tones of his beard. With him was another old man with a long red beard, who was like a picture in a coat of bearskin of reddish brown. Was it accident that these two ignorant peasants had chosen the colors to harmonize with themselves? Was it accident, design, or instinct? If it was accident, then our stupidity must be design, and if it is instinct, what is cultivating our instinct? I think that in every public school there should be instruction in all that relates to the making of a home, to dress, etc. We learn many sciences. We can pass the 'impossible,' but we can't make a home. We have a little industrial drawing, a little endeavor to make charcoal look like plaster casts and paint like skin. I rarely meet even a well-educated person who can select a good carpet, a wall paper and a ceiling and have them all in harmony. The greatest art work the individual has to do is the building of a home, and there is nothing in modern education that fits one to do it. The principles of line and color, of arrangement and of expression can be as easily taught as the rules of algebra and the movements of the planets, or the boundaries of China. Education should fit us for the life we are going to live, and should both preserve and develop our individuality. What we need is more study of art; not of the arts, with their special technique, painting, sculpture, and music, but a knowledge of the principles of art at the centre, the art human, the art of daily life. The models which seem to be followed in dress to-day are the German-soldier man and the Noah's-ark woman. People are less anxious to wear what is most becoming than to wear what is the latest style. The fundamental laws of beauty are violated by modern costumes. The beauty of lines radiating from the points of support, which was so fine in the Grecian dress, is ignored now. A beautiful woman is on her lowest plane in a tight-fitting dress—an ugly woman at her best in drapery. The graceful undulations of the form are prevented by the tightening, which is just enough to cramp motion, and not tight enough to reveal beauty; and the laws of health, as well

as those of beauty, are violated. The freedom of motion and the grace of carriage are no longer possible. Men and women are mechanical, their movements are abrupt and lack the grace of expression. The gestures of people in conversation and of actors on the stage do not extend over the whole body, but are spasmodic, broken, and expressionless. The fundamental law of expression is—control at the centre, freedom at the extremities and perfect flexibility of all parts of the body, so that it responds to the passing emotion and translates it faithfully. The loves of to-day, not the scars of yesterday, require the highest harmony of motion for their expression. In great actors the body is so sensitive that the motion passes over it in great waves, so fine, so complicated in its harmony that we think of it as expression, not gesture. Thus we often hear it said of a great actress, 'Oh, she makes very few gestures.' Talking once with Madame Ponisi about Rachel, she said: 'I cannot describe her. I can only speak of her effect on the audience. We fairly clung to our seats in horror.' 'What did she do?' I asked. 'Oh, she did not do anything. She only stood by a pillar.' Rachel motionless by a pillar, and the modern girl motionless in a tailor-made suit, stand on the opposite poles of expression."

The Mourning Boudoir—Furnisher and Upholsterer

"Come upstairs until I show you my room. It has all been done over in the neatest fashion, and it is too sweet for anything," said a fashionable widow to our sweet girl reporter. The handsome leader of fashion, who had been widowed for a year or so, led the way to a large room on the second floor. The door was thrown open, and the reporter took one glimpse and then started back. The place at first sight looked like the inside of a hearse. "It is the latest English, don't you know, and so in keeping with my crape gown. I didn't like it at first, but I do not believe I could sleep in colors again." The room was furnished with a handsome suit of white enamel, and the bed-spread and pillow shams were of black satin merveilleux, embroidered in black velvet appliqué with silver thread, the monogram of the widow being worked in silver on the centre of both spread and shams. The toilet table and little escritoire were draped in the same manner, and at the windows were thin curtains of black liberty silk against white lace. "Look here," said the pretty widow, and she threw back the bed-covers, displaying sheets of black silk hemstitched in white, and black silk slips on the pillows. "I dress in black from top to toe," she continued. "I wear black silk underclothes, black satin corsets and a black silk petticoat, and I even have my gowns lined with black. My friends tell me they would sleep as comfortable in a coffin as in my bed, but I find it a delightful resting place. "And do you know," she continued, "a friend who has just been made a widow is having a room fitted like mine, only with black jet monograms. A great many English women who are not in mourning have black rooms, and that is where I got my idea." Then she led the way into the boudoir all furnished in vivid yellow, even to the two canaries that piped in their golden cages. "Yellow is the next color to black," she explained, "and then my husband was a Baltimorean, so, of course, I have the oriole colors, black and yellow, you see."

The Ugly Woman's Friend—The New York Tribune

"The Hottentot belle hangs a bangle in her lip and paints her nose sky blue, doesn't she?" asked the proprietress of a Toilet Emporium on an uptown street a few days ago. "Yes, she thinks she is just about right when she has put the last and brightest touch on the

round top of her flat nose, and with a delighted shriek looks at her reflection in a bit of polished brass, or maybe a pool of water. Well, there are plenty of girls in this brilliant city, in this advanced nineteenth century, who, though they do not paint their noses sky blue, have ideas on the subject of beauty quite as faulty and very nearly as absurd. Sit down for a moment and let me tell you what I mean, for you look very sceptical." She shook out her cool, gingham skirts and clasped her large, dimpled hands under her chin. The corner she had selected to chat in was a secluded one. Her assistants softly crossed and recrossed the long, carpeted room. A delicious breeze courtesied over the roof-tops and crept in beneath the gay, striped awning. "What does the average girl of to-day do if she find a few pimples on her face?" she asked, pursing up her lips. "Why she kalsomines them with one of the many toilet pastes flooding the market. If she has freckles she persistently avoids the sunlight, powders her face until it looks like a chalk mask, and altogether has a languid, unhealthy appearance like a plant grown in a cellar. Do you see? All kinds of skin diseases are covered over by a layer of powder, perhaps rouge too, and this while the skin is irritated and in need of most careful treatment. Of course it becomes worse. Now, I don't decry cosmetics. I have a large stock of my own manufacture on hand. But the skin should be in a healthy condition before any artificial means are used, and if it is well enough without cosmetics, why don't touch them with a tongs! The American girl is noted for a good complexion, you will say. It is a national pride with us. But take individual cases and tell me how long it lasts? Consider the girls of your own acquaintance." "But do you really think the use of rouge is general among American girls?" "I do. And the habit is on the increase. If you will take a walk down Broadway with me any fine afternoon in early spring or fall I am sure I will be able to point out every third girl at least with rouge on her cheeks. You cannot tell it nor can the majority of people, and why not? Not because it is applied so artistically, but because the youthful faces are smooth as the petals of a rose, and receive the rouge so that the blush appears transparent to the unpractised eye. Put a touch of carmine upon the smooth, round cheeks of a healthy baby, and you will have the same effect—a delicious, pink glow like that on the side of a peach which has been turned to the sun. The success is not due to the cosmetic, but to the exquisite texture of the baby's skin, and the same can be said of the clear-skinned girl of eighteen, who begins to keep her own rouge and powder boxes securely locked in the very bottom of her trunk. Two years pass, and if the same girl should rub on the slightest bit of rouge any one could tell it was artificial. Because the skin has become coarse and full of minute holes, it would receive the blush, however delicately applied, in lumps. The powder would take on the hideous, bluish-red tinge so often seen in the enlarged pores around the nostrils. When a girl has reached this state it seems impossible for her to do without cosmetics. In the morning she peers disconsolately into a mirror, and her face au naturel frightens her. It is pallid, blotchy, with all the hidden pimples and black-heads in full bloom. Now when she smears this diseased skin with chalk and carmine, ties an illusive, dotted veil over all, and, quite satisfied with the temporary result, starts out for an afternoon walk or drive, she is just as much to be pitied as the Hottentot I spoke of. My customers are people who have reached

the state I describe through an ignorant use of cosmetics, and those with a naturally bad skin. The one-time beauty with a ruined complexion and the woman Nature sent into the world without any decorative touches are now on the same level. They have to undergo the same treatment. I can't make a crooked nose straight, or chase away a squint or remould a mouth or make a square jaw conform to the line of beauty. But I can make scant hair thick and glossy, color the gray threads here and there, clip and color lashes and brows, cleanse the skin, cure pimples, freckles, etc., take care of the hands and feet, remove superfluous hairs, and prescribe proper diet, exercise, and do much toward keeping wrinkles and other facial annoyances at a respectful distance."

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"Do you mind telling me what advice you give your customers?" "Bless me, not a bit. To be thoroughly clean is the first requisite. Let a girl become enamored of her bathtub and take morning draughts of fresh air. Let her use good soap, and hot and cold water alternately in washing the face, but only once a day. Let her give a gentle massage treatment to the neck and face, and take mild exercise in warm weather. A great deal has been written by actresses and others regarding the injurious effect of water on the skin. Patti, they say, has never washed her face in anything but fresh cream, and Jane Hading wipes away dust, cosmetics, and perspiration by vaselin only. This, unfortunately, may be true enough. But to say water is injurious is pure bosh. And between you and me a woman who will go through a life time with the pores of her skin filled with sour milk, for such it becomes, or the remains of unlimited jars of vaselin, is not over clean. Dr. Bulkley, whose reputation as a skin specialist is well known, says that a great many eruptions on the face are due to the fact that soap has not been used there; that when good soap is used it is as beneficial to the face as to every other part of the body. He also advises a daily rubbing with a dry towel, not too coarse. 'This stimulates the action of the blood and makes the skin hardy. In regard to warm water, if it is used alone, it makes the skin flabby. By using it first for a thorough cleaning and then burying the face in a basinful of cold water leaves the skin smooth, but also firm, and without that sensitiveness which makes wind or salt water irritating. After such a cleaning the skin is ready to be manipulated. Now is the time for the young woman ambitious to be well flavored to sit down with a hand mirror in a good light, and flattening her nose against it commence her search for blackheads. It is not always easy to discover them. What appears a blotch or a 'blind' pimple is often a little colony of well-hidden blackheads. Watch keys are very popular for boring out these beastly little things, but they should not be used. After bathing the spot with a spoonful of rose water, mixed with the smallest amount of carbolic acid—even less than a drop—press on it toward the centre with the finger and thumb, not too hard, but persistently, evenly, until the blackhead becomes more prominent. It will respond beautifully to this treatment, and can at length be wiped away. Pimples, as everybody knows, almost invariably result from bad blood, and this is generally the consequence of bad and senseless food. Will the young lady fond of tarts have pimples? She will. And the girl who prefers chocolate to milk or weak tea, and rich gravies and game to a juicy chop and fresh lettuce? She will. Is diet then of so much consequence? It certainly is. Let the young woman with sufficient flesh and not enough

blood eat lean meats, vegetables, without much starch in them, like tomatoes, lettuce, cauliflower, string beans, and drink claret. Let the thin girl drink milk, eat plainly cooked meat, vegetables of all kinds, and a glass of weak punch or a small bowl of bread and milk just before going to sleep. After a proper course of diet and exercise the eruptions have gone, but an oily, greasy skin is still only too often ugly in texture and tint. This is where I come in. If there were no ugly women in the world I couldn't earn my living this way." "How did you chance to choose this occupation?" "Oh, dear me, ever since I can remember I had a passion for 'fixing' people. In school, if I sat behind a girl who had long curls I missed my lessons, for I couldn't help twisting them and forgetting everything else. Before I was fifteen I had pierced the ears of every girl I knew, and with the aid of a mirror I even pierced my own. If any of my companions wanted their hair curled or braided they had only to come to me. It was my delight. When I left school the manicure business was coming into regular popularity. I learned it and after a few years started out for myself. Meanwhile I was studying physical culture and the laws of health and beauty, until I formulated a certain system which I applied to myself with satisfactory results. But I saw there were defects which could not be banished but might be lessened, and when I had made sufficient money I went into this business and became 'the ugly woman's friend.' I enjoy my work. It is a pleasure to watch a budding mustache disappear through my efforts from a brunette beauty's lip, to see a delicately varied blush grow on a pallid cheek. I apply cosmetics in a way which does the skin no further harm and makes it appear a great deal better. Come in this afternoon at four o'clock and you may watch me treat a 'subject.'"

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At four o'clock, the "friend of ugly women," true to her word, was just beginning operations. From a seat beyond the "subject's" range of vision the writer proceeded to watch with all her might. A hansom waited at the door and near the operating chair stood a small travelling bag, two parasols and two umbrellas, besides a package of paper-covered books. The "subject" was doubtless en route for the country. She was a totally uninteresting-looking woman, nondescript in coloring, heavy-featured and almost middle-aged. Her hair, a soft shade of brown, was her only good point. The beauty "doctor" first opened the "subject's" dress at the neck, looped up every stray hair and brushed back her bang. Face and neck were softly sponged with something that smelled deliciously sweet like jasmine and was permitted to dry on the face. This was the preliminary stage. The foundation of a dazzling complexion was laid in a layer of grease well rubbed into the skin and then as carefully rubbed off. After a perfumy dusting with almond meal, a fine, flesh-colored powder was applied to face and neck with a piece of soft, old linen. At this stage of the transforming process the "subject's" face looked like a mask, but the corner of a damp cloth freed lashes and brows of every particle of powder, and a stick tipped with burnt pomatum was carefully applied to them. The rims of the eyes were not touched, but each hair was made to stand out, distinctly and beautifully dark. "Every half-hour just pass the corner of your handkerchief under the lower lashes to be on the safe side, as the perspiration might make them leave a faint imprint. Don't cough if you can possibly help it. Don't sneeze under any circum-

stances. And when you laugh keep your eyes wide open," said the "doctor." "Now, do you want your brows to look curved or level?" "I think I prefer them level." "Yes, they give more character to the face," said the "doctor," as she endeavored, with thumb and forefinger, to shape the pencilled brows into a straighter line. By means of a hare's foot a soft blush was laid on the cheeks. The corners of the lips were just touched with a damask cream and a little pinkiness added to the curves of the ear. After this the hair was perfumed and dressed. "I thought best not to touch your hair to-day," said the "doctor," standing back and critically examining her work, her head on one side; "you say you will be in the city in a fortnight. Well, that will be time enough to give the hair another coating." So, even the brown tresses were masquerading, alas! At length the "subject" arose, and with an air of conscious pride, stepped to a long mirror. She was indeed, a work of art, and looked ten years younger and fifty degrees more attractive. It was cleverly done. The cosmetics had been sparingly applied and with an astonishing nicety. "I think I can get along by myself, now. Only the eyes—I'm afraid I can't give the lashes that shadowy, feathery effect," sighed the "subject," and filled her satchel with \$10 worth of the "doctor's" cosmetics. "Remember, you must not sneeze," said the "doctor," emphatically, at parting. "I'd die, first," was the determined reply, and the "subject" sailed from the place under false colors, but apparently very well pleased with herself. The driver of the hansom looked at her in amazement and scratched his head. One could fancy him inwardly exclaiming, for he was an Irishman: "By the hokey-pokey! Is it the same woman? I dunno. Phwat's this for, at all, at all?"

The Latest Fad—Manly Women—Saturday Review

Many women now bet at race meetings, and though they have not yet gone the length of making their bets with the book-makers personally, yet they get their friends to do so for them, and look upon it as a serious matter of business, and in many cases venture considerable sums. We do not, of course, refer to those who, when they go casually to Ascot, have small bets of two or three pounds on some of the principal races; but to those who make a practice of attending the principal meetings, such as Newmarket, Epsom, Kempton, Leicester, Manchester, Liverpool, and others. Ascot, Sandown, and Goodwood are essentially ladies' gatherings, where most of the ladies go more for social than racing purposes; but those that attend the other meetings are increasing numerically, and in their attention to "business," and when they take to racing regularly are as a rule fond of gambling at cards, though the latter is by no means a new or modern amusement among the votaries of fashion. Slang and argot, both racing and general, are now commonly used by women, who pick the language up from the men, and who consider it the right thing to adopt; and now we hear expressions emanating from them which formerly, to say the least of it, would have been considered vulgar, and, though there may not be any particular harm in these utterances, yet this slangy tendency in conversation detracts from the high-bred tone that should pervade our best society in London; and, even if amusing at the time, it does not in any way constitute wit or cleverness, and can be generally heard to greater perfection in the topical songs at the music-halls or read in many of the sporting papers of the present day—in fact, much of it is borrowed from these sources. The influx

of Americans and Americanisms into this country has, no doubt, a good deal to do with this; but the main reason of it is that the men make use of slang; therefore, to be in keeping with the fashion of the day, by imitating them and trying to resemble them as much as possible, it is necessary that their forms of language should be adopted as far as possible. Again, in London now, how many ladies delight in attending what were wont to be the exclusive resorts of men—namely, the music-halls and the London restaurants? When we say "exclusive resorts," we mean exclusive as regards society; of course they were and always will be the haunts of the *demi-monde*, and we fear that that is one of the reasons why they are now becoming so popular among many ladies in society, who hardly pretend that they are as amusing as a good theatre or the opera; but a strange fascination seems to oblige them to see and watch that class, and they are infinitely amused if they recognize some of their acquaintances in the company of these frail ones. They seem utterly oblivious of the fact that it is extremely derogatory to their dignity and their position as modest women of good birth and in good society to have to pass or meet their male friends and acquaintances, who are in the same social grade, unrecognized, on account of the company they are in; and that because of their own action, since they are in places where they are not expected to be, and which have been tacitly acknowledged to be reserved for that class of the female population that are without the pale. Two reasons there are which induce women to put themselves in these equivocal positions—one is woman's curiosity, and the other is that, as the men go to these places, it is the right thing for them to go also; for is it not written that now fashion says what men may do, women should do also? Inconsistent they are; if one of their own class has the misfortune to stray from the paths of virtue and be found out, she must be treated as a black sheep, and shunned; yet it is the correct thing now to go where the *demi-monde* gathers in all its strength and numbers, to study its members and watch them with all interest, as though their mode of life had transmogrified them into some interesting study of nature or beautiful work of art. There is the feeling that women are seeing life, and that they are turning over the pages of a book that has hitherto been sealed to them, though open to their male companions, and they think that by going where the men go they get an insight into some of the manners of spending time and money adopted by the latter, and that the advanced ideas of the present day should, in all fairness, allow them to assume the knowledge that has hitherto been acquired by the other sex only. There are many sports that, though in themselves most excellent for women as well as men, are sometimes carried to excess, such as riding, driving, etc.; and, though nothing is more charming than a good lady whip, yet the tendency of the day is, by the style of the turnout, to degenerate that excellent art into a semblance of fastness, and in London ladies who adopt dogcarts, gigs, T carts, and other two-wheeled traps do so, as a rule, to look manly. As we have said before, the rage now is for women to appear manly and to copy men in all things; and a great mistake it is, as by doing so they are apt to lose the great charms of gentleness and modesty, and they run the risk of losing the respect of true gentlemen, who should look up to them, instead of being tempted as they are now to treat them as boon companions who have adopted their own pursuits and their own ways of thinking, acting, and talking.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

The Nile—Clinton Scollard—Home Journal

Nurse of old Egypt, year on circling year,
 When parched and fevered by the heat she lies
 Beneath a dazzling arch of rainless skies,
 And e'en the green acacia buds grow sere,
 How dost thou brim a cup supremely dear
 And hold it to her lips, until her sighs
 Have ceased, and all before her ancient eyes
 Is fair as erst it was, or far or near!
 Whence hast thou this fine potion? Is it drawn
 From cavernous founts that never see the dawn
 Beyond swart Nubia's furthestmost confines?
 So potent yet mysterious it seems,
 Its source might be within a heaven of dreams
 Upon whose peaks no earthly sunbeam shines.

The Dawn—T. J. Chapman—Pittsburg Bulletin

I saw the gibbous moon, all glowing red,
 Sink down below the far horizon's rim;
 The stars, night's candles, burned but pale and dim;
 A blush of light the eastern skies o'erspread,
 While purple tints filled all the arch o'erhead;
 In darkling grove, upon his chosen limb,
 Some wild bird warbled low his morning hymn;
 The cock his clarion sounded from his shed;
 Then grew and spread the light still more and more;
 The village church spire caught the flying ray;
 A thousand feathered throats did then outpour
 A joyous welcome to the new-born day;
 I saw the dew-drops glisten on the lawn,
 And all the glories of the summer dawn.

The Ideal—Francis S. Saltus—To-Day

Toil on, poor muser, to attain that goal
 Where Art conceals its grandest, noblest prize;
 Count every tear that dims your aching eyes,
 Count all the years that seem as days, and roll
 The death-tides slowly on; count all your sighs;
 Search the wide, wondrous earth from pole to pole,
 Tear unbelief from out your martyred soul;
 Succumb not, chase despondency, be wise;
 Work, toil, and struggle with the brush or pen,
 Revel in rhyme, strain intellect and ken;
 Live on and hope despite man's sceptic leers;
 Praise the Ideal with your every breath,
 Give it life, youth and glory, blood and tears,
 And to possess it pay its tribute—Death.

The Bayadere—From Town Topics

Near strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
 Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice-trees fanned,
 Her agile form in some quaint saraband;
 A marvel of passionate chastity and pride!
 Nude to the loins, superb, and leopard-eyed,
 With redolent roses in her jeweled hand!
 Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
 Her flexile torso bends, her white feet glide!
 The dull kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
 And, mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
 Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm,
 Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
 While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
 Lulls the grim drowsy cobra on her arm!

The Spectrum—Cosmo Monkhouse—The Academy

How many colors here do we see set,
 Like rings upon God's fingers? Some say three,
 Some four, some six, some seven. All agree
 To left of red, to right of violet,
 Waits darkness deep as night and black as jet.
 And so we know what Noah saw we see,
 Nor less nor more, of God's emblazonry
 A shred—a sign of glory known not yet.
 If red can glide to yellow, green to blue,
 What joys may yet await our wiser eyes
 When we awake upon a wider shore?
 What deep pulsations, exquisite and new:
 What keener, swifter raptures may surprise
 Men born to see the rainbow and no more!

The Dead—Mathilde Blind—Poems

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
 Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
 They have forged our chains of being—good or ill;
 And their invisible bands these hands yet hold.
 Our perishable bodies are the mould
 In which their strong imperishable will—
 Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
 Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.
 Vibrations infinite, of life in death,
 As a star's travelling light survives its star!
 So may we hold our lives, that when we are
 The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
 They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
 And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

At Midnight of All Souls—Mary Cowden-Clarke

I hear the rushing of the sea of Time;
 Whose mighty waters in their pauseless whirl,
 Suck down, resistless, nation, race, and realm,
 Like rotting sea-weed, drench'd in ooze and slime.
 Ocean! incarnadin'd with countless crime,
 Green with drown'd hopes, and wreck of joyous prime;
 Salt with the myriad tears of human woes;
 Toss'd with the surge and tumult of earth's woes;
 We note thy shifting sands, and pace thy shore;
 We watch thy ebbing tides, and list thy roar,
 Hark'ning with awe, the innumerable things
 Told in thy billowy thunderings;
 Until by the coming of our one appointing wave,
 We're swept into th' eddy of that universal grave.

Sleep—Thomas Nelson Page—Century

Thou best of all God's choicest blessings—Sleep;
 Better than earth can offer—wealth, power, fame,
 They change, decay; thou always art the same.
 Through all the years thy freshness thou dost keep;
 Over all lands thine even pinions sweep.
 The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the lame,
 Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy name.
 Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep;
 Thou ope'st the captive's cell and bidst him roam.
 Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, freest the slave,
 Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile home.
 Beggar and king thine equal blessings reap.
 We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors, crave,
 But God, He giveth His beloved—Sleep.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

From Tears to Laughter—The Detroit Free Press

The other day a man sat on the deck of a ferryboat plying between the city and Belle Isle. He held a newspaper in his hands, but his thoughts were otherwise engaged, for he gazed abstractedly at the scene along the shore and an expression of melancholy mantled his face. Playing around the deck of the boat was a winsome little girl probably about eight years of age. Suddenly she stopped in front of the man, peered into his face a moment and then exclaimed in childish delight:

"Why, my papa! Oh! but I'm glad to see you!"

The change that came over the man was wonderful. At first his face paled, which was succeeded by a warm flush. His eyes fairly shone with happiness, and reaching down he gathered the little girl to his heart in a loving embrace with a fervent "my dear daughter," while her little arms were wound tightly around his neck.

After an interchange of affection the little one, looking into his face, queried—

"But, papa, why don't you come to see mamma and I? You have been gone so long."

The happy expression faded from the man's face and was succeeded by one of pain. He replied:

"Yes, dear, I know I have been away long, but you see I have been far away from here in big cities."

"Yes, but you are here now. You're coming home, now, ain't you papa?"

"I can't, my dear," said the man in a choking voice. "I must go away again at once. But perhaps you had better run away now to mamma. Do you want some fruit or soda water?"

The little girl could not resist this invitation and her father put a five-dollar gold piece into her hand and she tripped joyfully away. When the island was reached the girl got into a carriage with her mother and the man withdrew to the gentlemen's cabin, that his eyes might no longer see his child.

Marriage a failure! Father and mother divorced!

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It was a State election in Alabama, and among the crowd filling the little town where I happened to be stopping were some queer characters. Among the queerest were an old man and his son—the father about sixty years old, the son about to cast his first vote. The boy had primed up pretty well and by ten o'clock in the forenoon he was saying:

"Father, git ten men to hold me, fur if I turn loose this town won't be nowhar'!"

"Be calm, Jonas, be calm," advised the old man as he patted him on the shoulder.

"Whoop! yi! yi! Whar's the critter as says he will challenge my fust vote?"

"Thar's no critter sayin' anything of the sort, Jonas. Jist be quiet. Don't be raisin' your voice too much."

Jonas circulated around for a while, took another drink and then came back to the tavern steps and said:

"Father, I've got to turn loose."

"Shoo! Jonas!"

"But I hev. Im' a-goin' to cut loose and go fur the hull crowd, fur I can't hold myself no longer."

At that moment a Turk or Bohemian or foreigner of some sort came up with a hand-organ and a dancing bear, and I saw a new idea strike Jonas like a landslide. The father saw it, too, and he protested:

"Now, Jonas, doan' make no critter of yo'self. You jist let that b'ar alone."

"Pop, I'm gwine ter clinch him. He's altogether too funny fur this yere locality."

"You'll git busted, Jonas. B'ars is onery varmint."

"Got to do it, pap. I'm bubblin' up like bilin' soap-suds, and sumpthin' has got ter be done or the biler will give way. Stand back! Whoopee!"

Every citizen of the town heard his yell. The bear was about five rods away, going through a waltz, and he stopped his movements to see what was going to happen. Jonas made a bee-line for him, and as he came within six feet he rose in the air and came down astride of Bruin and grabbed him by the ears and yelled:

"America agin the hull airth! Whoop!"

It was in the middle of the street and the street was dusty. Therefore I can't swear as to what took place during the next two minutes. When the foreigner pulled his bear off there was a bundle of something lying in the dust. It looked like old clothes, but it turned out to be Jonas. He wasn't saying a word. He didn't know it when the father and two others lifted him over against the fence and got water from the town well to pour over him. It was a full quarter of an hour before he opened his eyes and faintly asked:

"Father, did I clean out the hull crowd?"

"No, Jonas. You tackled that b'ar agin my advice."

"And kerwolloped him."

"Skeercely. You've dun got the wust maulin' yer ever heard of in yer born days."

"Licked?"

"I should obsarve. You's bit, clawed, knocked, rolled, paralyzed, and broke, and you won't be fitten to work fur a month. Jonas, you's a critter, a pore fule of a critter, and if this doan't take the swellin' outer your head I'm gwine to hire a nigger and a maul to knock it off. Say, Baker, kin you load this critter into yer cart and tote him out home and leave him at the gate."

A Locomotive's Plaintive Cry—Des Moines Leader

A railroad roundhouse was in flames. Fire had leaped, apparently in a self-born demon, out of the waste box, and before a hand could be found with the skill to pull out its waiting locomotives, some of them with boilers full of water and low fires, it was too late. For it was a small roundhouse in a small town, and a lone watchman had been left to care for it, and it was midnight. His loud call summoned a concourse of citizens in breathless haste, but all they could do was to stand and see the great sheet of fire from the pitched roof and how the inflammable materials inside made every locomotive stall a caldron of fire, and all the windows glared, all the doors poured out smoke, and roar, and long flames. There stood the steam giants plainly visible vibrating in the intense heat, unapproachable as though set in the infernal regions. Still it was a fire where the element of human danger was all missing. Suddenly, long and dolorous, one of these engines began to sound the danger signal. Heat within and without made its boiler shake with the leap of fiercely boiling water. A bit of falling iron bent and pulled downward the lever, moving its escape valve so it could and did sound ceaselessly. Loud, thrilling, it was a note of terror. It awed every hearer. Listen, some day, thoughtfully, to the danger

signal of a locomotive. Even in the broad and peaceful day it is the keenest and strongest, the most terrible sound that man has invented. It reaches the dull intelligence of slowest beasts as a warning. The solemn power, then, of this cry, apparently raised by the will of the engine itself, in the midst of its torture, was indescribable. It was hard not to feel that it was a sentient thing pleading for help. It pealed on, an urgent monotone, the tremulous voice of senseless force. One man heard it, distressed by it beyond telling. He was its engineer. The engine he loved with the peculiar attachment these men have for the thing of power they control seemed to be crying to him voluntarily with the appeal his hand had often evolved from it. He wanted to plunge in to its rescue. The fiery furnace of the Hebrew children was matched by its surroundings, and he could only listen and tremble and let it call in vain. It was all a curious bit of pathos, evolved wholly from material things by chance, and costing not a pang to its source, yet it touched and saddened every soul that heard it. But none of them could quite comprehend the feeling of its driver or know how pitifully the next morning he touched his gray, burned-out, ruined giant that had poured its shriek into his ears for that long half-hour.

"Wanter be an Angel"—New York Evening Sun

The Bowery barroom was doing a rushing business. Before the long, polished, and ornate counter stood a thirsty throng. The head bartender, newly groomed, with his Vandyke beard carefully trimmed and pointed, and wearing an apron unwrinkled and white as Alpine snow, stood behind a pyramid of slender glasses filled with ice and topped with a thin section sliced from an orange. It was part of the ethics of this incomparable concocter of palate ticklers that the sight and the taste should both be catered to. He was performing that remarkable juggling feat in the preparation of a Manhattan cocktail in which two wine glasses are connected by a liquid ribbon, when a newsboy, pushing the swinging-door open, dashed in shouting:

"Extry, extry; all about how Hogan was drowned in de air ship! On'y one cent!"

The bartender went on mixing his cocktail, and, holding one glass above his head, let a ruby cascade fall into the other glass without spilling a drop. Then he threw a cent upon the counter and the boy tossed a paper still damp from the press to him.

"Give us a glass o' beer, will ye, Billy?" said the newsboy, placing a nickel upon the counter.

But Billy was looking through the newspaper to see if Sullivan had arrived in the city, and he paid no attention to the boy's request. Meanwhile the boy kicked at the bar and hummed the tune, "I Want to be an Angel," under his breath. The request was repeated and the bartender replied:

"Look here, Tim; you know if I sell you beer the S. P. C. C. 'll be down here an' take me in."

"A crown upon my forehead en a harp within my hand," continued Tim before replying, with a wink.

"Ah, gi' me a glass, Billy. I ain't a-goin' to squeal."

Billy went to the door and looked up and down the street. Perceiving no officer he returned, drew a foaming glass of beer and shoved it across the counter to Tim with the injunction:

"Pour her down quick, Tim. I don't want to do a sixer on the Island."

While Tim was drinking, Billy said: "Were'd you learn the new song, Tim?"

"Up t' de Gospel shop on de Bowery," replied the boy, wiping the froth from his mouth with his shirt sleeve. "Dey're goin' to have a 'scurion up de Hudson We'n'sda', en I'm goin' to scoop it in. I'm jest workin' de racket fur cake en pie en ice cream, dat's what I'm doin'," said Tim with another knowing wink, as he concluded the verse hallowed by so many childish lips:

"I'll make de sweetest music,
En praise Him day an' night."

Billy grinned as he wiped the beer drippings from the counter, and when he turned to survey his immaculate shirt front and gleaming diamond pin in the gilded mirror, Tim grabbed his papers and darted from the door.

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The short hand of the City Hall clock had crawled around to the hour of 9 P.M. The crowds on Park row had melted away and the shouts of "Extry!" by the newsboys were seldom heard. In City Hall park a group of boys were playing craps. Tim was among them, still humming his desire to be an angel and with the angels stand. Suddenly Tim stopped humming, and looking angrily at one of his comrades exclaimed:

"Gimme dat cent, Snorcher, er I'll break yer jaw!"

"You can't break nobody's jaw, Tim," replied Snorcher, as he shook the dice box for another throw. Just as he raised the box to make a cast, Tim struck him in the face with the flat of his right hand. The impact of the blow sent Snorcher rolling on the pavement, but he regained his feet and a rough-and-tumble fight began. Locked in each other's arms they rolled out into the street. Here both struggled to an upright position, and just as an electric car came along Snorcher struck Tim a blow in the face which knocked him across the rails. Before the car could be stopped it had passed over both of Tim's legs, crushing them below the knees.

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An ambulance came rattling down Chambers street and stopped before the drug store into which Tim had been carried. Upon the floor in the back room lay the boy unconscious. His lips were white, as if fringed with silver cord. Two red rivulets on the cobblestones outside and over the cleanly-swept floor indicated that Tim was not so heavy as he had been in the morning. Three policemen kept the crowd back, one of whom held the sobbing and repentant Snorcher by the collar. A young surgeon forced his way through the crowd. He cut the torn trousers off at the knees and shook his head as he bent over the injured boy. Five minutes later the ambulance was on its way to Chambers Street Hospital, bearing a weak and restless passenger.

After the crushed limbs had been amputated, Tim awoke from his swoon and gazed feebly around the ward. The lucid interval was of but short duration, but the nurse saw his lips move, and, bending tenderly over him, she heard these words:

"En' a harp within my——"

The last word was not uttered, for Tim fell again into the torpor of utter exhaustion.

At ten o'clock the next morning a policeman, accompanied by Snorcher, came into the hospital. Said he to the orderly at the door:

"Here's a kid as wants to see the boy that was run over last night. Can ye let him go up?"

"I guess there's no objection. Here, this way, sonny," said the orderly.

Snorcher eagerly followed to the bedside of Tim. As Snorcher looked down at the pallid face and the hands bleached to the color of the sheet upon which they lay,

he would have burst into tears, had not the nurse cautioned him to keep quiet. A feeble smile stole over Tim's wan features as he opened his eyes and saw his friend standing beside him. Thrusting his grimy hand into his pocket Snorcher produced a rosebud, which he placed between Tim's nerveless fingers, whispering:

"Breeve on her, Tim! Breeve on her till she blows!"

Tim nodded his head feebly and tried to raise the bud to his lips, but it fell back upon the counterpane. Then Snorcher took from his pocket two big yellow oranges. Placing these on the pillow he whispered eagerly:

"Eat 'em, Tim, an' when they're gone I'll buy ye some more, 'cause I've got a quarter left."

It may have been that Tim had lost his taste for oranges. At any rate he paid no attention to them, but motioned to Snorcher to draw nearer to him. The angel of death must have been poisoning his spear over the hospital, for it was with effort that Tim articulated:

"Snorch, you kin go to de Gospel picnic en get de cake en ice cream 'stead o' me—'cause I'm——"

Here Tim became incoherent, and the only words Snorcher caught out of his wandering utterances were:

"Angil . . . harp . . . crown . . . forehead."

Snorcher was led away weeping bitterly, and locked up in the Tombs to await the result of Tim's injuries. In the evening just as the boys were shouting "Extry!" the nurse raised the rosebud to Tim's lips, as she had done several times during the day in answer to his appealing glance, and the boy exhaled his last breath upon the flower in a vain attempt to "make it blow."

Just as Tim started on his journey into a far country, Billy the bartender stood behind his pyramid of slender glasses again. Once more the lights were reflected from the shining mirror and the dazzling stone in the white shirt front. An idea struck Billy just before the cocktail was completed, and he expressed it as follows:

"Wonder where that ornery little cuss, Tim, is to-night? Queer song he was singin' last night: 'Wanter be an angel and with the angels stand.' Do they make angels out of kids like him?" Who knows?

A Marriage Séance—Julia Hayes Percy—N. Y. World

I am not a believer in spiritualism, but supernatural or not, I witnessed this strange ceremony.

The surroundings were those of the ordinary materializing séance. A little child appeared, a man, and a woman whom somebody recognized as a deceased friend. All these appearances I had read of, and while profoundly curious, was not profoundly impressed. At intervals I heard voices and could distinguish what was said. I plainly heard a man's voice exclaim:

"It cannot be to-night?" Then a woman's answer:

"Oh, I cannot wait; it must be now," and then two little child voices, piping out, "it shall be now; at once."

In a moment the curtains were swept back and a slender woman, clad all in white, stood in the opening—I saw her plainly from head to foot. Her robe was a soft velvety white, fitting like a Princess' gown and falling to her feet. A white veil, drawn across her forehead, hung over her shoulders and down her back.

I could see, when she afterward turned her profile to the audience, that the texture was peculiar, it was filmy as crêpe lisse, with a peculiar luminosity that I have not seen in any fabric from mortal loom; and I noticed a singular elastic quality about it. It gave with every turn of the wearer, and then seemed to contract when the tension was relaxed instead of showing lengthened folds.

This woman's face looked ill and worn. The cheeks had pitiful little hollows, and the eyes were deeply shadowed. She looked straight at some one sitting behind me, and I turned around, following her gaze.

A man in the back row was rising up slowly. He was white to the lips, and his hands shook as he put back his chair. I moved a little to let him pass me, and he went up and stood beside the woman in white. She held out her thin little fingers, and he inclosed them in his big palm; I saw him shudder as he did so.

At this moment a third figure appeared behind the two. A beautiful brown-bearded, benevolent man's face. The figure was clothed in a white surplice and black stole, and I saw the flowing long sleeves of his vestment as he lifted up his arms in blessing.

Well, he performed a marriage ceremony over this strangely assorted pair. He referred to them as "this man and this woman who desire to be united in holy matrimony." He questioned them in turn, if they would take each other for wedded husband and wedded wife; but no mention was made of living together, nor did they make any promise of obedience and fealty. The man answered a firm "I will," and the phantom uttered the same words in a soft, distinct voice, and then looked up into the man's face, with her lips parting in a sweet tender smile. Her eyes were swimming in tears. While the priest's hands were raised the two figures disappeared. They did not fade away, they did not vanish—only in some inscrutable manner they were not.

The newly married husband stood for a moment apparently dazed, still holding out an empty hand. He walked slowly to the chimney-piece, and leaned his elbow on it, and his head on his hand for a moment. In the intense silence I looked at him. He was a little above the medium height, rather stoutly built, gray-eyed, shaven, except a rather heavy moustache; a kindly, practical, every-day sort of man, whose type one constantly meets in all the daily common walks of life.

In a moment he began to speak. His language and intonation were those of one only used to address his fellows in places of masculine congregation, where business directness is the object, rather than elegance.

About six years before the man had gone to a little town in Georgia to establish himself in business. Shortly after a woman from one of the Eastern states came to the same place to teach school. These two were boarders in a house where all the rest of the family were southern born. Naturally they fell in love with each other.

Both of them were Free Thinkers. During their acquaintance they read and talked much of their peculiar views. And when the question of uniting their lives came before them they felt that to be bound together by any ceremony, either civil or religious, other than a solemn consenting to pledge their lives each unto each, would be out of all consonance with their professions.

So they began their united life. Two little children were born and died. Then the wife sickened unto death, and a great longing seized her to die at home. The man brought her as far as New York, when she became too ill to travel further. They took up quarters in a boarding-house on West Thirty-fourth street, and the death watch began. The woman was evidently in great mental distress and finally opened her heart to her husband. She begged him to have the ceremony of marriage performed. She told him that her life had been a mistake and implored him to help her right it so far as he could before she departed. He soothed her, told her he had no such scruples, but if she insisted

the marriage should take place. He went to summon a clergyman and on his return found her dead.

This had happened two weeks before. Lingerin' grief-stricken about the place he heard of this medium. At his first visit his wife had appeared to him, and wrung his heart by lamenting that their marriage had not been solemnized. She told him that the children were with her, and it was for their sakes she so earnestly deplored the fact. He had promised to return on this evening. At the end of his story he said simply:

"I thought, perhaps, you might expect some explanation of all this, it has been so very strange."

Then he went quietly out with the rest, and we saw him passing down the street into the darkness.

History Repeating Itself—The Chicago Tribune

"Listen to me, Maud!"

The voice of the young man trembled with intensity.

"From my home in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument I have come to plead with you, Maud. I have taken a solemn vow that I will neither eat, dr— that I will neither eat nor sleep, I mean, till this, the most momentous question of my whole life is settled!"

The glorious dark eyes of the proud Monumental City girl sank beneath his burning gaze. Her cheek glowed with an unwonted flush, and she tapped the carpet irresolutely with her foot. She was not to be won without a struggle, but her heart pleaded for the youth.

"Mr. Backsorrel," she said, "are there not differences of temperament, irreconcilable prejudices relating to locality, pride of ancestry, civic loyalty, and—"

"All these, Maud," he protested vehemently, "are mere straws that may float on the surface but are powerless to stay the progress of the irresistible passion that sweeps me on, and that will bear you, too, on its bosom, my proud beauty, in spite of the influences that—"

"Have a care, Mr. Backsorrel!" exclaimed the maiden. "The old Boston ideas of coercion are—"

"Are distasteful to the patrician intolerance and majestic selfhood of Baltimore's blue-blooded nobility. I know it, Maud. But love sweeps away all barriers, levels all ranks, and obliterates all local landmarks."

The maiden shook her head and sighed tremulously.

"Would—would it change deep-rooted and inbred convictions and preferences, Mr. Backsorrel, as—as to habits of daily living, involving such questions as literature, recreation, diet—"

"Diet!" he broke in. "It would! It would! With the communion of soul with soul there would come to you in time a calm tolerance of that which is leguminous and brain-producing. With the longings of my heart satisfied I could raise my hand and swear by every impulse of my being, every fibre of my frame, that my physical nature needed terrapin! O Maud!" he exclaimed rapturously, as he folded the radiant Southern beauty in his arms and drew her to his bosom, "in the arena of love have not Boston endurance and habits of training triumphed over Baltimore, even as—as the other day, you know, down in Mississippi—in short, is not history repeating itself?"

"It is, Harold," she murmured, with her head on the young man's shoulder. "I throw up the sponge."

"Jes' Waitin'"—Chas. S. Blackburn—Evening Lamp

In the alluvial region of Louisiana the forest foliage is almost impenetrable by sunshine, and the undergrowth of weeds and vines is as dense as a tropical jungle. Leaving a clearing and going into the woods is like a sudden transition from midday to twilight.

Near a bayou in this wild section stands a white frame house, one story high, with a long roof whose slope is so gradual it would almost seem the rain would not flow from it. Years ago it was tenanted. Now it has no dwellers, for the place is haunted.

The spirits of a pure girl and a brave soldier need not create fear. But people are superstitious; besides, these ghosts are never seen, only heard. They moan in the garret; they call each other's names in the parlor; a wail comes up from the bayou; but those who make these sounds are never visible.

The old quarters are deserted by all, save one. He saw his young mistress leave home one still morning in autumn. She told him she would return at noon. She never returned, and he is waiting for her still.

"Yes, marster," he said, "I'se heah yit, an' heah I'll stay till de Lawd taps me on de head an' says, 'Come erlong, Rufus.' I kain't lebe. I couldn't ef I tried. Sposen she'd come back some evenin', who'd be heah ter take keer ob her? She wuz so good an' so sweet; I kin mos' see her now, skippin' erbout de house an' er singin' like er mockin'-bird. Cap'n Herndon come down dat mawnin' ter tell her good-by, fur he wuz er gwine ter fight de Yankees, you know. He wuz a mons'us fine man, ez stout ez er giant, but ez kine-hearted ez Miss Lucy herself. Ez dey come out en de parlor, Miss Lucy, said she, turning to me:

"'Rufus, we're goin' ter take a skiff-ride.'

"I seed 'im he'p her inter de skiff, an' won't never fergit how proud he looked an' how purty she looked. He pulled out, an' dey shot up de stream like an arrer. It wuz er laung pull, mos' ha'f er mile, 'fore dey reacht de ben', an' I stood on de bank an' watcht de skiff cut fru de water lilies till dey got outen sight. I sot down an' waited. Dey didn't come. It growed dark, an' de moss on de trees swung its arms like ez if it wuz 'stressed erbout sump'n. Dey didn't come. Erbout midnight de empty skiff come er floatin' down. De whole plantashun turnt out ter hunt fur 'em. Nex' day, erbout a mile up de byo, ole marster spied sump'n white layin' on er water lily. He rowed out and got it. It wuz er piece ob paper, on which wuz rit dese words: 'George Herndon. Lucy Milburn.' Miss Lucy don dat. It was pinned ter de leaf by er gol' brespin whut she wore on her purty white frote dat mawnin'.

"But we nebber seed 'em no mo'. Ef dey were drowned dey got cotch ter de bottom—dat byo's fearful deep an' full ob bresh an' trees—an' dey won't rise ergin till de sea gibs up its dead. Ole marster died. De las' words he said ter me wuz: 'Rufus, don't quit lookin'.' An' I hain't frum dat day ter dis. I'se old an' tired an' my han' tremmels an' my face is full ob furrers, like er coultter makes in er new groun, but heah I'll stay till de Great Oberseer makes me lebe. Is de house haunted? Yes. But I wouldn't be afeerd ter stay dar ef I could see 'em. Ef Miss Lucy's sperret wuz ter come ter me I'd take it in dese poor ole arms ob mine. De wailin' an' de moanin' cuts my heart clean in two, so I keeps away frum dar. Ebery ebenin' I stan's an' looks up de byo tell black darkness flops its wings ober de stream an' de scritch-owl cries like er los' chile.

"Den I goes back home an' lights er taller can'le whut burns all night. Lucy mought come, an' case she did she'd see de light an' say: 'Uncle Rufus is lookin' fur us, George. See!' Fur ef dey do come dey'll come tergedder. Ef dey went ter de bottom ob de byo dey went tergedder, an' dar dey'll stay tell judgment, when dey'll stan' by de right han' ob de Lawd arm in arm."

APPLIED SCIENCE—INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Problem of a Flying Machine—Popular Science Monthly

We must admit that a bird is an incomparable model of a flying-machine. No machine that we may hope to devise, for the same weight of *machine, fuel, and directing brain*, is half so effective. And yet, this machine, thus perfected through infinite ages by a ruthless process of natural selection, reaches its limit of weight at about fifty pounds! I said, "weight of machine, fuel, and *directing brain*." Here is another prodigious advantage of the natural over the artificial machine. The flying animal is its own engineer, the flying-machine must *carry* its engineer. The directing engineer in the former (the brain) is perhaps an ounce, in the latter it is *one hundred and fifty pounds*. The limit of the flying animal is fifty pounds. The smallest possible weight of a flying-machine, with its necessary fuel and engineer, even without freight or passengers, could not be less than three or four hundred pounds. Now, to complete the argument, put these three indisputable facts together: 1. There is a low limit of weight, certainly not much beyond fifty pounds, beyond which it is impossible for an animal to fly. Nature has reached this limit, and with her utmost effort has failed to pass it. 2. The animal machine is far more effective than any we may hope to make; therefore the limit of the weight of a successful flying-machine cannot be more than fifty pounds. 3. The weight of any machine constructed for flying, including fuel and engineer, cannot be less than three or four hundred pounds. Is it not demonstrated that a true flying-machine, self-raising, self-sustaining, self-propelling, is physically impossible?

The Problem Theoretically Solved—Boston Cor. N. Y. Post

Formal application has been made to the Secretary of the Navy for the use of the Government yard at Charlestown, with its machinery, power, and implements, for the purpose of building the proposed air-ship Ben Franklin, whose inventor is now in this city. This inventor, Dr. Arthur de Bausset, in his letter to Secretary Tracy, asks for the use of the Navy-yard, as mentioned, for the purpose of building an air-ship of steel, according to his plans and specifications which are set forth in House bill 5717 now before Congress. The letter states that Congressman Landes, for the Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics, submitted a report recommending an appropriation of \$150,000 by the Government for the sake of assisting in the building of this novel ship, but, owing to the delay caused by the tariff debates and other matters, the subject was not reached at the last session. As an inducement to the Government to permit the use of the Navy-yard, the inventor says that the ship might be at the service of the Government for defence in case of foreign war. "A single air-ship equipped for warfare could speedily and effectively destroy entire fleets of ironclads before any damage could be done to our defenceless cities on the sea-coast of the United States." He asks for the use of the steam power, machinery, and implements at the Navy-yard, without other expense to the Department. With this letter of Dr. de Bausset will be one from the trustees of the Aerial Exhibition Association, which has part control of the new invention, seconding his request and saying that the value of the proposed air-ship and its practicability as an invention are guaranteed by Prof. E. Colbert, a well-known mathematician, George W. Melville, Chief Engineer in the Navy Department, and Col. W. H. Paine, Chief Engi-

neer of the Brooklyn Bridge. Meanwhile an effort is being made to raise funds by popular dollar subscriptions for the building of the immense air-ship. It is hoped to secure \$250,000, and the money is asked for with the understanding that the success of the invention is not guaranteed, and that if it fails, the subscribers will lose their money. The cost is placed so high, in part, because it will be necessary to make special machinery. If another ship of the same size were to be built, it is believed that its cost would not exceed \$150,000. The scheme of this monster of the air (for the length of the Ben Franklin will be greater than that of the Great Eastern) is such as might well come from the country of Jules Verne, of Liberty Enlightening the World, and of the Eiffel Tower. It is immense in its design and bold in its attempt, for no model has been built to prove the practicability of the theory, for the reason, as the inventor tells me, that in a model the proportions are so small that there cannot be secured the ratio of vacuum to the weight of the ship that is necessary to make the contrivance float. Therefore a full-sized ship must be constructed for a fair trial of the experiment. The new feature of this latest attempt at aerial navigation is that, instead of using gas and a flexible reservoir, the inventor endeavors to procure a vacuum and to keep all the parts of his invention perfectly rigid. It is proposed to make the shell of this cigar-shaped balloon of steel with its interior so supported by braces that it will withstand any atmospheric pressure that can possibly be brought upon it. The pressure of the atmosphere at the sea-level, when the temperature is at the zero-point of the centigrade thermometer and the mercury in the tube of the barometer stands at thirty inches, is a trifle less than fifteen pounds to the square inch. The thickness of the shell of this vacuum is to be one forty-fourth of an inch. By the use of braces inside at frequent intervals, it is said that a pressure of thirty-three pounds to the square inch can be resisted. Thus there has been secured more than twice the resistance that is needed. The inventor says that this part of his investigation has been settled by actual experiment, so that he is sure that there is no danger that the sides of the vacuum will be crushed by atmospheric pressure. Then comes the question of what is called ascensional force. This is figured out wholly on the basis of specific gravity. The general statement is that a body will float in the air at the point where its weight exactly equals that of the air which it displaces. It is the plan of Dr. de Bausset to displace an immense amount of air and thus to get a wide margin for contingencies in the operation of his air-ship. The cylindrical part of his vacuum is to be about 454 feet long and the diameter will be about 145 feet. The tapering cones at each end will make the total length about 732 feet. The amount of steel at one forty-fourth of an inch in thickness can be computed, as well as the weight of all the braces and other attachments. It is proposed to use aluminum mixed with the steel in order to secure lightness. The total weight of the air-ship, car, machinery, and all is calculated to be about 415,696 pounds. The weight of a cubic yard of air at the sea level is 263 pounds, and thus the weight of the air in this immense car would be 721,873 pounds, or vastly more than that of the entire ship. Supposing that this air is pumped out so that there is a three-quarters

vacuum, then there would be, under the law of specific gravity, a lifting power of 541,404 pounds. Subtracting from this the weight of the ship and apparatus, there would remain a margin of 125,708 pounds, or nearly 63 tons. This would be the theoretical carrying capacity of the ship. The car for passengers and freight is to be hung beneath the steel vacuum by means of rigid rods. Electrical motive power is to be used, and the screws, which are to work like the screws of a steamship, will have, it is said, the power of displacing some 300,000 cubic feet of air per minute and will give the car a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour. There will be pneumatic pumps for exhausting the air from the huge body of the ship, and it is the calculation of the inventor that sufficient buoyancy can be obtained with from one-half to three-fourths of a vacuum. If it is desired to ascend higher into the air, more of the contents can be pumped out, and if it is desired to descend, air can be admitted, thus reducing the specific gravity. Eight independent compound exhausting screws will be used for horizontal motion. Four of them will be on the platform under the ship, two at each end, and will be used in connection with the steering machinery, and the other four will be directly under the cylinder. The platform will be about 175 feet long, and it is expected that it will be able to carry 200 passengers and 50 tons of freight. One of the prophecies of the inventor is that he will carry people above the clouds, and that they will travel far more swiftly and comfortably than by present methods. Everything thus far is theoretical, but the facts of physics and mathematics are relied upon as sure to bring victory to the stupendous scheme. It seems that Dr. de Bausset has been before the public in Chicago with the same invention and that a company was formed there, known as the Transcontinental Aerial Navigation Company, for the purpose of enabling him to build his ship so that he could start on a trip to the North Pole last summer, but the requisite capital did not appear. Now he tries this plan of a popular dollar subscription, and hopes, by the aid of the Government, to get the enterprise on its feet. He has prepared many figures to prove the absolute certainty of success, and his speculations, calculations, and predictions are full of fascination, though they should fail when put to the test. The support which has been given to the plan by men and papers who may well be supposed to be trustworthy, helped to remove the air of romance which necessarily pervades any undertaking of the magnitude and novelty of this, and makes it seem as if, after all, it might be possible. Dr. de Bausset is a French scientist about sixty years of age, who has given many years to the problem of aerial navigation. He has never been a believer in the balloon as likely to solve this problem, but has long held that a vacuum would be necessary.

A Great Model of the Earth—London Engineering

Among the many specially interesting things to see at the Paris Exhibition is the model of the earth, constructed with the utmost accuracy to the scale of one millimetre per kilometre—that is to say, one-millionth of the natural size; and this is carried out in design and execution with consummate skill, whether regarded from a scientific, from an artistic, or from a mechanical point of view. The construction of an accurate model of the earth one-millionth of its natural size has not been done without encountering many difficulties. It meant the building up of a sphere the diameter of which is very nearly forty-two English feet, and painting on it all the details of the surface of the earth, followed by its erec-

tion under a domed building in such a way that every portion of its surface can be easily seen and examined. The globe is built upon a framework or skeleton of wrought iron, forming a number of meridional ribs attached at the poles to a central vertical axis or shaft. The outside surface of these meridians is covered with wood, to which are fixed the panels upon which the geographical surface is painted. The panels are formed of sheets of a special kind of hand-made millboard of the requisite spherical curvature, and are covered with a hard coating of plaster. The spherical surface is divided into forty segments, each of nine degrees of longitude, and these are each made up of ten tapering bands or panels, the width of the equatorial band being exactly one metre along its horizontal centre line; there are, therefore, 400 of these panels of different sizes, and the geographical painting upon them was done before they were fixed in their places, which was effected in such a manner as to facilitate their removal and replacement when the globe is taken away at the close of the Exhibition. The building which surrounds the globe is a twelve-sided iron and glass structure, surmounted by a dome, the globe being supported from below on a vertical axis. The building is entered by a lift, which lands visitors on a platform near the top, somewhere opposite the latitude of Spitzbergen, but the north polar regions may be examined by passing over the north pole by means of three light iron semi-bridges or stairways, uniting radially at the centre immediately over the axis. Except at the part opposite the door of the lift the platform is not level, but is so constructed as to form a spiral gallery descending by an almost imperceptible slope until it reaches the ground after making a number of turns; thus every portion of the earth's surface can be minutely examined, and, moreover, as the globe is capable of being turned on its axis with the greatest ease, the whole circumference of any parallel of latitude may be looked at without the observer changing his position, and so perfect is the centring and balancing of the globe, that although it weighs nearly thirteen tons, a boy can with the greatest ease rotate it by means of a handwheel attached by bevel and intermediate gearing to the south polar end of the axis. The execution of the cartographical portion of the work is extremely beautiful, and it must be remembered that the surface is of such a size (no less than 525 square feet) that very considerable detail can be well shown upon it. Not only are the forms of countries and the contours of large districts easy to be depicted, but even cities may have their general form and size drawn to scale and some of the principal thoroughfares represented. For example, the city of Paris on this globe is very nearly a centimetre long, and occupies a space large enough for the Seine, and even the Exhibition, to be fairly marked, as well as some of the principal streets and buildings. Thus the actual proportions between the areas of great cities and those of continents, oceans, and the earth itself are for the first time accurately shown, and, as every one is fairly familiar with the size of the city in which he lives, he is enabled by this model to form a tolerably accurate estimate of dimensions of the great divisions of the earth. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this, and proving the great value of the model as an educational object, is the fact that not only are the dimensions of the seas and continents altogether different from the mental estimate one is accustomed to make, but their very positions seem to take one by surprise. This is easily accounted for by the fact that the maps in an atlas are all

necessarily of the same size, their scales being chosen so as to reduce each country or continent to the dimensions suitable for the size of the plates. Again, it is customary to place a continent in the middle of the map, the ocean being represented only by a very small portion to the right or left of it, as the case may be, and few people have any clear conception, for example, of how very small or how very far north Europe is, how far north is the Indian Peninsula, or how far south are Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Horn. The great globe at Paris, however, reveals these things at a glance. When the observer is at a level considerably above the equatorial regions of Africa, Europe is altogether invisible, it is round the corner, or, as the sailors would say, hull down, and India and even Ceylon are far above the level of the eye. Australia and New Zealand, on the other hand, are invisible southward, the steamer routes leaving Colombo and Galle on the north pass diagonally over the apparently boundless ocean, and disappear over, or rather under, the rotundity of the water to the southeast. But by far the most surprising fact that is clearly illustrated by this superb work is the enormous size of the Pacific Ocean. The eye of the observer may have a considerable range of position north and south and east and west of its central region, and yet see no land in any direction, the whole globe seen from points within this area being only of water, with here and there groups of small islands sprinkled, as it were, over its surface. Numbers of steamer routes are seen to come from nowhere and end in nothing, and one has to walk through a considerable arc of the circle before land appears on either side. Let us now consider the earth in relation to some other bodies of the solar system, and see what their size and distances would be if they were modelled on the same scale. Commencing with our own satellite, the moon would be represented by a ball eleven and one-half feet in diameter and placed on the opposite side of the Exhibition, somewhere in the French picture gallery, about a quarter of a mile away. The sun would, however, require to be represented by a sphere nearly a mile in diameter and placed ninety-three miles off. Or, to put it in a still more familiar way, a ball, the area inclosed by whose equator is equal to that of Hyde Park, placed on the shore at Dieppe, would very fairly illustrate the relative size and distance from the Champ de Mars of a model of the sun to the same scale as the model globe. And if this solar model were placed on the same centre as that of the globe, the moon, revolving in its orbit around the same centre, would be nearly half way beneath the surface of the sun, which would inclose the Gallerie des Machines at the further end of the Champ de Mars. On the same scale the diameter of the planet Jupiter would be about 500 feet, about half the height of the Eiffel Tower, that of Saturn would be a little more than a third of that height, while Venus would be about the same size as the globe, and Mercury about half the size.

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An exceedingly interesting series of statistical and geographical diagrams are also placed upon the panels on the outside of the cupola. The first gives the population of the different continents and quarters of the globe; then follow two panels giving the populations of the countries in Europe, then the populations of the capitals and the great cities of Europe, followed by the populations of the countries of Asia, and next the populations of the great cities of Asia; then the populations of the African countries, then that of North and Central

American countries, followed by a table showing the populations of South American countries, finishing with the populations of the great towns of Australia. One of the most interesting diagrams is a section of a small portion of the earth's crust, drawn to the same scale as the globe (one millimetre to one kilometre), the mountains as well as the depths of the sea being drawn to the same vertical scale as the rest of the diagram. On this diagram are also shown the probable limit of the atmosphere, 300 kilometres (186 miles), and the depth of the zone entering which meteorites become incandescent, 200 kilometres (124 miles). On the next panel is a diagram showing the comparative heights of the principal mountains and ranges on the earth, the limits of vegetation, and the regions of perpetual snow; this diagram is drawn to a vertical scale of five centimetres per thousand metres, a scale in which the Eiffel Tower would be a little over half an inch in height. The next panel shows the length of railways and of telegraph lines of the principal countries of the world, and affords a good deal of interesting information, which our space will not permit us to even abstract. After a large panel setting forth the names of the committee and collaborators of MM. Villard and Cotard in the installation, there follow a series of highly statistical tables, one giving the annual production of pig-iron of the principal countries of the world, Great Britain being very far ahead. Next is a curve diagram showing the increase of population of the great States of Europe and America. The next two tables are interesting and instructive, the first showing the mean annual number of telegrams per country and per hundred inhabitants, from which it is curious to find that Australia comes first by a long way, and that the little countries of Belgium and Switzerland come next; thus, Australia has 250 per each hundred of the population; Belgium, 150; Switzerland, 100; Great Britain, 90; United States, 90; France, 80; Holland, 80; and Germany, 40. The next table is so interesting, and we venture to think so unexpected, that we give it in full. It is a statement of the number of letters passing annually through the Post Offices of the different countries per inhabitant. The difference between the great empire of Russia and the little country of Switzerland is a most remarkable and unlooked for one:

Great Britain	40
Australia	35
Switzerland	30
Belgium	25
United States	20
Germany	20
Holland	20
France	17
Italy	7
Spain	6
Portugal	5
Japan	3
Russia	2

The next two tables show the number of sailing ships and the number of steamships respectively belonging to different countries. In both of these Great Britain is very far ahead of other nations. In the annual production of coal, which is the subject of the next table, Great Britain is, of course, a long way in advance of other countries, yielding 159,000,000 tons, the next in order being the United States, whose output is 108,000,000 tons. The last of these statistical tables is illustrative of the commercial activity of the different nations of Europe, in which Great Britain stands practically alone, her commercial enterprise being represented by 15,456 millions of francs, or £618,240,000. We have,

in an earlier part of this article, pointed out the striking contrast between the area of the ocean and that of the land. The actual figures are given in a separate table, setting forth the areas of the various oceans and continents, and summarizing them we find that the five oceans occupy 573,000,000 square kilometres (say 221,000,000 square miles), or 73.4 per cent of the earth's surface, while the five continents occupy 136,100,000 square kilometres (or 52,500,000 square miles), or 26.6 per cent of the earth's surface. The whole model is painted in oil paint, the mountains being shaded so as to give the appearance of relief, but when it is remembered that the highest mountains on the earth (say those of 27,000 feet) would on the model be raised only about 5-16ths of an inch above its surface, it will be seen that an attempt to represent the mountains in relief would have been an absurdity. For a similar reason the flattening of the earth at the poles is not taken notice of in the model, for on the 40-foot globe the difference between the two diameters would be less than seven-eighths of an inch. The coloring of the ocean is made to represent its various degrees of depth. Thus the shallower portions—those under 1,000 fathoms—around shores and islands are colored pale blue, between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms a darker shade, becoming darker in five stages, until the great ocean depths exceeding 4,500 fathoms are reached, which are painted very dark blue. Across the sea are drawn upon the globe the great steamer routes, the coasting vessels festooning between port and port, while the ocean routes sweep around the globe from continent to continent in their apparently endless tracks, the French routes being colored red, the British routes being colored blue, while those of other nations, when finished, will be represented by yellow lines. The lines of telegraph communication, whether over land or sea, are gilt. It is an interesting fact that if the model were rotated at the same angular velocity as that of the diurnal rotation of the earth its surface motion would hardly be visible, for a point at the equator, where the surface speed is greatest, would move at the rate of only half a millimetre per second, or about an inch a minute. In this splendid installation, carried out as it has been by MM. Villard and Cotard, a most valuable addition to educational science has been made, for although there may be nothing new to geographers in it, still we venture to believe that never before have the form, dimensions, and physical features of the earth been so clearly and accurately brought to the imagination, or in a way better calculated to leave a lasting impression.

The Crop of Inventions—W. A. Croffut—Philadelphia Item

In a conversation had recently with Commissioner Mitchell of the Patent Office, he alluded to the flood of patents for the slot machines in which you drop a coin to get something. "Yes," said he, "the slot division is being pushed, night and day. It begins to look as if the drummer and the saleslady would equally be superseded by this speechless monster, and every mortal want would come to be supplied through the slot. Why, just look here." And he produced drawings and specifications of numerous machines, standing about as high as a man, and of incredible fecundity. "Here's the first," he went on. "Drop a nickel in the slot and it will weigh you and push out to you a little card with your avoirdupois stamped neatly on it. Here's another that will tell your age for a nickel with the slightest assistance. Here's one that sells ice water—a glass for one cent and makes change for you from a coin of any sort. It has made its appearance on the streets of Chicago and Minne-

apolis, and the mayor has ordered the police to protect it. It is a temperance ally, and it is anticipated that it will shortly stand near all the crowded corners of every great city. Here's one that dispenses soda water all by itself—punch in a nickel and you get your soda. Here's another that proffers any one of fourteen sorts of liquors, including the Yankee cocktail. And here's the boss of them all—look at the elaborate clock-work in the interior. See the kerosene lamp on one side and the ice chamber on the other, and the asbestos between." This is supposed to stand solus and majestic on a corner of the street, its fires always burning like those of the Aztec altars of sacrifice, its ice always freezing like that of the Icelandic hades, silently offering its treasures to the passer-by. Of any one of sixteen things it gives him five cents worth. The fluids come out of the faucets; the solids are shoved down the little inclined planes on either side. Only one thing is wanting—a city directory; and that will doubtless come later. After the slot has engulfed the stipulated coin, it immediately responds with the required refreshment on the hand being turned to the mark and allowed to remain over it. I looked into the bowels of this unspeakable salesman. Its interior is wonderfully elaborate; wheels and cogs and elbows and levers and shafts and eccentric movements conspiring to the desired end. I turned away with a sense of dizziness. There have been three hundred patents granted for the slot machines and two hundred are pending. The very latest is the application of the device to toilet rooms—one cent being dropped in the slot. The cannon plough is a presumably convenient implement for subsoiling and warfare on the frontier, for, as the ploughbeam is hollow and loaded, it can instantly be wheeled and fired, killing the Indians and the horses—whichever happens to be in the way. But the same inspired genius has patented the pistol pocketbook—when the innocent and unsuspecting burglar asks you for your pocketbook you carelessly take it out and empty its contents into his abdomen. There is a claim in the patent office for a patent on the Lord's Prayer, the specification being that the repetition of the same, rapid and in a loud tone of voice, will cure stammering. Among odd inventions are chicken hoppers, which walks the chicken right out of the garden when she tries to scratch; the bee-moth excluder, which automatically shuts up all the beehives when the hens go to roost; the tape-worm fish-hook, which speaks for itself; the educational balloon, a toy balloon with a map of the world outlined on its surface; side-hill annihilators—stilts to fit on the down-hill legs of a horse when he is ploughing along a side-hill; and the hen-surpriser, a device that drops the new-laid egg through the bottom of the nest, with intent to beguile and wheedle the hen into at once laying another. One of the latest patents is an automatic bath tub, which starts the hot and cold water at a given moment in the morning to which it has been set, maintains exactly the right temperature of it by graduating the flow of the water, rings a bell when all is ready, and two minutes later suddenly drops the sleeper's pillow about a foot and turns him out. The illuminated cat was devised by a genius. She is built of pasteboard and made luminous with phosphorus, and she sits in the corner the livelong night and fills the souls of rats and mice with terror. There is tremendous activity in the toy division of the patent office, especially in automatic toys that can walk and talk. There are whistling tops, dogs that jump and bark, cackling hens, kicking mules, fighting roosters, "very exciting," the patentee cas-

ually remarks; running cars and locomotives, a scissors grinder, a horse that walks naturally along the ground, and a baby that creeps on all fours with wonderful vraisemblance. The business of inventor pays a smaller average profit than any other business in this country, because there are so many failures to one success. But the inventor of the Hoe printing press made \$300,000. Thos. Silverman, a poor mechanic, made \$70,000 from copper-toed shoes for children. The horseshoer, Henry Burden, made \$600,000 from his horseshoes. The inventor of the stylographic pen has made \$1,000,000. The patentee of the return ball made \$500,000, and the Dancing Jim Crow yielded an income of \$25,000. A good many know that Thomas Jefferson was a great man, but it is not so well understood that he was the father of the American patent system; that he drew up the earliest patent laws, and that while he was secretary of state under Washington he gave his personal consideration to every application that was made for a patent.

The Wonderful Slide Railway—London Daily News

A press view took place in Paris the other day of the so-called "Chemin de Fer Glissant," or "Slide Railway," on the Esplanade des Invalides, within the Exhibition. The new invention is a singularly original contrivance for enabling trains to run, by means of water power, at a speed hitherto undreamed of. Arriving there without any intimation as to what a sliding railway might be, I at first mistook it for an overgrown switchback, with the humps smoothed away. The train consisted of four carriages, affording room for about a hundred passengers. The carriages had no wheels, being supported at the corners by blocks of iron of a size somewhat larger than a brick, which rested upon a double line of iron girders. In the middle of the line at regular intervals jutted out irregularly shaped pillars the use of which was not yet apparent. Having taken our seats, and the signal being given, we glided along very gently for the space of a few yards, when suddenly we gathered speed; two or three tugs were felt and we were flying on at the pace of an ordinary train, but as smoothly as a boat on a river. There was a clicking noise on the rails, but this, I was assured, was due to a defect in the construction of the slides, and would be remedied. The absence of any vibration, shaking, or "tail motion" was wonderful. A slight jerk there was at regular intervals: but then, again, I was told that it was due merely to the shortness of the course and the inability to get up a proper pace. In a hydraulic train travelling at full speed, that is to say at the rate of 140 to 200 kilometres, or 87 to 124 miles, an hour, there would be almost no consciousness of motion. The journey down the length of the Esplanade only occupied a few seconds. Upon our safe return Mr. Piker, Chairman of the company which owns the invention, gave a full account of it. The sliding railway was invented in 1868 by an engineer named Girard, who was killed in the Franco-German war, and it has been improved to its present state by one of his assistant engineers, M. Barré. As has already been mentioned, the hydraulic carriages have no wheels, these being replaced by hollow slides fitting upon a flat and wide rail, and grooved on the inner surface. When it is desired to set the carriage in motion water is forced into the slide or skate of the carriage from a reservoir by compressed air, and seeking to escape, it spreads over the under surface of the slide, which it raises for about a nail's thickness above the rail. The slides thus resting, not on the rails, but on a film of water, are in a perfectly mobile condition; in fact, the pressure of the forefinger is suffi-

cient to displace a carriage thus supported. The propelling force is supplied by the pillars which stand at regular intervals on the line between the rails. Running underneath every carriage is an iron rack, about six inches wide, fitted with paddles. Now as the foremost carriage passes in front of the pillar a tap on the latter is opened automatically, and a stream of water at high pressure is directed on the paddles. This drives the train on, and by the time the last carriage has gone past the tap (which then closes) the foremost one is in front of the next tap, the water's action thus being continuous. The force developed is almost incredible. There is some splashing on the rails at the start; but this diminishes the faster the train goes. To stop the train the small stream of water that feeds the slides is turned off, and the latter coming in contact with the rails, the resulting friction stops the carriage almost instantaneously. A water train running at over 100 miles an hour could, I was told, be pulled up within thirty yards, could climb up gradients of sixteen inches in the yard, descend them with equal safety, and run on curves of forty-four yards radius. This system would seem peculiarly adapted for elevated railways in cities, being light, noiseless, smooth, without smoke, fast, and thoroughly under command. The danger of running off the rails is reduced to a minimum, the centre of gravity of the carriages being scarcely more than a couple of feet from the rails. The cost of a metropolitan system would only be a third of one on the old plan, while in the open country its cost would be somewhat higher than the ordinary railway; but M. Barré tells me the expense would be in France an average of £8,000 a mile. Where no natural water supply is available, a propelling machine every twelve miles or so would be sufficient to keep trains going at full speed. The consumption of coal per passenger would be one-tenth only of the usual quantity. The importance of this may be realized by considering the statement that the Paris-Lyons Company alone has an annual coal bill of two millions sterling. Nevertheless it would be rash to predict the general introduction of the water system on railways. One objection, for instance, that occurs to me is its apparent unsuitability for goods traffic. M. Persil, the manager of the "Chemins de Fer Glissants," believes it will all but do away with the locomotive. "With respect to travel to England, I am ready," he said with enthusiasm, "to wager any sum that when the tunnel is made and our system has a trial people will go from London to Paris in two hours."

Laying Tracks by Machinery—Engineering Journal

An invention which promises to revolutionize the present method of railroad construction was put to a practical test recently by George Roberts, the inventor, in the presence of about 300 railroad experts. The machine worked beyond the expectations of the inventor, the men laying at the rate of two and a half miles of track per day, and twelve men doing the work of seventy-five by the old way. It handled ties and rails of the heaviest kind—used in constructing mountain roads—with the greatest ease, placing them rapidly and accurately in position. The machine is so constructed that it can be used on any ordinary flat car. All construction material is moved on rollers from the rear to the front, where the machine takes up the rails and the ties, laying them very rapidly on a steep and difficult grade. Its great success has caused the Northern Pacific to secure the refusal of the first machine, and the inventor is now arranging for building two more machines to cost \$1,200, and the inventor receives a royalty of \$50 per mile.

IMPRESSIONS AND REVERIES OF A POET-PHILOSOPHER*

A Swiss Autumn Landscape:

The air this morning was so perfectly clear and lucid that one might have distinguished a figure on the Vouache. This level and brilliant sun had set fire to the whole range of autumn colors; amber, saffron, gold, sulphur, yellow ochre, orange, red, copper-color, aquamarine, amaranth, shone resplendent on the leaves which were still hanging from the boughs or had already fallen beneath the trees. It was delicious. The martial step of our two battalions going out to their drilling-ground, the sparkle of the guns, the song of the bugles, the sharp distinctness of the house outlines, still moist with the morning dew, the transparent coolness of all the shadows—every detail in the scene was instinct with a keen and wholesome gaiety. There are two forms of autumn: there is the misty and dreamy autumn, there is the vivid and brilliant autumn: almost the difference between the two sexes. Has not every season, in some fashion, its two sexes? Has it not its minor and its major key, its two sides of light and shadow, gentleness and force? Perhaps. All that is perfect is double; each face has two profiles, each coin two sides. The scarlet autumn stands for vigorous activity: the gray autumn for meditative feeling. The one is expansive and overflowing; the other still and withdrawn. Yesterday our thoughts were with the dead. To-day we celebrate the vintage.

The Counterpoise of Pure Equality:

I have just heard of fresh cases of insubordination among the students. Our youth become less and less docile, and seem to take for their motto, Our master is our enemy. The boy insists upon having the privileges of the young man, and the young man tries to keep those of the gamin. At bottom all this is the natural consequence of our system of levelling democracy. As soon as difference of quality is, in politics, officially equal to zero, the authority of age, of knowledge, and of function disappears. The only counterpoise of pure equality is military discipline. In military uniform, in the police court, in prison, or on the execution ground, there is no reply possible. But is it not curious that the régime of individual right should lead to nothing but respect for brute strength? Jacobinism brings with it Cæsarism; the rule of the tongue leads to the rule of the sword. Democracy and liberty are not one but two. A republic supposes a high state of morals, but no such state of morals is possible without the habit of respect; and there is no respect without humility. Now the pretension that every man has the necessary qualities of a citizen, simply because he was born twenty-one years ago, is as much as to say that labor, merit, virtue, character, and experience are to count for nothing; and we destroy humility when we proclaim that a man becomes the equal of all other men, by the mere mechanical and vegetative process of natural growth. Such a claim annihilates even the respect for age; for as the elector of twenty-one is worth as much as the elector of fifty, the boy of nineteen has no serious reason to believe himself in any way the inferior of his elder by one or two years. Thus the fiction on which the political order of democracy is based ends in something altogether opposed to that which democracy desires: its aim was to increase the whole sum of liberty; but the result is to

diminish it for all. The modern state is founded on the philosophy of atomism. Nationality, public spirit, tradition, national manners, disappear like so many hollow and worn-out entities; nothing remains to create movement but the action of molecular force and of dead weight. In such a theory liberty is identified with caprice, and the collective reason and age-long tradition of an old society are nothing more than soap-bubbles which the smallest urchin may shiver with a snap of the fingers. Does this mean that I am an opponent of democracy? Not at all. Fiction for fiction, it is the least harmful. But it is well not to confound its promises with realities. The fiction consists in the postulate of all democratic government, that the great majority of the electors in a state are enlightened, free, honest, and patriotic,—whereas such a postulate is a mere chimera. The majority in any state is necessarily composed of the most ignorant, the poorest, and the least capable; the state is therefore at the mercy of accident and passion, and it always ends by succumbing at one time or another to the rash conditions which have been made for its existence. A man who condemns himself to live upon the tight-rope must inevitably fall. The best thing in the world is wisdom, and, in default of wisdom, science. States, churches, society itself, may fall to pieces; science alone has nothing to fear,—until at least society once more falls a prey to barbarism. Unfortunately this triumph of barbarism is not impossible. The victory of the socialist Utopia, or the horrors of a religious war, reserve for us perhaps even this lamentable experience.

True Resignation in Life:

The gray curtain of mist has spread itself again over the town: everything is dark and dull. The bells are ringing in the distance for some festival; with this exception everything is calm and silent. Except for the crackling of the fire, no noise disturbs my solitude in this modest home, the shelter of my thoughts and of my work, where the man of middle age carries on the life of his student-youth without the zest of youth, and the sedentary professor repeats day by day the habit which he formed as a traveller. What is it which makes that charm of this existence outwardly so barren and empty? Liberty! What does the absence of comfort and of all that is wanting to these rooms matter to me? These things are indifferent to me. I find under this roof light, quiet, shelter. I am near to a sister and her children, whom I love: my material life is assured—that ought to be enough for a bachelor. Am I not, besides, a creature of habit?—more attached to the ennui I know, than in love with pleasures unknown to me. I am, then, free and not unhappy. Then I am well off here, and I should be ungrateful to complain. Nor do I. It is only the heart which sighs and seeks for something more and better. The heart is an insatiable glutton, as we all know,—and for the rest, who is without yearnings? It is our destiny here below. Only some go through torments and troubles in order to satisfy themselves, and all without success: others foresee the inevitable result, and by a timely resignation save themselves a barren and fruitless effort. Since we cannot be happy, why give ourselves so much trouble? It is best to limit one's self to what is strictly necessary, to live austere to content one's self with a little and to attach no value to anything but peace of conscience and a sense of duty done.

* Translation of Amiel's Journal by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

The Philosophy of a Drunk—Pittsburg Dispatch

"Alcohol," said the man of prescriptions, "is a magnificent medicine. There are frequent occasions on which I advocate its use, as I think every physician ought, but I do not close my eyes to the fact that it is oftener abused than anything else possessing a medicinal property. One cannot do this, for on every hand one sees the damages wrought by its abuse. Under certain conditions it will accomplish what nothing else in the entire pharmacopœia will do. After a sudden shock, physical or mental, a stimulant in which there are large proportions of alcohol is almost absolutely necessary. Of course, a prescription could be written containing nothing but recognized medicines, but the emergency is so great that frequently the patient's life would be endangered by waiting for the recuperative effect from the slower-acting drugs. In the victim of a gunshot wound or a railroad accident the heart action is extremely deficient. It is desirable to accelerate it at once; therefore we give the man whiskey, because of its quick acting, stimulating properties. The philosophy of a drunk? You have it substantially above, but I will try and make it plainer. The man whose case set me thinking about whiskey and its effect upon the human system has been what you may term 'on a tear' for several weeks. He has long since passed the period when whiskey has any effect on him beyond that of a temporary stimulant. He is a sign-writer by profession, but cannot hold a brush steadily enough to make a letter unless his nerves are artificially braced by whiskey. When the effect of his last drink wears away his hand will shake like a leaf. I know that this man took his first drink, as many men do, when suffering from physical or mental depression. Now, had he set his imaginary troubles aside for a moment, gone out in the sharp, bracing atmosphere of the early morning and taken a brisk walk of a few miles until his lungs were filled with pure cold air, the circulation of his blood quickened by the exercise until it fairly bounded through his veins and every muscle taut through the use of it, he would have felt permanently just the same as he had temporarily, after taking his first drink of whiskey. As I explained, it is a powerful stimulant. It accelerates the action of the heart, and this effect of quickened blood movement—this new rushing of the life fluid in veins through which before it crawled in a slow, sluggish, heavy fashion—makes the man feel young, light, buoyant, active, and strong. In a word, his feeling is one of perfect health. In imagination he is a young man again. The troubles of to-day are for the time forgotten, nor does he borrow them in advance of the morrow, which is sure to bring its own. And this period, my boy, is the only one of imaginative happiness connected with a drunk. If a man stops here his sailing is comparatively smooth; if his recuperative powers are good he will feel all right when he wakes up; but if not, his path will be strewn with boulders, so to speak. Let him keep it up beyond this exhilarating point and hell will be a paradise compared to his physical condition before he gets through with his fun. Every drink will make it harder for him to overcome its final effect, for it has helped paralyze the efforts nature will always make to assert herself. This, in a word, is the philosophy of a drunk, or rather the very first stage of one. A man is put artificially in the condition which should be

natural to him. His spirits are high, circulation quick, and nerves and muscles tense. In a word, he feels as does a person in perfect health, but instead of this condition being the result of natural laws, he has induced an artificial state of things by a powerful stimulant, and when the effect is absorbed by the system—when the fuel is burned up—the man enters into a state of collapse and feels infinitely worse than ever. It is a popular expression—and therefore impression—that whiskey will cure consumption. Nothing could be further from the truth. Whiskey has no curative properties whatever. It simply arrests the process of decay in the lungs, and gives nature a chance to temporarily assert herself."

Creole Cookery—Lydia O. Harris—Home Maker

"An' so Momzelle wan' know how tees I mek dee gombo an' dee bisque? 'Ten true Momzelle do'n know how fo' mek doze deesh?" I assured Tante Lotie that I knew absolutely nothing of bisque and gombo, except that they were very good. "*Mon Dieu!* 'Tees notteen too mek; but Momzelle mus' know how peeck an' fin' een Ferainch ma'ket. Eef Momzelle wan', she keen go weed Ma'am Aristide an' me, too-mo'ow mo'neen. We mek ma'ket fo' dee day. Me, I wek you tim 'noff." Early the next morning, while still far afloat on the oily sea of slumber, I heard a voice at my bedside. The voice proceeded from Tante Lotie, whose fantastically twisted *tignon* and wrinkled features made an arabesque against the bobbinet mosquito bar. The slim, yellow fingers lifted the curtain, and put into my hands a tiny cup of steaming coffee. "Bonjou', Momzelle! 'Tees taim too mek ma'ket," said Tante Lotie, and vanished. Mme. Aristide and I were not the only ladies out that morning. A stream of soberly dressed women followed by servants flowed steadily down the *banquettes*. Lotie followed us, making an agreeable picture; old though she was, there was a certain grace in her gliding steps, and although she had never been known to walk fast, yet she accomplished a vast amount of work. Her manner was that of the well-bred trusty servant and confidante. She was self-possessed, was without obsequiousness, thoroughly imbued with the sense of the responsibility she owed her mistress, between whom and the friction of the ever-washing sea known as the outside world, she stood as a rampart of defence. Mme. Aristide, who had behind her a string of ancestors long and brilliant as a comet's tail, and who had been rich and was now poor, reduced to the necessity of taking boarders. All that remained to her was her massive old house, built to stand against the might of earthquakes, and silently reproachful of the flimsiness of modern architecture. But Mme. Aristide, with her economical management, her genius for cleanliness, precision, and order, which are the national French traits and with Lotie got comfort and luxury too. Dressed in black, as is the habit of all elderly ladies of her race, there was in her a spiritual fineness of profile which did honor to her ancestors. In manner she was buoyant, calm, and high bred and not provincial, though, like many another of her race, she had never been further than her heart-enshrined New Orleans. The walk down Chartres street was to me an amusing novelty. All the quaint little shops where French signs hung were just opening their drowsy eyes. The shell and bird stores and the little place where ingenious Mexicans make their inimitable wax figurines were so alluring that

I almost forgot the more material attraction of bisque and gombo. "Another time, Mademoiselle, we weel come an' see all theez place! an' theez peop' weel tell you eve'y theeng 'bout they wo'k." As it was Friday and as all Catholics abstain from eating meat on that day, we did not stop in the meat market, but passed into the one set aside for fish. The seas of the world seem to contribute their shining stores to the New Orleans markets. Before a colony of wide-mouthed baskets piled high with ghoulish-looking crawfish, we halted. To the parchment-colored amphibian who vended them Mme. Aristide and Tante Lotie gave smiling greeting, and the latter demanded "peek 'yune *crêbiche*." Then turning to me, said: "Tees fo' mek bisque, Momzelle." "You make bisque out of crawfish?" replied I, amazed. "*Mais oui*, Momzelle. 'Tees de bes'; wot Momzelle teenk Lotie mek bisque weed?" I must confess that the crawfish as a gastronomic delicacy had not appealed to my taste. I was perfectly aware that prejudices of that kind were narrow minded and provincial, and yet—and yet the crawfish as he came out of his mud chimney had never won my tolerance. But if that wonderful, that incomparable bisque of yesterday owed its being to crawfish, I was ready to surrender all prejudice. That was the crawfish of evolution, his last stage of supreme development, of which I venture to assert that even Darwin, for all that he wrote a book on crawfish, knows nothing. *Poissardes* presided over heaps and heaps of rosy-hued shrimps, just in from the Mexican Gulf, and piles of snails, whose proverbial slowness had brought them to evil pass and the epicure. A shrivelled old crone, who might have been anything over a hundred years old, was industriously disrooting the tongues from the mouths of slaughtered geese, having bought up all the heads of that fowl from the poulterers for a mere song. Her customers were certain *bons vivants* who prized these tid-bits dearly as the Roman epicures did the famous larks' tongues. Great bullfrogs who, for all their blatant roar, are unsophisticated enough to be caught by the small boy armed with a red rag and a rusty nail, were being bought rapidly, and truly their hind quarters are a delicious morsel. Nothing escaped Mme. Aristide's eye. She bought economically and well, knew every huckster by name, who all called out in their friendly pleasant way as we passed, the greetings and the compliments of the day. The starry-eyed, rosy-cheeked woman who sold us crisp French rolls and *brioche*, slipped a great wedge of cake into the basket as *lagniappe*. Before the fairy greenery of a vegetable stall we stopped, and there I saw for the first time the *mirleton*, sometimes called the vegetable pear. It is a sublimated squash, and even in Louisiana not common. It grows upon a perennial, tall-climbing, ornamental vine, and has an indescribably delicious marrowy flavor. While Mme. Aristide and the *marchande*, whose name was Titeen, chatted and laughed and trafficked, Tante Lotie glided away to where a shrivelled, elfin-like, little woman sat, bulwarked behind dried herbs and roots. "*Voilà!*" exclaimed Mme. Aristide; "weel you observe Lotie? She mek beleef deerectly she only buy some root too mek *tisane*, but tees not true. She ask Voudou Jeanne for a *gri-gri*. Oh! yes, I am sure, sure!" Voudou Jeanne, it seems, had a regular trade in philters, charms, and amulets, whose efficacy is an article of belief among the superstitious negroes. Lotie concealed her *gri-gri*, a charm made of snake bones, or of the bones of the human toes, and specially fitted to fend off the attacks of the

Evil One. Madame only shook a warning finger at Lotie when she rejoined us, who, not replying, turned swiftly to the *marchande*, received the purchases with a *lagniappe* of roses along with another—a gombo bunch composed of bay leaves, thyme, leeks, onion, and Chili pepper. "Momzelle ain see dee Injin woman w'at saill gombo *filé*. Can' mek good gombo, Momzelle, dun't dey *filé*." These miserable peaked squaws, last remnant of the Choctaw tribe, were squatted on the stone pavement, in the unroofed space dividing two markets, their bundles of dried sassafras leaves around them. This leaf, dried and reduced to powder, is known as *filé*, from its property of making ropy any liquid to which it may be added. Daily, Tante Lotie made for the "yong ladie Americaine," one of her many gombos. Any one, in a part of the country, may obtain similar results by following these directions closely, though I believe *filé* is not an article of commerce anywhere but in New Orleans.

BISQUE: 50 crawfish or shrimps; 1 slice of raw ham; 4 tablespoonfuls of butter; 1 tablespoonful of lard; 2 onions; bread-crumbs soaked in milk; salt, pepper, thyme, sage, and nutmeg.

Parboil the fish, remove all the meat, taking care to extract the black cord running down the back. Pound the meat to a paste in a mortar. Mix with it one-third its quantity of bread crumbs, previously soaked in milk, but squeezed dry of liquid. Also one onion finely minced, the butter and pepper, salt, thyme, sage, and nutmeg to suit. The heads of the fish must be freed of their contents, washed, thrown into strong salt water for ten minutes, removed, drained, and stuffed full with the forcemeat. Flour them lightly, drop them into the hot lard in the soup pot, stir them frequently until they brown. Remove them and fry to a light brown in the same lard one onion thinly sliced and the ham. When these are fried return the heads to the pot, add two quarts of boiling water, cover tight, and let them cook slowly but steadily for one hour. When ready to serve lift out the heads with a perforated ladle and put them into the tureen. Strain the broth over them and send to table with a separate dish of boiled rice.

GOMBO FILÉ: 1 chicken; 1 slice of ham; 1 onion; 1 tablespoonful of lard; 2 tablespoonfuls of *filé*.

Use salt, thyme, red pepper, and bay leaves to taste. Disjoint the chicken and mince the ham. Into a pot put the lard, and when it is hot add the chicken well floured, and allow it to remain until browned on both sides, watching carefully to prevent burning. When browned remove and keep hot at back of range. Lay in the lard the onion evenly sliced, and the ham; allow both to brown. Remember that one portion of burnt onion will ruin the flavor of the dish. When onion and ham are nicely browned add the chicken to it, and fill up the pot with hot water. Cover it and let it cook steadily for two hours. When it has been on the fire for an hour, add pepper, salt, and herbs to suit individual taste. Just before serving, add *filé*, previously warmed until mucilaginous, stir it briskly into the broth, and serve immediately. Any fowl, wild or domestic, veal or beef, may be used in gombo *filé*. It is very delicious made of oysters, though the oysters must not be fried, and the liquor must be always used instead of water.

GOMBO Y' HERBES: 1 pound of veal brisket; 1 slice of raw ham; 1 onion; 1 tablespoonful of lard; salt and red or green pepper to taste. Herbs, spinach, lettuce and mustard tops to predominate. Green cabbage, radish, and turnip tops in small quantities.

Put the herbs to soak as soon as gathered, in cold water, wash them thoroughly, and trim them by taking off the coarse mid-rib of the leaf. Put them into a pot of cold water slightly salted, to which a pinch of soda

has been added and let them boil for two hours. Drain them, and chop them as fine as you would spinach. Cut the veal into four pieces and the ham into dice. Put the lard into the soup pot, and when hot add the veal, slightly floured. When brown, remove, and put in ham and onion. When these, too, are brown add veal and chopped herbs, stirring all with a spoon to prevent burning, for four or five minutes. Add one and one-half pints of boiling water, and let all stew together, covered, for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

The Rise of the Shaddock—The Washington Critic

The shaddock, or "grape fruit," as it is sometimes called, is a tropical fruit that people in this country are just coming to know and learning to like. Everybody has seen the big, light-yellow globes on the fruit stands in the streets, and about everybody has tasted them. The verdict is usually disapproval. Most people, when they bite into their initial shaddock, have their mouths made up for the taste of an orange. The acidulous, piquant flavor of the shaddock is in the nature of a disagreeable surprise, and the fruit is at once set down as not enticing. Shaddocks must be eaten rightly, and really to like them is in most instances an acquired taste. Very few of the people who eat shaddocks habitually, and shaddock eating is a habit with some people, but had to learn to like them. Another cause for the slow growth in popular favor of the shaddock is that it is impossible to tell by the appearance of a shaddock whether it is ripe or not. An unripe shaddock is as disagreeable to the taste as a ripe one is pleasant, and it often happens that an experimenter's first shaddock is a green one, and because it is so sour as to make his jaws seem loosened, he condemns all shaddocks because of this one. The color of the shaddock is a pale yellow almost green in its paleness, and this color deepens but little after the shaddock has attained its full size, which is anywhere from the size of a base ball to that of a small foot ball, though it takes a week or two of sunshine to thoroughly ripen a shaddock after it has attained its full size. Shaddocks grow on a tree that looks much like an orange tree, like it being an evergreen. They grow very thickly all over the tree, much more thickly than oranges. "I have seen a little twig no bigger than my little finger," said a fruit dealer recently, "with five or six big shaddocks on it. The twig didn't look strong enough to hold their weight. A comparatively small tree will often bear as many as 2,000 shaddocks at a time. They grow rapidly and easily wherever oranges grow, and they are rapidly coming into favor with the public. Down South they are much liked, and nearly everybody eats them. But in the North they are less known. I presume there are 300 or 400 barrels of them sold here in Washington each week, though the sales this season have not been as large as last. Their season is just the same as that of the orange, and they are packed and shipped just as oranges are. The taste for them is an acquired one, though, just as the taste for tomato is. A Florida fruit paper a short time ago printed an article to the effect that there was a fortune awaiting the man who had nerve enough to plant a shaddock grove. They are certainly on the rise in popular favor, and I would not be surprised if they should come to be as much eaten as oranges are." The shaddock is a native of China, it is said, and the story goes that a naval officer who ate and liked them there brought home some of the seeds and planted them in Florida. For a long while the trees were valued only for their picturesqueness. Finally, though, Southern people got

to liking the fruit, and now the taste is spreading all over the country. They are sometimes called grape fruit, on account of their tart flavor, and there is a quite general impression that shaddocks grow on vines; but Southern people, the story goes, for want of a better name, gave them that of the navy captain who introduced the fruit into this country. Shaddocks are also grown in Lower California, though most of them come from Florida. They are sold on the fruit stands, according to size, at from 5 cents apiece to three for a quarter, or, for very large ones, 15 cents apiece. They vary in quality as much as oranges do, and while the good ones are very good, the bad ones, if green, are very bad. Those with smooth, bright skins are the best, and as to getting green ones, it is impossible to tell whether a shaddock is really ripe or not without tasting it.

A Chocolate Lesson—Shirley Dare—Syndicate Correspondence

A pale green engraved card announcing that a prominent confectioner would favor ladies with a lecture on chocolate making, was one of the curiosities of the week, and I promptly found myself at the door of the private office where the lecture was given. It was elegant as private offices are in this city of luxury, with walls in oak wainscot and blue Turcoman tapestry portières and rich glass, water-color pictures, seats for twenty ladies and carved tables set with tinted porcelain cups and flowered chocolatières and enamelled chocolate boilers over the trim gas stove. It was charming throughout, the veteran manufacturer treating the ladies as his guests with French politeness and careful attentions, which began with fans all round and ended with a package of bonbons apiece. It is very nice to sit in the picturesque office like a rich Flemish interior, with well-dressed women, while the tall, good-looking young man, with a very correct afternoon suit and a diamond scarf pin, explains the performance of the white-capped cook, also good-looking and unmistakably French. The first thing is breakfast cocoa, and we are treated to the taste of the pure article, in the broken roast bean of the fine Venezuela cocoa, which is forty cents a pound at first cost. The roast bean is so delicate I prefer it to any variety of chocolate bonbon. The points in making cocoa are to mix the teaspoonful of powder with boiling water, just enough to make a thin paste, and then pour the cupful of boiling milk, or milk and water, on this, and scald a minute, not more. Neither chocolate nor cocoa should be stirred with a plated or nickel spoon, but with silver or wood. Each of us is presented with a wooden muller to stamp this on our minds, and mine rests on a bracket with photographs and porcelain as a memento. Please recount the directions, not to use more than a teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup, not to mix it with cold milk or hot milk, or stir it with a common spoon. M. Maillard's is charmingly wrought, antique silver, and it is to boil up once in an earthen or porcelain boiler, not a metal pot. The trim maid in a white cap serves us with a pale blue cup of the delicate nectar, which my brilliant friend whispers they may feed her when she arrives at the other side of the river. Between her and the other four or five distractingly pretty women in the room I have hard work to keep the run of the lecture. It could not have been apropos of chocolate exactly that the brunette with splendid dark eyes, exquisite with dusky lashes, said that she wondered why one must be always a little unbecoming to look respectable, or that a sunny-browed blonde confessed that she was "tired of trying to live up to her angelic hair." It is hard lines to look so like an angel at times that people expect one to always be devoid of

temper and stand any amount of putting upon. Chocolate, however, must not be scraped or powdered, as half its flavor is lost in the process, and only the vanilla chocolate is fit for drinking. The plain sort is only meant for cakes and bonbon making. You break a tablet of single vanilla chocolate for each cup of cold milk or milk and water, and put to boil in an earthen or enamelled pot for ten minutes, stirring constantly all the time. Then it comes off creamy, and you take it immediately with the long, crisp sticks of Italian bread, and want very little else for breakfast but some fruit. For increasing plumpness there is no food like it.

Common-sense Talk About Eating—N. Y. Sunday Sun

Under the barbarous title of *Dinnerology* Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co. have published a singularly interesting and useful record of experiments in eating. The author of this little volume is manifestly a practised writer, who would be able to treat attractively almost any subject with which he was conversant, and there is no doubt that he possesses an unusual amount of gastronomical knowledge. The series of experiments which have supplied the material for this essay were undertaken for the following reasons: The author and his wife discovered that they were spending \$35 a week for the nourishment of their small household (which, in addition to themselves, comprised two female servants), and that while obtaining from this expenditure very little enjoyment, they were both suffering more or less from dyspepsia. They determined to try a vegetarian diet, and persisted in it for exactly a year. They found it possible to so perfectly imitate most articles of animal food as to completely deceive the majority of their guests. Their soups, for example, bore the most seductive names in Delmonico's menu, yet nobody detected their innocence of flesh. We are assured that lentil, or pea flour, with barley, potatoes, herbs, a bit of toast, burnt onion, burnt sugar, and sauce, will delude the very elect, if impressively christened. Their fish courses would include salmon steaks, cod rissoles, and oysters. A basis of cunningly flavored pudding stuff served for the substance, and sauces were relied upon to produce the deceptive flavor. Joints, of course, were out of the question, but in lieu of these the vegetarians were able to exhibit an array of mock goose, mock chicken, and mock pigeon pie; mock beefsteak pudding, accompanied by cauliflowers soused with cheese sauce; a potato omelette disguised in a garment of brown jelly, and finally a haricot of chestnuts. Dessert, of course, was easy to supply without going outside the limits of the vegetable kingdom. Apropos of cooking appliances, the author mentions that lard never entered his larder, the substitutes being olive oil and butter. The latter article, of course, would not be tolerated by a rigorous vegetarian; but, like milk, cheese, and eggs, it was included in the author's bill of fare. This diet was, as we have said, faithfully adhered to for just one year. Then it was discarded, partly because the master and mistress of the household had begun to experience an irrepressible longing for the flesh pots of Egypt, and partly because prolonged abstinence from animal food had given rise to symptoms of rebellion in the kitchen department. So it was decided to recur to a mixed menu, including animal as well as vegetable food, but to limit the expenditure to 60 cents per head per day. For this sum it proved possible to provide four adequate meals. It is instructive to note the details of their daily bill of fare. For breakfast they would ring the changes on mushes and porridges, with milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa, bread

and butter, a little toasted bacon, and a little dry or fresh fruit. Such a breakfast was kept easily within a ten cent limit for each person. The dinners, eaten not far from midday, included a substantial soup, fish, a little meat or game, a light pudding, with cheese and fruit, and a glass of beer or milk. Twenty-five cents per head generally covered each dinner's cost. A 5 o'clock tea, comprising (in addition to the tea, of course) breads, plain cake, jams, sardines, or potted game, rarely involved an expenditure of more than ten or twelve cents per head, and often came nearer six cents. Supper, eaten at 9 o'clock, was the favorite repast. At this meal the household would partake of soup, or sometimes a dainty rissole, or sausages, or fish, with a baked potato for the first course; then would follow a simple pudding with blanc-mange and stewed fruit or jam; the meal ended with a piece of excellent cheese served with crisp pulled bread, and celery or lettuce when in season. A glass of beer, or perhaps a jorum of mild toddy, would round off the supper at an average cost of fifteen cents for each person. Reckoning the outlay per head for the four meals above estimated, we get a total of sixty cents per head per day. Another feature of this little book worth reproducing is the bill of fare of a Christmas dinner, served by the author to six persons at a cost of \$1.20. The dinner began with oysters on the half shell followed by lentil soup, boiled cod with oyster sauce, old English frumenty, and grapes served in successive courses. There was also an ample supply of potatoes, bread, cheese, and condiments, together with beer and cigarettes. As we are told that the table was set out with choice silver, costly glass, antique china, and rare flowers we can believe that the dinner, cheap and simple as it was, may have presented a pleasing appearance to the eye. We hear, without incredulity, that the author's little dinners, costing \$1.20 apiece, became famous. In one of his later chapters the author reminds us of the fact, too often overlooked, that the great feat in the cooking of meat and fish is to conserve the juices without hardening the fibre. The housewife rarely, if ever, turns out a grill equal to the hotel cook. He has a specially constructed fireplace with a red coke fire, a minimum of flame and a maximum of heat. His steak comes off the grill swollen in the middle, full of its own rich juices, whereas the domestic product is oftener thinner in the middle than at the edge, and is shrunken and dried up, having left its virtue on the coals. Apropos of broiling, the author quotes from an English chemist, Mattieu Williams, with regard to the difference between coal flame and fat flame. Mr. Williams advises the cook to throw a bit of the fat from the chop or steak on her red fire, and when it sets up a good blaze plunge the chops into it, cooking it in its own flames for a few minutes. In spite of its blackness it will be a deliciously cooked, juicy, nutritious, digestible morsel, apparently raw, but actually more completely cooked than if it had been held twice as long at double the distance from the surface of the fire. Now as to fish, this, as everybody knows, is better fried than broiled, but Sir Henry Thompson, who is accepted as a gastronomical authority in England, avers that fish is at its best when roasted or baked. With regard to potatoes we are warned to boil them in their jackets, that they may retain as much of their potash salts as possible. We may add that the addition of a little bicarbonate of potash raises cheese to the highest rank among foods, and renders even a Welsh rarebit easily digested. Another simple and valuable aid to digestion is the common extract of malt.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

September—Frank D. Sherman—St. Nicholas

Here's a lyric for September,
Best of all months to remember;
Month when summer breezes tell
What has happened wood and dell,
Of the joy the year has brought
And the changes she has wrought.
She has turned the verdure red;
In the blue sky overhead
She the harvest-moon has hung
Like a silver boat among
Shoals of stars,—bright jewels set
In the earth's blue coronet.
She has brought the orchard's fruit
To repay the robin's flute
Which has gladdened half the year
With a music liquid clear;
And she makes the meadow grass
Catch the sunbeams as they pass,
Till the autumn's floor is rolled
With a fragrant cloth of gold.

September Days—Eliot C. True—Independent

Cicada plays his viol 'mid the grasses,
The last shrill sound at night, the first at morn;
Late poppies glow along the garden passes,
And light winds gossip in the ripening corn.

The sluggish creek in meadows lately greening
Is flanked with gold and purple, either brink;
From dusty hedge the last wild rose is leaving
A deathly pallor on her lovely pink.

With Tyrian fruit the lowly poke is laden;
Wych-hazel weaves "her thread of golden bloom;"
The wandering woodbine like a gypsy maiden
Warms with its color the deep forest's gloom.

The morning sows with pearls Arachne's weaving;
The orchard peach looks out with cheeks a-blush;
From shady nook the ring-dove's note of grieving
Floats far and faint upon the noontide hush.

By country roads the scarlet sumac's burning,
And over zigzag fences spread and shine
The lush dark elderberries, daily turning
Their loyal heart's blood into purple wine.

Down the lane-path, where cows come in the gloaming,
The thistles stand with faded armor on;
In buckwheat bloom the weary bees are roaming,
To gather sweets till the last day is done.

With all thy gift and grace, O fair September,
Some anniversaries it is thine to bring
That flood unwilling eyes but to remember
And choke with sighs the heart that fain would sing.

And yet, when God has filled the earth with beauty,
And given the soul a quickened consciousness,
One may go forth in pleasant ways of Duty,
And feel the chastening Hand in close caress.

Autumn Dreams—Bayard Taylor

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;
When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear:
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary wings are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill.
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me,
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast.
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumn of the past.

The Last Cricket—Lizette W. Reese—Travelers Record

Hey, piper, in the lean gray grass,
The blades that crackle as I pass;
Ho, piper, piping clear!
Pipe me the sweetest thing I know,
(Save Yesterday),—aye, at it so!—
The last rose of the year!

Yet hold, my little piper there!
The wind has blown the brier bare,
That mocked us so with June,
They twain are gone the selfsame way—
The red last rose, and Yesterday—
What else is worth a tune?

Forest Fire—Chas. P. Sherman—Harper's Weekly

Summer heard a hidden locust whirring;
Stooped she to the mowers with a sigh,
"Darlings come," she said; "we must be stirring,
Hear the Herald! Autumn draweth nigh!"

So, her lifted skirts with flowers heaping,
Passed she through the fields and woodland ways.
Tiny creatures, 'tween the bushes peeping,
Saw her go, with sorrow in their gaze.

Laughing, turned she, ere she went, upholding
O'er the land her sun-glass high in air;
Soon was seen a thin smoke veil enfolding
Distant hills and valleys everywhere.

Then she slipped away, with silent laughter,
Ere the spark had quickened into flame.
"Ruddy autumn swiftly follows after,"
Whispered she, "and he shall bear the blame."

Soon a stealthy yellow flame was creeping
Here and there along a maple bough,
Swift from tree to tree the fire went leaping,
Lo! how all the woods are blazing now!

OLD TIME TALES—MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE*

A young fellow, a tobacco peddler by trade, was on his way from Morristown to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The peddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees, who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the peddler was inquisitive and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco peddler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shop-keeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the peddler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night and meant to do the same all day.

"Good-morning, Mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog! What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes and answered rather sullenly that he did not come from Parker's Falls.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he were either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him:

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard at eight o'clock, last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a large old St. Michael's pear-tree where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham—whom he had known in the way of trade—having sold him many a bunch of long nines and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding

night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must surely have worn seven-league boots!

"Ill news flies fast, they say!" thought Dominicus.

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader, and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home, through the orchard, about night-fall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. His property would descend to a pretty niece, now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer who had arrived on horseback, a short time before and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair in front of Dominicus and stared him full in the face.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard the night before last and found hanging on his great pear-tree, yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, Mister," answered Dominicus. "I don't say that I saw the thing done—so I can't swear he was murdered exactly in that way!"

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning!"

"Then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus.

"I guess he'd likely have mentioned it to me, if it was," said the old farmer.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water and went to bed, where all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer, Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart and trotted swiftly away toward Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman nor foot-traveller till just as he crossed the Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge, with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder.

* Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *Burton's Wit and Humor* (1859).

"Good-morning, Mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering he thus replied—

"No! No! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the peddler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed until Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder—since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go!" thought the peddler. "I don't want his black blood on my head and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang him! It's a sin, I know, but I should hate to have him come to life a second time and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls. But a few of the shop doors were unbarred, when he alighted in the stable-yard of the tavern and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the 'ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact and also to be uncertain as to whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority or that of any one person, but mentioned it as a report, generally diffused through the neighborhood.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place. Such was the excitement that the Parker's Falls' Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals and headed:

HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM!

Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord around the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed. There was much pathos, also, about the affliction of his niece who had gone from one fainting fit to another ever since her uncle had been found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, with his pockets turned inside out.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shop-keepers, mistresses of boarding-

houses, factory girls, mill-men, and school-boys rushed into the street. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment and had just begun a new edition of the narrative with a voice like a field preacher when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people—for, if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The peddler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers—both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless—although one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" brawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting-fits? Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word except to swear awfully at the 'ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep, and the first thing he did after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, and had such a sweet, pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love-tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated, but I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut Courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it or—as some deemed the more probable case—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the peddler's explanation, merely seized a moment, to smooth her gown and put her curls in order and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to the crowd to listen to her.

"Good people, I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a

smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of Commencement week with a friend about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket book under his pillow, shook hands with me and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and delivered with grace and propriety. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on hearing their mistake. Nothing saved Dominicus Pike, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heart-felt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up, nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida and, perhaps, form an item in the London newspapers, and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike—having, all along, determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the seat of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax, but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or with the fact and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character of habits and life and that he had an orchard and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at night-fall—the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer or even the niece's direct testimony ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character whom he had hired without a recommendation on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth!"

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll house on Kimballton turnpike about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the

toll-gatherer and kept on toward the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, passed the usual remarks on the weather.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip-lash to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me, but to-night he nodded and jogged on, for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus. The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight and could just discern the horseman, now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham, but through the evening shadows and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial—as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered at the sight.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street. On his left were a stone wall and a gate beyond which lay an orchard. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham. Dominicus knew the place and the little mare stopped short by instinct.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then, the village clock told eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before till dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old, contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter around his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this coming event was made to cast its shadow before. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham, two of them, successively, lost courage and fled—each delaying the crime, one night, by his disappearance. The third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared, in the person of the gossiping, good-natured young peddler Dominicus Pike.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

A Picture of the Deluge—William Canton

Around the globe one wave from pole to pole
Rolled on, and found no shore to break its roll.
One awful water mirrored everywhere
The silent, blue, illimitable air,
And glassed in one same hour the midnight moon,
Sunrise and sunset and the sun at noon.

Afar, between the sunset and the dark,
The lions had awakened in the ark.
Across the great red splendor white wings flew,
Weary of wandering where no green leaf grew;
Weary of searching for that unfound shore
From which the raven had returned no more.

And as the white wings labored slowly back,
And down the huge orb sank, a speck of black
Stood fluttering in the circle of the sun—
Beneath the noontide sun 'twas still as death.
Within the dawn no living thing drew breath.
Beneath the cold white moon the cold blue wave
Sealed with an icy hush the old world's grave.
But hark! upon the sunset's edge were heard,
Afar and faint, the cries of beast and bird.
While the long billows, passing one by one,
Lifted and lowered in the crimson blaze
A dead queen of the old and evil days.

One gold-clasped arm lay beautiful and bare;
The gold of power gleamed in her floating hair;
Her jeweled raiment in the glassy swell
Glittered; and ever as she rose and fell,
And o'er his reddened claws the ripple broke,
The raven fluttered with uneasy croak.

An Old English Pastoral—A. J. Mundy

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.
And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.
She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said: "We linger; we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander:
Behold them yonder—how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore;
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling;
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more."

She whispered sighing: "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, replying: "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
'That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild;
But, if they love me, it's none so fervent;
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:

"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall blind you,
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them—I told her plainly
She doubted vainly; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did chase and rally her nibbling ewes,
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty from grace did lend her—
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling—
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent—
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

Ipsissimus—Eugene Lee-Hamilton

Thou priest that art behind the screen
Of this confessional, give ear:
I need God's help, for I have seen
What turns my vitals limp with fear.
O Christ, O Christ, I must have done
More mortal sin than any one
Who says his prayers in Venice here!

And yet by stealth I only tried
To kill my enemy, God knows.
And who on earth has e'er denied
A man the right to kill his foes?
He won the race of the Gondoliers;
I hate him and the skin he wears—
I hate him and the shade he throws.

I hate him through each day and hour;
All ills that curse me seem his fault:
He makes my daily soup taste sour,
He makes my daily bread taste salt;
And so I hung upon his track
At dusk to stab him in the back
In some lone street or archway vault.

But, oh, give heed! As I was stealing
Upon his heels, with knife grasped tight,
There crept across my soul a feeling
That I myself was kept in sight;
Each time I turned, dodge as I would,
A masked and unknown watcher stood
Who baffled all my plan that night.

What mask is this, I thought and thought,
Who dogs me thus when least I care?
His figure is not tall nor short,
And yet has a familiar air.

But, oh, despite this watcher's eye,
I'll reach my man yet by-and-by,
And snuff his life out yet, elsewhere.

And though compelled to still defer,
I schemed another project soon;
I armed my boat with a hidden spur
To run him down in the lagoon.
At dusk I saw him row one day
Where lone and wide the waters lay,
Reflecting scarce the dim white moon.

No boat, as far as sight could strain,
Loomed on the solitary sea;
I saw my oar each minute gain
Upon my death-doomed enemy,
When lo, a black-masked gondolier,
Silent and spectre-like, drew near
And stepped between my deed and me.

He seemed from out the flood to rise,
And hovered near to mar my game;
I knew him and his cursed guise,
His cursed mask: he was the same.
So, balked once more, enraged and cowed,
Back through the still lagoon I rowed
In mingled wonder, wrath, and shame.

Oh, were I not to come and pray
Thee for thy absolution here
In the confessional to-day,
My very ribs would burst with fear.
Leave not, good Father, in the lurch
A faithful son of Mother Church,
Whose faith is firm and soul sincere.

Behind St. Luke's, as dead men know,
A pale apothecary dwells,
Who deals in death both quick and slow,
And baleful philtres, withering spells;
He sells alike to rich and poor,
Who know what knocks to give his door,
The yellow dust that rings the knells.

Well, then, I went and knocked the knock
With cautious hand, as I'd been taught;
The door revolved with silent lock,
And I went in, suspecting naught.
But, oh, the self-same form stood masked
Behind the counter, and unasked
In silence proffered what I sought.

My knees and hands like aspens shook;
I spilt the powder on the ground;
I dared not turn, I dared not look;
My palsied tongue would make no sound.
Then through the door I fled at last
With feet that seemed more slow than fast,
And dared not even once look round.

And yet I am an honest man
Who only sought to kill his foe;
Could I sit down to see each plan
That I took up frustrated so,
When as each plan was marred and balked,
And in the sun my man still walked,
I felt my hate still greater grow?

I thought, "At dusk, with stealthy tread
I'll seek his dwelling, and I'll creep
Upstairs and hide beneath his bed,
And in the night I'll strike him deep."
And so I went; but at his door
The figure, masked just as before,
Sat on the step as if asleep.

Bent, spite all fear, upon my task,
I tried to pass: there was no space.
Then rage prevailed; I snatched the mask
From off the baffling figure's face,
And, oh, unutterable dread!
The face was mine, mine white and dead,
Stiff with some frightful death's grimace.

What sins are mine, O luckless wight,
That doom should play me such a trick
And make me see a sudden sight
That turns both soul and body sick?
Stretch out thy hands, thou priest unseen
That sittest there behind the screen,
And give me absolution, quick!

O God, O God, his hands are dead!
His hands are mine, O monstrous spell!
I feel them clammy on my head.
Is he my own dead self as well?
Those hands are mine—their scars, their shape:
O God, O God, there's no escape,
And seeking Heaven, I fall on Hell.

The Wreck of the Solent—Fred. Lyster—Life-Boat Journal

The wild winds raved, the tempest roared,
The waves rolled mountains high—
It seemed to every soul on board
As though earth, sea, and sky
In one commingled mass were blent,
And welded by the gale;
Save when the quivering lightning rent
The darkness, as a veil—
Our boats were gone—and, one by one,

The men swept from the wheel;
On beam-end thrown, we lay alone
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.
A dull deep thud! a stifled roar,
A crushing, tearing grind,
A shock—a crash! The ship's ashore.
A prey to waves and wind.
The seas break o'er her fore and aft,
The decks are swept quite clear;
No planks nor spars to build a raft
Are left—we shrink with fear.
The lightning's flash, the thunder's crash
Shakes her, from truck to keel;
The waves tumultuous splash, and dash—
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

We were just forty souls and seven,
Both passengers and crew
With cries for help we weary Heaven,
No help appears in view;
We cling to ropes along the deck,
And strain our aching sight
Through fog and mist—a helpless wreck
The good ship lay that night—
A tiny spark glints through the dark,
We watch it roll and reel,
"The Lifeboat's out!" we wildly shout,
From Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Now poised upon the billow's crest,
Now whelméd in the deep
She struggles on—no pause, no rest,
She climbs the wat'ry steep;
She nears, but cannot make us.
The current runs so sore—
Must Death there overtake us,
So near our native shore?
Aboard that boat—could we but float
A line—hearts true as steel,
Wait us to save from wat'ry grave,
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Of all the dunnage round the deck
Naught is there left save one
Old anchor buoy, itself a wreck,
With honest service done—
The mate he hitched it to a rope
And hove it o'er the side;
God help us—'tis our only hope,
May He its course now guide;
It nears them—nay, 'tis swept away,
Again the line we reel—
Again 'tis cast, our hearts beat fast,
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Twice has the old float missed its mark,
Twice was it hurled away,
Twice have we lost it in the dark,
Twice by the ghastly ray
Of bluelight, burnt aboard that barque;
We watched it whelméd and whirled,
Our refuge sole, our only ark
Of safety in this world.
See! See! 'tis caught—fast round the thwart
'Tis hitched—a joyous peal,
A clam'rous shout rings wildly out,
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

God bless the Lifeboat and its crew,
Its coxswain brave and old;
And Jarvist Arnold is his name,
Sprung from those vikings bold,
Who made the land and sea their slaves,
As likewise we do too.
While still Britannia rules the waves
And the stormy winds do blow—
And that old cork float that safety brought
We'll hold in honor leal,
And it shall grace the chiefest place
In Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND GENERAL

The Atom—Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt—From Science

All substances are made up of tiny particles which cannot be further reduced in size without change of properties and breaking up into their component atoms. These particles or groups of atoms are molecules, and all matter is trembling with their billions of vibrations per second. In solids the molecules are arranged in a certain fixed order, and their vibration is in a limited space; in liquids they move about in all directions, yet none can voluntarily separate themselves from the others; while in gases they are in a state of vibration so violent that they fly about with marvellous rapidity in all directions. Every cubic inch of air contains no less than 21 trillions of molecules, and every point on our skin is bombarded by thousands of millions of them every second. Each is so small that 300 would not extend across the width of the smallest line the most powerful microscope shows us. Magnify them one trillion diameters, and each atom is the size of our globe, each molecule is a planetary system, and each air-bubble from the fringe around the water in a goblet is a wonderful galaxy. Magnified 10,000 trillion diameters the air-bubble would have the dimensions of our entire stellar system, but would contain 50,000 billions of stars instead of the 20 millions our best telescopes can show us. If the atoms had inhabitants, with our sensations quickened and shortened 1,000 billion times to correspond to their own diminutiveness, each atom would be a world, each molecule a solar system, and the revolutions of the atoms would give days and years. The atom-dweller would see no more of the air-bubble than we see of our stellar universe; for, though the air bubble's molecules average 80 million collisions every second, thousands and tens of thousands of generations of the living beings might exist before a perceptible alteration of their starry firmament could be recorded. Is not our world an atom, our solar system a molecule in a stellar-bubble of an unknown and mightier creation?

The Royal Houses of Europe—From Harper's Weekly

The ups and downs of the reigning houses of Europe have been much discussed of late. All those are recognized as being of royal blood members of whose families now occupy or at one time have occupied thrones. According to official reports, there are now 27 such royal families in Europe, with 459 male members, so that each dynasty averages 17 princes, a number reached, however, only by ten of them. Of these 27 families no less than 18 are German, namely, the Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, Wettin, Würtemberg, Zähringen, Hessen, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, Reuss, Schaumburg, Lippe, Waldeck, Hapsburg-Lorraine, Welf, Nassau, and Liechtenstein; six are Romanic or Latin, namely, Bourbon, Savoyen, Braganza, Monaco, Bonaparte, Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenowitch and Njenosh; and one is Turkish, namely, Osman. Of the German no less than five, and of these the historic houses of Hohenzollern, Welf, and Hapsburg, originated in the little Swabian Würtemberg. The preponderance of the German dynasties is all the greater, because of the 41 actually existing thrones they occupy 33. Of these 22 are in the German Empire, 11 are in other countries, namely, Austro-Hungary, Russia, England, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Liechtenstein. The Romanic dynas-

ties occupy only five thrones, namely those of Italy, Spain, Brazil, Monaco, and Sweden-Norway. The Slav dynasties are found only in Servia and Montenegro. Nothing is clearer from these data than that the nationality of the reigning families has had but little influence in determining the political ideals and aims of the people they govern. Notwithstanding the thorough German character of the Russian reigning house, the politics of the country is as decided in its anti-German character as though its rulers were Slavs. The religion of eleven of these dynasties is entirely Protestant, of five others the greater number of the members are Protestants. To these last belong such houses as the Hohenzollern of Prussia, of which the older and Catholic side lines are not entitled to the royal succession in any case; also the house of Wettin, of which the Catholic King of Protestant Saxony is the leading representative; the Holstein house of Denmark, of which the members in Greece and Russia belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the Würtemberg and Lippe houses. The Romanic dynasties are all Catholic, except that of Bernadotte, in Protestant Sweden-Norway. These exceptions to the predominating religion of a dynasty have in nearly all cases resulted from the acceptance of a throne in a country with a different national religion. Where such a change is not made it is the result of special stipulation, as in the case with Princess Sophia of Prussia, who in becoming engaged to the Crown-Prince of Greece insisted upon her adherence to the Protestant faith. Three German dynasties are entirely Catholic, namely, the Hapsburg-Lorraine, the Wittelsbach—to which the rulers of Bavaria belong—and Liechtenstein. Numerically the strongest is the Danish house of Holstein, with its 58 living princes, next to which comes the Saxon house of Wettin, with 52 princes. Members of the former family rule in Russia, Greece, Denmark, and Oldenburg; of the latter in five German states and in Belgium, Portugal, and Bulgaria, and will, when the Welf family becomes extinct at the death of Queen Victoria, wear the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. The house of Hohenzollern, which lost in 1888 not only the two Emperors Wilhelm I. and Frederick III., but also the last member of its oldest line, the Hohenzollern-Hechingen, still have 20 princes in its ranks, of whom eight are less than fifteen years old. Another side branch will become extinct when the childless Charles of Roumania dies, who will be succeeded by his nephew Prince Ferdinand. Of the once so powerful house of Bourbon only one representative now occupies a throne, and he is an infant, namely, the King of Spain. There are still 49 princes of this dynasty, of whom only one seems to have a chance to occupy a throne, namely, that of Brazil, where the husband of the Crown-Princess Isabella may succeed her father. The Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740, and the present members belong really to the Lorraine line. The death of Rudolph causes no embarrassment in the succession, the supply still exceeding the demand, as there are yet 34 princes of this dynasty alive. The most productive soil for princes is the diminutive Liechtenstein, which has only 9,000 inhabitants, but boasts of 18 princes of royal blood, or one for every 500 souls. The two influential houses of Savoyen in Italy and Bernadotte in Sweden-Norway are not correspondingly prolific, the

former having but eight princes and the latter seven. The old house of Welf, which lost the throne of Hanover in 1864, and will lose that of England at the death of Victoria, which it has occupied since 1714, has five male members, the same number that makes up the contingent of the house of Zähringen that rules in Baden. The house of Bonaparte has three princes, the older Lucien line, with its four representatives, not being recognized as royal. The senior of the forty-one rulers of the European families, whose average age is fifty-six, is the King of Holland, born in 1817. Five rulers are more than seventy, among them the King of Denmark; 10 are between sixty and seventy, among them the rulers of England, Wurtemberg, Brazil, Saxony; 10 are between fifty and sixty, among them the rulers of Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Portugal; nine are between forty and fifty, among them the rulers of Roumania, Turkey, Italy, Russia, Greece, Montenegro, Bavaria; two between thirty and forty, namely, the rulers of Schwerin and Servia; one between twenty and thirty, namely, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Emperor of Germany just having passed thirty. The King of Spain is not three years old. The oldest in the number of years of rule is the Queen of England, who has been on the throne since 1837.

Treasure Hoarding in India—From Chambers's Journal

It is difficult to estimate the amount of gold hoarded in India; but it was approximated before the Royal Commission on Bimetallism at one hundred and thirty millions sterling, which was the amount imported during the last fifty years, and is exclusive of the hoards for centuries past. The silver was computed at about one hundred and seventy millions. This yields for both gold and silver a sum of three hundred millions, which represents nearly one-third of the value of the total amount of coin (£1,000,000,000) estimated by Dr. Soetbeer to be in circulation in the world. The form which the hoarding takes is that of bullion or coin, and frequently the metal is made into ornaments, partly used for the purposes of adornment and partly kept as a hoard. As a rule, the native prefers it in the form of ornaments for his family, because it is a hoard; and it is also a source of gratification to them to possess these ornaments. The simplest form of jewel or ornament worn by the natives is the thick gold or silver wire twisted into bangles or bracelets. The latter are made by the silversmith, to whom the poor Hindu betakes himself when he has saved a few rupees. These are soon melted and beaten up into the necessary article of ornament and hoard. Silver is also hammered into brooches and torques in imitation of knotted grass and leaves, while armlets, anklets, and such like are freely fabricated. Solid or hollow gold lumps in the form of cubes and octahedrons strung on red silk appear as another form of stored wealth. As may be supposed, the gods of India, which are many, absorb much of the molten gold and silver of the country. One notable design is called Swami, and consists of an ornamentation of figures of Hindu gods in high relief, beaten out from the surface, or fixed by solder or screws. In Southern India there are vast stores of gold and silver in the temples. The poor people have no strong boxes or safes in which to place their valuables, and so they generally put their hard cash and ornaments within brass *lotas* or *bahagunas* and then bury them underground somewhere in the room in which they sleep, preferring for this purpose the ground below their beds or disused wells and other out-of-the-way places. Jewelry stands high commercially in India, for it always commands a ready sale. A jewel

there is a veritable "joy-giver," as the origin of the word implies. It is reckoned the most solid kind of wealth; and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewels. They perform a great matrimonial function, the poorest bride having her dowry, often equal in value to several years' of the bridegroom's income. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is that his hoards are not taxed, for he may be possessed of jewelry worth 100,000 rupees and yet pay no income tax, for the simple reason that the hoards yield him no income. But hoards take also the form of coined money and bullion or bars of gold as well as jewelry. At the present time it is believed that ten millions of British sovereigns are hoarded in India, chiefly in the Bombay Presidency, where the impression on them of St. George and the dragon appears to be valued on religious grounds. There are also vast quantities of the native coinage stored, the mohur being the principal coin in hoards. It is of gold and of the weight and fineness of a silver rupee, its value being about 30s. This hoarding absorbs all the gold that pours into India and very much of the silver, although the latter is the circulating medium. As the natives get wealthy they prefer gold. A wealthy man will prefer ornaments of gold for his family rather than silver, and the very poorest classes use ornaments made of some base metal, neither gold nor silver, but in which there may be some silver. Gold is also distributed in connection with ceremonies. It is a custom among the natives of India to give you what is called "pawn," which is the signal for you to leave after an interview, and some gold is used for these ornaments. In Delhi alone it was estimated that £100 a day was used in manufacture connected with "pawn."

Savings and Loan Associations—The Boston Herald

It is estimated that there are about 4,000 co-operative savings and loan associations in the United States, that their accumulations of property represent \$300,000,000, and that the amount which will be paid to them this year in the form of dues alone will exceed \$65,000,000. These associations in their earlier days in Philadelphia were called building clubs, and later they have been known under the name of building and loan associations. Under any name they mean essentially one and the same thing, which is the forming of corporations in which the members shall loan money to one another on certain fixed terms, and by means of which laboring men, for the most part in our towns and cities, may be able to add to the shares which they have purchased in this association, together with the fines and dues which accrue, a sum equal to what they have already invested in them, and apply it to the building or buying of homes for themselves. During the last thirty years these associations have increased in all parts of the country. The first one was organized in a suburb of Philadelphia in 1831; the second was formed in 1845, and from 1845 to 1850 about fifty were created in Philadelphia alone. It is in this city and its suburbs that these associations have always had the precedence, and the savings of the working people through them in the State of Pennsylvania amount in a single year at the present time to over seventeen million dollars. In New York they suffered in earlier days from insufficient legal protection, but since 1885 they have adopted right methods, and there is a growing tendency to place them upon a secure basis. Their early history in Connecticut was unsatisfactory, and in Massachusetts their early beginning did not meet the expectations of those connected with them; but in 1883 the legislature of Massachusetts amended the earlier act of 1877 for

organizing these building clubs, by changing their name to co-operative banks, and it is estimated that over \$2,000,000 will be paid into these banks in the form of dues in the present year. The first association in Maryland was formed in Baltimore in 1846, and in 1888 there existed in the State 191, of which 158 were located in Baltimore. Ohio contains at the present time about 625. There are over 300 in Chicago, and over 200 in the remainder of the State. They are increasing rapidly in numbers and popularity in Wisconsin. They have had such success in Minnesota that it is estimated that from 8,000 to 10,000 homes have been secured through their agency, and their total number in the State is believed to be over 100. In Indianapolis alone there are over 100 associations. The Southern States have awakened to the value of this form of co-operation, and in 1882 there were a large number of these associations in New Orleans. These facts, which are gleaned from Mr. Seymour Dexter's paper in the *Journal of Economics*, indicate a general movement of workmen throughout the country to lay by a portion of their income, and to use the money thus saved in building and owning homes for themselves. It means for our people the formation of habits of promptness, saving, frugality, and industry. These associations have very great advantages. They are mostly local. Their operations are confined to the county or the city where they are located. There is little danger that the money will be spirited away. The management costs little. The funds can always be loaned at legal interest, and sometimes at an advance. The plan is more potent than the savings banks in stimulating savings, and can be introduced earlier into small places.

Mineral Products of the United States—Boston Transcript

The sixth report on the mineral resources of the United States, by David T. Day, chief of the division of mining statistics and technology, United States Geological Survey, is for the calendar year 1888, and contains detailed statistics for this period, and also for preceding years, together with much descriptive and technical matter. The following are the totals of the production of some of the important mineral substances in 1888:

Iron and Steel—The principal statistics for 1888 were: Domestic iron ore consumed, about 12,000,000 long tons; value at mines, \$28,944,000. This is an increase over 1887 in quantity of 760,000 tons, but a decrease in value of \$4,956,000. Imported iron ore consumed 587,470 long tons; total iron ore consumed in 1888, about 12,650,000 long tons, or 150,000 tons more than in 1887. Pig iron made 1888, 6,489,738 long tons; value at furnace, \$107,000,000. This is an increase over 1887 of 72,590 tons in quantity, but a decrease of \$14,925,800 in value. Steel of all kinds produced in 1888, 2,899,440 long tons; value at works, \$89,000,000. This is a decrease from 1887 of 439,631 tons in quantity, and of \$14,811,000 in value. Total spot value of all iron and steel made in 1888 in the first stage of manufacture, excluding all duplications, \$145,000,000, a decrease of \$26,103,000, as compared with 1887. Limestone used as a flux in the manufacture of pig iron in 1888, about 5,438,000 long tons; value at quarry, about \$2,719,000.

Gold and Silver—According to the Director of the Mint, the gold product was 1,604,927 fine ounces, valued at \$33,175,000. This is about the same as in 1887, being an excess of only \$75,000. The silver product was 45,783,632 fine ounces, of the commercial value of about \$43,000,000 and of the coining value of \$59,195,000. This is an increase of 4,515,327 ounces over the product of 1887. In addition to the product of our own mines,

some 10,000,000 ounces of silver were extracted in the United States from foreign ores and bullion.

Copper—The total product, including the yield of imported ores, increased to 231,270,622 pounds, or 115,635 short tons, during 1888, which is 46,053,291 pounds more than the product of 1887. During the first quarter of 1889 the production was increasing at even a more rapid rate. The prices received by American producers averaged 15½ cents per pound for Lake copper, 14½ for Arizona and 14 for other districts; making the total value \$33,833,954. Montana led in the production, making 97,897,968 pounds. Consumption was somewhat reduced by the high prices.

Lead—The product increased to 180,555 short tons from 160,700 tons in 1887. The increase was due principally to the heavier receipts of lead in Mexican silver-lead ores from 15,000 tons in 1887 to over 27,000 tons in 1888. The average price in New York was 4.41 cents per pound. The production of white lead, chiefly from pig lead, was 89,000 short tons, valued at \$10,680,000.

Quicksilver—The product was 33,250 flasks (of 76½ pounds each) from California; a decline in that State of 510 flasks from 1887, in spite of a very satisfactory price, which averaged \$42.50 per flask, making the total value \$1,413,125. No new valuable deposits were discovered in 1888, and without them it is not probable that the yield of quicksilver will materially increase.

Aluminum—The past year was more promising than ever before for the production of cheap aluminum. The production of metallic aluminum as an industry distinct from the production of alloys began toward the close of the year, and 500 pounds had been made up to December 31st; the production of 3,000 pounds since then indicates that the industry may continue. The exact amount of alloys produced by the Cowles process has not been furnished, but was not markedly different from the product of 1887, when 18,000 pounds of aluminum contained in bronze and ferro-aluminum were produced. The price for metallic aluminum declined to as low as \$4.50 per pound for some of the less favored brands.

Coal—The total production of all kinds of commercial coal in 1888 was 142,037,735 short tons (increase over 1887, 18,022,480 tons), valued at the mines at \$204,221,990 (increase, \$30,625,994). This may be divided into Pennsylvania anthracite 43,922,897 short tons (increase, 4,416,642 short tons), or 39,216,872 long tons, including 38,145,718 long tons shipped by the railroads and canals and reported by their statistician, Mr. John H. Jones, and 1,071,154 long tons sold to the local trade at the mines (increase, 3,943,430 long tons), valued at \$85,649,649 (increase, \$6,284,405); all other coals, including bituminous, brown coal, lignite, small lots of anthracite produced in Colorado and Arkansas, and 4,000 tons of graphitic coal mined in Rhode Island, amounting in the aggregate to 98,114,838 short tons (increase, 13,605,838 tons), valued at \$118,572,341 (increase, \$24,341,589). The total output of the mines, including colliery consumption, was: Pennsylvania anthracite, 41,624,610 long tons, increase over 1887, 4,045,863 long tons, or 46,619,564 short tons, increase, 4,531,367 short tons; all other coal 102,039,838 short tons, increase, 14,152,478 short tons, making the total output of all coals from mines in the United States, exclusive of slack coal thrown on the dumps, 148,659,402 short tons, increase 18,683,845 tons, valued as follows: Anthracite \$89,020,483, increase \$4,468,302; bituminous \$122,497,341, increase \$24,492,685; total value, \$211,517,824, increase, \$28,960,987. The above figures show a notable increase in

1888 over 1887 in the aggregate output and value of both anthracite and bituminous coal, although not as great an increase as occurred in 1887 over 1886 in the value of the anthracite, or in tonnage of bituminous.

Petroleum—The product of petroleum in the United States in 1888 was 27,346,018 barrels (of forty-two gallons each), valued at about \$24,598,559. Of this amount Pennsylvania produced 16,491,083 barrels; Ohio, 10,010,868 barrels; West Virginia, 119,448 barrels; California, 704,619 barrels; and other States 20,000 barrels.

Natural Gas—The amount of natural gas consumed is given in coal displacement; that is, the amount of coal displaced by the use of natural gas. It is estimated that the amount of coal displaced by natural gas in the United States in 1888 was 14,163,830 tons, valued at \$22,662,128. 12,543,830 tons were displaced in Pennsylvania; 750,000 in Ohio; and 660,000 in Indiana.

Building Stone—Direct returns from producers of the various kinds of building stone show that there was but a small gain in value over the figures of 1887. The value of the stone produced in 1888 is \$25,500,000, or \$500,000 more than in the preceding year.

Brick and Tile—Value, \$48,213,000. This figure represents only a small gain over 1887. This is due rather to increase in the number of manufacturing plants than to increased production at the older and more important sources of supply; in fact many of the latter show a falling off in production. Prices also were lower.

Salt—The industry shows only slight changes. In 1888 the production was 8,055,881 barrels of 280 pounds, valued at \$4,377,204. In 1887 the product was 8,003,962 barrels, worth \$4,093,846. Kansas became a commercial source of salt in 1888, producing 155,000 barrels, with a prospect of still greater increase in 1889.

Totals—The total value of the minerals produced in 1888 was \$591,659,931—metallic products, \$256,245,403; non-metallic products, \$328,914,528; mineral products unspecified, \$6,500,000. It is recognized that this is the sum of the values of substances taken in various stages of manufacture, and hence not strictly comparable with each other; still it is the most valuable means for comparing the total products of different years. The result is an increase of nearly \$50,000,000 beyond the value of the product in 1887. In that year nearly every mineral industry showed an increase, and hence an increased total was evident. But the fact that the increase was so very large was due to rather exceptional conditions in a few important industries, and it could not reasonably be expected that a similar combination of circumstances would result in even a larger total value for 1888. Nevertheless, the unprecedented stimulus given to the production of copper by an artificial price increased the total value of that product nearly \$13,000,000, or nearly enough to offset the decline in the total value of pig iron. The other important factors in the increase were coal and the other fuels which followed the increased quantity of metals.

Interesting Governmental Statistics—Bradstreet's Journal

Some interesting statistics may be gathered from the last statistical abstract of the United States. It appears that the revenue of the government amounted in 1888 to \$6.32 per capita of population. The expenditures of the government, not including payment of the national debt, amounted to \$4.47 per capita. The national debt per capita amounted to \$17.71, and the interest thereon to 65 cents. The duties collected on imports amounted to \$3.47 per capita, and the internal revenue amounted to \$2.07 per capita. The average ad

valorem rates of duty on all imports in 1888 amounted to 30 per cent, and the average ad valorem rates on all dutiable imports amounted to 45.63 per cent. The per capita estimates above given are based upon an estimate of a population of 60,018,000 made by the late actuary of the Treasury Department. This estimate is in all probability too low. An increase of the figure for population would of course require a slight reduction in the per capita estimates. The statistics regarding savings banks over a period of five years show a steady growth in the number of deposits and in the aggregate amount of deposits, with but a slight change in the average amount due each depositor. In 1887-88 the aggregate deposits amounted to \$1,364,196,550, the number of depositors amounted to 3,838,291, and the average amount due each depositor was found to be the sum of \$355.41.

The Wonders of Spectrum Analysis—Popular Science News

The solar spectrum, as shown in the rainbow or dew-drop, has always been a familiar object to mankind; but it is only within the last quarter of a century that the marvellous facts written in the rays of light from the sun and stars have been revealed to us. Two German scientists, Bunsen and Kirchhoff, first carefully investigated the phenomena of the spectra of the light proceeding from various luminous bodies; and their labors, with those of others following in their footsteps, have opened up a field of investigation which is apparently limitless. One of the most useful applications of the spectroscope is to the analysis of different substances. The chemist would be unable to detect with his reagents the presence of small quantities of certain elements; but let him bring the substance into the flame of a lamp, and glance through his spectroscope, and in a moment their presence or absence is indisputably proved. A ten-thousandth part of a grain of sodium can be easily detected by this means; and simply clapping the hands near the flame will give off enough of this omnipresent element to cause its characteristic yellow line to appear at once in the spectroscope. We have by this means proved the presence of the rare element lithium in the blood of a person who had been drinking a mineral water containing a trace of its salts. Not only does spectrum analysis show us the presence of familiar elements, but sometimes lines are observed indicating the presence of those previously unknown. Cæsium, rubidium, indium, gallium, thallium and several others were thus discovered, although present in such small quantities that no ordinary reagent could have detected them. But still more wonderful are the facts made known to us when we turn the spectroscope toward the celestial bodies. Every ray of light reaching us from the sun bears a message which, with the aid of the spectroscope, we can read as easily as we can read the words on those minute photographs which are only visible through a microscope. The characters of many ancient inscriptions are still undeciphered; but the story told by the little dark lines crossing the solar spectrum is perfectly familiar to us, although only a few chapters of it have as yet been interpreted. We know that iron, sodium, platinum, and many other elements, are present in the sun in the state of vapor; and it has been well said that if the word "iron" appeared on the disk of the sun, the proof of its presence would be much less perfect than is that furnished by the lines which it causes to appear in the solar spectrum. The spectrum of fixed stars, comets, nebulae, variable stars, etc., all give us an immense amount of information concerning them. We may judge of the temperature of the stars, and calculate the speed at

which they are moving toward or from the earth. It tells us that comets are, in part at least, gaseous bodies, and distinguishes between those nebulae which are simply distant clusters of separate stars, and those which are masses of glowing gas not yet cooled down to the liquid or solid state. The spectroscope shows the presence of more or less moisture in the upper air, with the accompanying probability of rain or fair weather; it shows the presence of the constituents of blood in solution, besides many other organic substances; and, finally, the spectrum of the light from certain rare metals glowing in a vacuum under the influence of an electric current proves their compound nature, although to the coarser chemical and physical tests they appear as simple elements.

The Big Things of this World—From the Statistician

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the one between Brooklyn and New York. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 5,989 feet. Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the American Government over 3,000,000 dollars. The water-battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world. The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl (Smoking Mountain), thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. The largest university is that of Oxford, England. It consists of twenty-five colleges and five halls. The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, Denmark. The enclosure contains 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river. The largest pleasure-ground in America is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 3,740 acres. The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior. It is 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and has an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 feet, and its greatest depth about 900 fathoms. Its surface is 635 feet above the sea. The largest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 990 feet beneath the surface at Audermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn, of the St. Gothard group. The most extensive cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight miles from Bowling Green. The largest trees are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare County, according to measurement made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet high, 105 feet in circumference at the base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years. The largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 18,000 square miles. The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,557,658 square miles (more than a sixth part of the land of the globe), and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent, the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,242 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks fourth, with its 60,000,000 people. Russia ranks second, 8,352,940 square miles. The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, Egypt. Karnak is on the east side of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies part of the side of an-

cient Thebes. Its whole length is 122 feet; its weight 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 180 feet 10 inches. The Chinese Wall is the largest wall in the world. It was built by the first Emperor of the Tain dynasty, about 220 B.C., as a protection against Tartars. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of five feet, the total height of the wall is twenty feet; thickness at the base twenty-five feet, and at the top fifteen feet. The largest library is the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly sixty-eight feet, and its height twenty-one feet. Its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds.

The Number of the Stars—Prof. E. S. Holden—Century

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey toward the equator. As telescopic power is increased we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6,000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of one hundred has ever been catalogued at all. . . . In all, 314,926 stars, from the first to the 9½ magnitude, are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with a 3-inch object-glass.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT—THOUGHTS ON WOMEN

Chapin: No language can express the power, and beauty, and heroism, and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star.

Jeremy Taylor: A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man,—his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice his sweet music, her smile his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his innocence, her arms the pale of his safety, her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares.

Thackeray: There are many more clever women in the world than men think for; our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us, and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part, my opinion of their cleverness rises every day of my life.

Shenstone: There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with her (the French woman): it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love that she gives unexpected vigor to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric.

Feltham: Some are so uncharitable as to think all women bad, and others are so credulous as to believe they are all good. All will grant her corporeal frame more wonderful and more beautiful than man's. And can we think God puts a worse soul into a better body?

Sydney Smith: Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their proper value, and that there must be something better under her bonnet than a pretty face, for real true happiness through life.

Bartol: In Goethe's drama, Iphigenia defends her chastity, ascribing her firmness to the gods. No god hath said this; thine own heart hath spoken, answered Thoas, the king. They only speak to us through our heart, she replies. Have I not the right to hear them too? he rejoins. Thy storm of passion drowns the gentle whisper, adds the maiden, and closes all debate.

George Eliot: We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts,—not to hurt others.

Richter: Let a woman once give you a task, and you are hers, heart and soul; all your care and trouble lend new charms to her, for whose sake they are taken. To rescue, to revenge, to instruct or protect a woman is all the same as to love her.

Whittier: Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world called beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-

thrill. Not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories, and beautiful through associations.

Hannah More: The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm system of character; that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife.

Shakespeare: The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, the soul of your complexion, should keep its body ever fair.

Miss Mulock: I am afraid it is from some natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that it is so difficult to teach us justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that virtue a female; and even the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes.

Emerson: Are there not women who fill vases with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see. We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished, and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are!

Heine: Cleopatra is a real woman—she loves and deceives at the same time. It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have therefore ceased to love us. They are only following their native instinct; and even when they have no wish to drain a forbidden cup, they like to sip a little at the rim, just to try for themselves how the poison tastes.

Lavater: A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman not eager to shine are four wonders great enough and rare enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

Byron: The very first of human life springs from woman's breast; your first tears quenched by her and your last sighs too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.

Washington Irving: A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her ambition seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if ship-wrecked—her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.

Sidney: When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil, and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once.

Schiller: Honor to women! They twine and weave the roses of heaven into the life of man; it is they that unite us in the fascinating bonds of love; and concealed in the modest veil of the graces they cherish carefully delicate feeling with holy hands.

Hermes: A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS AND QUEER

The Great Somewhere Else—From English Rare Bits

Among vague terms applied to the future world are the following: "the great hereafter," "the other world," "futurity," "the great somewhere else," "the after life," "the farther shore," "the spirit world," "the unseen universe," "another life," "the great beyond." It is unnecessary to inform you that "the sweet ultimately" is an American term. A famous Frenchman, when dying, said that he was about to go into the "great perhaps." Similar terms are "the dim unknown," and "the unknown dark." In poetry the future world is "the happy land, far, far, away," the "land o' the leal," "the world beyond the stars," "daybreak," "the mansions of light," "Jerusalem the golden," "the better land," "the realms of the blessed," "the happy isles," "beyond the waveless sea," "the fair home above," "the realms of endless day," "the celestial shore," "the harbor of rest," "the sovereign, dim, illimitable ground." Camoens terms it "the Lethean dungeon," and "the sombre shades avernal." Anglo-Saxon poems refer to "the green wolds of Paradise." Mrs. Barbauld calls it "the brighter clime." Goethe speaks of joining "the ghostly nation." Shakespeare terms it "the undiscovered country," and "from whose bourn no traveller returns." Edgar Allan Poe calls it "the distant Aidenn," "the Plutonian shore," and "the Lethean peace of the skies." To the negroes of the Southern States of America the future world is, both in conversation and in hymns, "de oder side ob Jordan," "de shinin' strand," "de golden city," "de Land ob Canaan," "Eden's blissful shore," or "Canaan's happy shore." To Bunyan, Heaven is "the celestial city" and "Sion the golden." To Colonel Ingersoll the other world is a "shoreless sea." The Scotch call it "the eternal Sawbath." To the red Indian of North America the future world is "the happy hunting grounds." Bover says, "We journey across the isthmus of now to the continent of then." The general term applied by the ancients to the future dwelling-place of spirits was "the under world," and this term has been much employed in mediæval and modern poetry. A similar term is "the nether world." According to the ancient Persians, all spirits returned to Ormuzd, the vital principle of life and motion. The Karins of Burmah call heaven "the new city." Buddhism teaches that the future life will be blissful quiescence in Nirvana. The Mussulman's "Al Araf" is the region between Paradise and Hades, where those who are neither good nor bad remain. When engaged in battle the Slavonians shout "Hu-ray" ("to Paradise!"). The spirit of the good Japanese when he dies eats of the Wasuregusa, or herb of forgetfulness, and all sad memories are thus dispelled, and the soul is "tranced by its taste for evermore." The Egyptians believed that immediately after death the soul descended into the lower world called Amenti, and was conducted to the "hall of truth," where it was judged in the presence of Osiris and of his forty-two assessors. The good were then conducted to Ahlu, or the "pools of peace." These were the dwelling-places of the blest. The wicked were condemned to a series of transmigrations in the bodies of animals. If after many trials sufficient purity was not attained, they were condemned to complete annihilation by Shu the Lord of Light. In the mythology of Greece and Rome the abode of the dead is

named Hades, or the realm of Pluto. The proper name of this region was Erebus, which was the dwelling-place of the virtuous as well as the wicked. This was in later times divided into Tartarus, where the wicked were confined, and Elysium, the abode of the blessed.

Vampires—Blood-Sucking Ghosts—The Globe-Democrat

Of all the creations of superstitious fancy, the vampire, or blood-sucking ghost, is undoubtedly the most horrible. The idea of these uncanny midnight visitants is very ancient, and frequent mention is made of them by classical authors. Father Richard, a French Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who went as a missionary to Greece, discourses at some length upon this subject. According to his account, the persecutions of these ghouls became so intolerable that the graves of the supposed offending parties were opened, whereupon they were cut up into little bits, particularly the heart. After this the spectres were no longer seen and the bodies decayed. The belief in vampires appears to have been prevalent throughout the south of Europe, and indeed, to have there had its origin. Modern Greece seems to have been its cradle; and among the Hungarians, Poles, Wallachians and other Slavonic races were its chief manifestations. Voltaire, in his Philosophical Dictionary, says: "These dead Greeks enter houses and suck the blood of little children. They can be brought to reason only by being burnt—when they are caught; but the precaution must be taken not to resort to this measure until the heart has been torn out, as that must be consumed apart from the body." It is a historical fact that a veritable vampire fever or epidemic spread through the whole southeast of Europe from about the year 1727 to 1735. This took place more particularly in Servia and Hungary; with respect to its manifestations in which latter country Calmet, an old-time historian, has left an account of his Dissertations on the Ghosts and Vampires of Hungary. A terrible infection appeared to have seized upon the people, who died by hundreds under the belief that they were haunted by dreadful phantoms. Military commissions were issued for inquiring into the matter, and the graves of the alleged vampires being opened in the presence of medical men, some of the bodies were found undecomposed, with fresh nails and skin growing in the place of the old, with florid complexions, and with blood in the chest and abdomen. It is extremely difficult to deny the truth of these assertions, since they were vouched for by both medical and military authorities. The only reasonable explanation which can be given is that suggested by Dr. Herbert Mayo, in his Letters on the Truths Contained in Popular Superstitions, who states that the excitement caused by the belief in vampirism, acting upon persons of peculiar temperaments, probably caused them to fall into the condition known as death-trance; that while in that state they were prematurely buried, and that upon the graves being opened they were found still alive though unable to speak. It would seem as though, in the light of the nineteenth century, all such superstitions as that of vampirism must have long since died out. If an unknown newspaper correspondent is to be believed, however, such is not the case. About twenty years ago there was published in a daily newspaper a letter purporting to have been written from Hodmir, Hungary, which surpassed in its flesh-creeping details

anything which had appeared in print since the time of Edgar A. Poe. As this story has, doubtless, long been forgotten, we will give the substance of it for the benefit of those interested in the gruesome. The writer says:

* * * * *

The story I have to tell is so terrible in its character that I can hardly hope it will find credence among my own people. I send it to you, however, for publication, and am willing to let the matter be referred to the local authorities for verification. In the little Hungarian village where for the past two months I have been living, there has lately reappeared the old horrible superstition of vampirism. Already it has spread to several of the neighboring towns, so that within a circle whose radius is fifteen miles, and whose centre is Hodmir, hardly anything is thought of or spoken of but vampires. Recently, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, I awoke in a cold sweat, screaming and struggling with some horrible thing, cold as death, that lay upon my breast pinioning my arms to my sides and trying to fasten his clammy mouth upon my throat. I yelled and fought, and presently I heard men running through the hall toward my room. Whatever it was that had thus fastened itself upon me rose suddenly with a sort of grunt, and I distinctly saw it disappear through the window. In a minute I was on my feet, had grasped my pistols and ran to the window, but, although the moon was shining brightly, I could see no traces of a burglar or means by which my chamber had been invaded. The landlord entered my room, looked at me, and when I told my story shook his head gravely and told me I had better make up my mind to die in a few days—two weeks at the furthest—for I had been sucked by a vampire. I told him I had not, but he only sighed, and asked me to let him see my neck. I did so, and his face brightened, for there was no trace of puncture there. Shortly afterward I was told that the devil was abroad and getting into corpses that should be lying quietly in their graves, and that all the village was frightened half out of its wits, because only the night before not less than three of the villagers had been attacked by the devil, and had their blood sucked from their bodies. Of course I went to the churchyard, and there I found men in long, uncouth coats, and looking as if each of them when dead would become a vampire himself, talking and gesticulating as if their whole lives were concentrated in that moment. A grave was to be opened—the grave of Peter Dickowitz, who had died three weeks before, and who, as the people said, had been harassing the village ever since. The story in regard to this man was simply this: He had been a shepherd during the latter part of his life, but many people remembered that he had often told them that when he was a young man he had lived in the service of a Turk near Belgrade. This Turk had died, and after death had become a vampire. Returning to the earth he had sucked the blood from the throat of Dickowitz, who, as he claimed, had cured himself of the virus by eating earth from the grave of his old master, digging his body from the tomb and rubbing himself from head to foot in his blood. But, as it appeared, this cure had been imperfect. The earth had already been removed from the two graves when I arrived at the churchyard, and two men were engaged in pulling up the coffins. Several wild-looking men stood around with determination and horror in their eyes, while others remained in the background muttering prayers and evidently dreading that a vampire might, at any moment, spring out upon them. It was not long before the two coffins were

placed side by side on the grass. Night had come on, and by the flickering light of lanterns the faces of all appeared weird and unearthly in their excitement and dread. The coffins were opened, and as I, pressed forward by the crowd, looked into them I saw—dare I tell it?—in the sickly light of the flambeaux, that the men within them were not dead; but, horrible beyond expression, dead in their ghastliness, yet alive, they lay there. Their bodies were swimming in blood and a horrible leer was on their mouths, and agonized fate within their staring eyes. Loathsome beyond thought, ghoul-like beyond nightmare dream, they were the living dead. The Hadnagi, with compressed lips, ordered his men to drag them forth. They were seized by the hair, pulled reeking from their coffins and laid upon the grass. The moonlight touched their faces and I saw their bloated visages and leering mouths. Then the Hadnagi had them removed from the consecrated ground and laid upon the road. Of all that crowd there were but ten or twelve persons who followed, and I, with the fascination of the fearful upon me, accompanied them. Four men, two to each corpse, placed themselves over the bodies, and at the given signal plunged a pointed stake through each vampire's heart. As I live, there came from each such a wailing sob and cry as never did I dream even in nightmare. Then, with the sharp spades with which their graves had been dug open, the head of each was sawed and hacked from his body. The trunks were then taken in front of the church and buried. Heartsick and weary, filled with many thoughts of what the possibilities of horror were in this pleasant old world, I hurriedly turned my steps homeward.

Burial Rites of an African King—London Standard

The steamer Congo brings news from New Calabar of a most revolting sacrifice. It seems that a few months ago the old King of Eboe died, and, as is customary in that part of the country, the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. The traders were aware that for a short time after the old King's death the "Iu Iu" rites are performed, but they thought that these were over. The deceased monarch's name was Imphy, and to the horror of the English traders the "Iu Iu" ceremonies were at their highest when they entered Eboe Town. The rites had been in operation for about two months, and already about forty people had been slain to appease the "Iu Iu" gods. The old King was then lying in a grave which had been dug for him. The hole was a large one and deep. Lying in the same grave were nine of the King's youngest wives, and their deaths had been brought about in the most cruel manner. Each of the poor creatures had both her wrists and ankles broken, so that they could neither walk nor crawl. In this state, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the unfortunate creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The body of the King was then laid on them in a transverse direction. The two remaining women were laid down by the side of the King, lying exactly like the monarch's body. No food or water was given to the poor creatures, who were left in that position to die. It is said that death did not, as a rule, take place for four or five days. Four men were stationed round the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock back with these weapons any of the women who, notwithstanding their maimed condition, were able to crawl to the side of the grave. In other parts of the town further human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several

men. These poor fellows were also enduring the most agonizing death. In most instances holes had been bored through their feet just by the ankles. Through the holes ropes were drawn, and the men were then tied to a high tree. Their heads were, of course, hanging downward. The men were there left to die. The traders, as they were proceeding along, were unwilling witnesses of a frightful sacrificial execution. They saw a number of natives in a group, and went to the spot to see what was taking place. To their horror the white men saw a native tied by the feet and neck. The rope attached to the neck was thrown over a tree in one direction, and the rope attached to the feet was tied to a tree in the opposite direction. The ropes were then drawn tightly, and when the body was distended to its utmost length another native with a hatchet struck the neck and severed the head from the body. The head was taken to the grave where the King was lying, while the body was eaten by the cannibal natives. The white men could do nothing to stop the barbarous practices, as to interfere with these "religious customs" would not be tolerated by the natives, and the lives of the traders would have been in peril. They therefore made as quick a retreat from the town as they could. The traders learned that for each of the following ten months there was to be a similar cruel sacrifice of seven men.

Old Superstitions of Sneezing—The London Globe

When Prometheus with the fire which he had stolen from heaven, proceeded to vivify his clay man, the first sign of animation manifested by the latter was fit of sneezing. Possibly the newly-made man was much impressed, and in consequence thereof a strong hereditary regard for sneezing may have been transmitted to his descendants. Be that as it may, however, the ancients, prone as they were to find mysteries and omens in all quarters, failed not to regard sternutation as a very serious matter for consideration, and one that was fraught with many portents for both good and evil, although, from a physiological point of view, their ideas were no doubt somewhat crude and unscientific, for a knowledge of this phenomenon of reflex action, and an intimate acquaintance with the pneumogastric nerve and its functions, did not fetter the imaginations of early observers. Thus, from the earliest times and among all races of men, we find that the apparently simple act of sneezing has given rise to many curious beliefs, and in nearly every age and country has had more or less superstitious importance attached to it. An Elizabethan authority, quoted by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, describes sternutation as "vapor ascending into the head, and so to the brayne, and when there is more and overmoche abundance, ascended to that place more than nature can digest, then it is expelled by the spirite's vitall, and so falleth down through the nose and the mouth." He adds, moreover, "When you feel it will come, rubb your eyes and it helpeth." No doubt his advice would have been equally welcome had he informed us how we might effectually stop the sneeze instead of helping it, for he goes on to say that, "Yf a man lye awake in his bedde and sneze one tyme it is a syne of some greater sickness or hyndraunce. Yf a man sleape in his bedde and sneze one tyme it betokenyth greet troble, the deathe of some persone, or extreme hyndraunce in the losse of substaunce. Yf a man lye in his bedde and make a sneze one tyme it is a good syne both of healthe and lucre, but if he sleape it is moche better." In the later remark we think our readers will quite agree with him: it certainly is very much better to sleep, when in bed,

than to lie awake sneezing. Those who are in the habit of frequenting public houses would do well to bear in mind that, "Yf a man travell by the waye and come into an inne and sneze twyse, let hym departe out of the house and go to another or else he shall not prosper." Presumably we may surmise that in this case the "snezes" point to the existence of draughts in the inn, and the risk of the traveller catching cold in consequence should he stay there. St. Austin tells us that if the ancients sneezed when they were putting on their shoes they went to bed again. Moreover, that it is lucky to sneeze in the morning but unlucky to do so in the afternoon or on a Friday, or for a bride to hear a cat sneeze shortly before her wedding, are well-known pieces of folk lore prevalent in many parts of this country at the present day. It is also a popular belief that to sneeze once signifies a wish, twice a kiss, and three times a curse. Sneezing at table as the viands are being removed was at one time looked upon as an ill omen, and in undertaking any business one or three sneezes were considered unlucky, although two or four were favorable, as was also the case when two men chanced to sneeze simultaneously while engaged in some business transaction. While Themistocles was making a sacrifice before the battle with the Persians, one of his attendants chanced to sneeze, and this was regarded by Euphrantides as a favorable omen, which presaged the victory of the Greeks. Pliny held that it is lucky to sneeze to the right but unlucky to the left; and from another writer we learn that "two or three sneezes be holson, and one is a shrewd token"—whatever that may mean. According to an old Suffolk rhyme:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, see sweetheart to-morrow.

On several occasions sneezing has been looked upon as being more or less intimately connected with fatal and dangerous maladies. Thus, according to Thucydides, it was a symptom of the crisis in the great Athenian plague. With a climate like that of England catarrh and influenza are in season all the year round, and sternutation occurs so frequently that it receives perhaps less attention than might otherwise be devoted to it. Nevertheless, even in the present age of education, and in our own civilized country, when a baby sneezes, one occasionally hears a fervent "Bless you!" ejaculated by its nurse. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the latter has even the remotest idea why she should make use of this expression; but, although she may not be aware of the fact, it is a time-honored custom which once received much attention. In the *Rules of Civility*, quoted by Brand, we are told that "If his lordship chances to sneeze, you are not to bawl out, 'God bless you, sir,' but, pulling off your hat, bow to him handsomely, and make that obsecration to yourself." Brand also quotes from the *Schoole of Slovenrie*, or *Cato Turned Wrongside Outward* (1605), the following: When you sneeze, strait turne yourself in your neibour's face; As for my part, wherein to sneeze, I know no fitter place; It is an order, when you sneeze good men will pray for you; Marke him that doth so, for I thinke he is your friend most true. And that your friend may know who sneezes, and may for you pray, Be sure you not forget to sneeze full in his face alway, But when thou hear'st another sneeze, although he be thy father, Say not God bless him, but Choak up, or some such matter, rather.

Why sternutation should call for a blessing or a prayer of thanksgiving is by no means clear, and when or how

the practice originated must for the present remain hidden in obscurity. Some writers would trace it to an edict of St. Gregory the Great, who ordered the use of the benediction to those who sneezed—sternutation being a fatal symptom in a pestilence which broke out at that time. The custom is, however, certainly of much greater antiquity than the time of Gregory; it was common with the Greeks and Romans, and it dates back, no doubt, through the remote past to some prehistoric age, for among many savage races in widely separated parts of the world we find that some exclamation or benediction is made use of when a person sneezes. Indeed, it is said that at one time when the king of Mesopotamia did so blessings were uttered by all his subjects throughout his dominions; in one African tribe when the chief sneezes his attendants snap their fingers; and in Guinea, if a man of importance sneezed, he was gratified by seeing all present immediately drop on their knees, kiss the earth, and, clapping their hands, wish him health and happiness. It appears, too, that the custom of making some exclamation or blessing a person when he sneezed was prevalent among the tribes of the new world at the time of the Spanish conquest. According to the Rabbinical account of sternutation, and its origin, it was formerly decreed by the Creator that the instant a man sneezed he must die. Jacob, however, supplicated so fervently for the removal of this decree, that his prayers were granted, and he was allowed to sneeze and live. After this, in commemoration of the gracious concession to Jacob's appeal, it became customary to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving when sneezing. The Zulus imagine that the spirit of some deceased ancestor causes them to sneeze, and they accordingly utter blessings and return thanks, for they look upon it as a good sign. Moreover, they consider an illness very severe, if the sick man does not sneeze. The Persians, too, look upon sternutation as a lucky omen, especially if one sneezes several times. In this respect it is, perhaps, needless to say that they differ considerably from the people of our own country, for with us when a man sneezes too frequently he does not rejoice or thank the spirits of his ancestors, but generally thinks that he has caught cold, and takes measures accordingly. Not the least curious of the many superstitions connected with sternutation is one which is to be found among the Siamese. When these people hear a man sneeze they wish him a long life, for they believe that in hell there is a register in which are entered the names of all men, together with the duration of their lives, and when the keeper of this book opens it every person whose name is written on the page at which he glances immediately sneezes. The Siamese have perfect faith in this.

The Death Blow of Hari-Kari—London Daily Globe.

The ancient Japanese custom of Hari-Kari, or Happy Dispatch, has received its death blow. For centuries it has been usual for any exalted Japanese dignitary, who may have mortally offended his sovereign, to receive a polite official intimation to the effect that his suicide will be pleasing to the authorities, and until recently it has been the unvarying practice for the offender to acquiesce resignedly, and, after summoning his relatives around him, to formally disembowel himself in their presence. If the culprit happened to be of exceptionally high rank, the sovereign would, as a mark of honor, send him a jewelled sword with which to operate upon himself. But all these things are now of the past. Not long ago the mikado was grievously hurt by the words and conduct of a high court official. The man was an old and very

valued servant of the crown, but his crime was unpardonable. Next day, therefore, an officer brought him the fatal sword, a magnificent weapon, with a blade inlaid with gold and a handle incrustated with diamonds, together with a sympathetic intimation that his early death would be regarded as a benefit to the empire in general and to the mikado in particular. The culprit received the sword with all proper respect, but as soon as the emissary had departed, the wily Japanese—in whose mind European habits of thought have evidently taken firm root—walked down to the quay, went on board a mail steamer that was bound for Havre, and upon reaching Paris incontinently sold his sword of honor for £6,000. We never met with a better illustration of the eminently practical nature of the Japanese character. It is exceedingly unlikely that the mikado will ever again trust one of his subjects to execute himself. Still less will his majesty be inclined to favor exalted criminals with jewelled swords. The offices of a lord high executioner will probably be called into requisition instead.

Ghosts of the Orient—New York Mail and Express

I have been in almost every country in the world, and everywhere I have found people who have seen and believed in ghosts. In Western countries, ghosts are generally harmless; but in Asia and Africa they are of a malignant and vicious type. The dread of ghosts is common to all the aboriginal races of India and China, and the only means employed to oppose their rancor and mischievous dispositions is to build shrines for them and to make them offerings. Any severe illness, any epidemic disease, as small-pox, cholera, etc., is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. In India the man tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts, for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services. In China the ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident. Even women who die in child-bed, or wretches who are hanged for their crimes, are believed to have the same power of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by any other violent causes, including poison, disease, lightning, etc. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of his death. Thus the tiger ghost is the ghost of a man killed by a tiger; the snake ghost the ghost of a person who was killed by a snake. In Africa the waddy and lightning ghosts are the most common, but the most dreaded spirit is the Sirocco ghost, which is reputed by the natives an implacable spirit. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshipped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines. The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of fowls, pigs, goats, as well as of flowers and fruits, of the recitation and singing of certain prayers and charms before the different shrines. These charms or prayers are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, for the purpose of compelling the spirits to desist from doing harm or to appear and receive the orders of the performers. After two or three successive performances the ghost is understood to be placated. In India and China the most vindictive spirits are those of women who die in childbirth, and in Africa the dreadful Sirocco ghost.

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

Home in Missouri—H. Cochrane—Toronto Globe

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
 Snug as birds into a nes',
 Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood,
 Like a man mos' allus should;
 Ploughin', weedin', huntin' coon,
 Dinner bell can't ring too soon;
 Gimme my share 'ith the res',
 Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
 An'one asks me why, I sez:—
 Home is home, and blood, I say,
 Is thicker 'n water any day;
 When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
 Like as when yer safe and sound;
 Gimme home and nothing less,
 Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
 Bes' on earth for grub, I guess,
 Liver 'n bacon, pork and greens,
 Fry pertaters, corn an' beans;
 Things is plain and things is good,
 No place kin beat home for food;
 Feel no call to change address,
 Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
 Allus has an' will, sah, yes,
 One harsh word to millium sweet,
 This yere home life cain't be beat;
 Little comferts mount up still,
 Like as how an hour-glass will;
 Laughin' kids in dirty dress,
 Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Dinna Be Sae Sweet—M. N. B.—Boston Globe

If ye wadna hae me reelin'
 Doun the village street,
 Drunk wi' love, pray hae some feelin'—
 Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna hae me linger,
 Fou-like, at your feet,
 Worshippin' your little finger,
 Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna hae me hover
 Round the mercy seat;
 If ye wadna hae a lover,
 Dinna be sae sweet!

If ye wadna haunt my fancy,
 Dinna be sae neat—
 Dinna be yoursel, my Nancy,
 Dinna be sae sweet!

"Hullo"—S. W. Foss—Yankee Blade

W'en you see a man in woe
 Walk right up and say "hullo!"
 Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
 "How's the world a-usin' you?"
 Slap the fellow on his back,
 Bring yer han' down with a whack;
 Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
 Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"
 Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
 Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
 Rags is but a cotton roll
 Jest for wroppin' up a soul;
 An' a soul is worth a true,
 Hale, an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
 Don't wait for the crowd to go,
 Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
 They saloot an' sail away.
 Jest the same are you an' me—
 Lonesome ships upon a sea;
 Each one sailing his own jog
 For a port beyond the fog.
 Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
 Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"
 Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
 Other folks are good as you.
 W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
 Wanderin' in the far-away,
 W'en you travel through the strange
 Country t'other side the range,
 Then the souls you've cheered will know
 Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

Throwing the Wanga—M. E. M. Davis—Harper's Weekly

A St. John's Day superstition.
Skrill over dark blue Pontchartrain
It comes and goes, the weird refrain,
Wanga! wanga!

The trackless swamp is thick with cries
Of noisome things that dip and rise
On night-grown wings; and in the deep
Dark pools the monstrous forms that sleep
Inert by day uplift their heads.
The zela flower its poison sheds
Upon the warm and languorous air;
The lak-vine weaves its noxious snare;
The wide palmetto leaves are stirred
By venomed breathings, faintly heard
Across the still, star-lighted night.
Her lonely spice-fed fire, alight
Upon the black swamp's utmost rim,
Now spreads and flares, now smoulders dim;
And at her feet they curl and break,
The dark blue waters of the lake.
Her arms are wild above her head—
Old withered arms, whose charm has fled.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
 You is slim an' straight ez a saplin'
 Dat grows by de bayou's aide;
 You is brown an' sleek ez a young Bob White
 Whar hides in de yaller sedge.
 Yo' eyes is black an' shiny,
 An' quick ez de lightnin' flash;
 You wuz bawn in de time er freedom,
 An' never is felt de lash.
 —Me, I kin th'ow wanga!
Her dusky face is wracked and seamed,
That once like ebon marble gleamed.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
 You is spry on yo' foot ez de jay-bird
 Whar totes de debble his san';
 You kin tole de buckra to yo' side
 By the turnin' o' yo' han'.
 Yo' ways is sweet ez de sugar
 You put in yo' pralines,
 When de orange flower on de banquette draps,
 An' de pistache-nut is green,
 —Me, I kin th'ow wanga!
Her knotted shoulders, brown and bare,
The deathless scars of slavehood wear.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
 You is crope lak a thief to de do'-yard
 When de moon wuz shinin' high,
 An' you stole de ole man' heart erway
 Wid de laughin' in yo' eye.

My ole man!—de chillun's daddy!—
We is hoed de cotton row
An' shucked de corn-shuck side by side
Fer forty year an' mo'!

—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!
*The flames that leap about her feet
Burn with a perfume strange and sweet.*

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis' yo'se'f in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Twis' yo'se'f when de fiddle talks
Fer de las' endurin' time.

Den was'e ter de bone in de midnight,
In de mawnin' was'e erway;
Bu'n wid heat in de winter-time,
An' shiver de hottes' day—
Wanga! wanga!

Oh, de cabin at de quarter in de old plantation days,
Wid de garden patch behin' it an' de gode-vine by de do',
An' de do'-yard sot wid roses, whar de chillun runs and plays,
An' de streak o' sunshine, yaller lak, er-slantin' on de flo'!

We wuz young an' lakly niggers when de ole man fotch me home.
Ole Mis' she gin de weddin', an' young Mis' she dress de bride!
He say he gwineter love me twel de time o' kingdom come,
An' forty year an' uperds we is trabble side by side!

But ole Mars' wuz killed at Shiloh, an' young Mars' at Wilderness;
Ole Mis' is in de graveyard, wid young Mis' by her side,
An' all er we'all's fambly is scattered eas' an' wes',
An' de gode-vine by de cabin do' an' de roses all has died!

My chillun dey is scattered too, an' some is onder groun'.
Hit wuz forty year an' uperds we is trabble, him an' me!
Ole Mis', whar is de glory o' de freedom I is foun' ?
De ole man he is lef' me fer de young eyes o' Zizi!

*Her arms are wild above her head,
The softness from her voice has fled.*

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
Twis' yo'se'f in de coonjine
Lak a moccasin in de slime;
Kunjur de ole man wid yo' eye
Fer de las' endurin' time!

Den cry an' mo'n in de mawnin',
In de midnight mo'n an' cry,
Twel de debble has you, han' an' foot,
Den stretch yo'se'f an' die!—
Wanga! wanga!

Penelope's Letter—Howard Seeley—Texas Siftings

I reckon I'll write you a letter,
I'm left all alone at the ranch,
Only me and my dear Gordon setter,
You sent me, are here on the branch;
Papa—he's down lawin' at Wily's,
Of course, you'll keep this very mum,
But when lawin's right smart at Jim Wily's,
It's more than half whiskey and rum.

The moon is too lovely to-night, Faye,
It streams down and freckles my page
With the leaves of the live oak so light, Faye,
They are all of a tremble from age;
But the moon is cold company, Fayette,
And an owl, over on the divide,
Reminded me so—shall I say it?—
Of you, I jest broke down and cried.

And how is the hand I thought risky
From snake bite, when tin cup, and spoon,
And all of our extry proof whiskey,
At last, got you drunk as a loon?

Onder yo' fla'ntin' tignon
De red-hot beetles crawl,
Wid claws dat sco'ch inter de meat,
An' mek de blood-drops fall!

Over yo' bed de screech-owl
In de midnight screech an' cry!
Den kiver yo' head, Creole Zizi—
Den kiver yo' head an' die—
Wanga! wanga!

*Her voice is hushed, she crouches low
Above the embers' flickering glow.
The swamp wind wakes, and many a thing
Unnamed flits by on furry wing;
They brush her cheeks unfelt; she hears
The far-off songs of other years.*

*Her eyes grow tender as she sways
And croons above the dying blazz.*

It made papa look rather sadly,
And he keeps it no more on the shelf.
He's bit pretty reg'lar and badly,
But gener'ly doctors himself.

The family—they are jest tol'ble;
The jackrabbit's plumb off his feed;
The prairie-dog's dreadfully vol'ble;
And the dove—he's agoing to seed
And "Flo," I believe, has consumption—
That dog has a horrible cough,
And when took, she has so little gumption,
I'm afraid that her head will come off.

But the health of jest two is surpassin';
The mock bird's so chipper to-night,
A-singin' by moonlight and sassin',
It's all I can do here to write;
And the owlet—he's doin' right nicely,
And his eyes are so deep and so true.
Sometimes I declare he's precisely—
Precisely the image of you.

And the appetite of thet young hooter!
I never did see such a bird,
One night he attacked my six-shooter,
Now, wasn't thet highly absurd?
He does nothin' but keep Quaker meetin'
As solemn as Moses and wink,
And he's always a-sleepin' or eatin',
And when it ain't either—it's *think*.

But I wish you'd come down and see—papa,
Sometimes I'm so lonely and blue;
And when the dumb ager's got papa—
He's rather monotonous too;
And my sheep—indeed, Faye, they're no better;
And my lambs—dear! I'm falling asleep;
Adios! to this dreadful long letter,
From your own little, "Lone Star Bo-peep."

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

The Flight of Birds and Insects—St. James' Gazette

Few questions in natural history are so fascinating as that which concerns the power and speed of flight of birds and insects, and none yields more startling results. Of all British birds none is so beautiful or so secluded in its habits as the kingfisher. Its low arrow-like flight, as it darts like a streak of azure, green, and gold, is familiar to every angler. He hears it far down stream; it comes under the old ivied bridge, passes like a flash, and is gone—how quickly a correspondent has been fortunate enough to find out, or at least approximately. He was travelling on the Great Western Railway, which between Pangbourne and Reading runs parallel with and close to the Thames. As the train approached the river, a kingfisher started from the bank and flew along the river for nearly a mile. Mr. George Rooper watched it the whole distance, and its relative position with the window never varied a yard, the bird flying at exactly the same pace at which the train travelled, and which the observer had just previously ascertained to be fifty-five miles an hour. This is about half the speed at which the eider duck flies, as, when fairly on the wing, it makes upward of 120 miles an hour. The rapidity with which all birds of the plover kind fly is well known, and golden plover have been seen midway between Hawaii and the mainland. An officer in Donald Currie's line recently brought home with him a specimen of the St. Helen wax bill which he caught when on watch on the bridge of the Grantully Castle. At the time the nearest land was distant 1,000 miles, and the captive was so distressed that it allowed the officer to capture it. The power of pigeons on the wing is proverbial. In 1850, on the 6th of October, Sir John Ross despatched a pair of young pigeons from Assistance Bay, a little west of Wellington Sound, and on the 13th of October a pigeon made its appearance at the dovecot in Ayrshire, Scotland, from whence Sir John had the two pairs he took out. The distance direct between the two places is 2,000 miles. An instance is on record of a pigeon flying twenty-three miles in eleven minutes; and another flew from Rouen to Ghent—150 miles—in an hour and a half. An interesting incident of flight is that of a pigeon which in 1845 fell wounded and exhausted at Vauxhall Station, then the terminus of the Southwestern Railway. It bore a message to the effect that it was one of three despatched to the Duke of Wellington from Ichaboe Island, 2,000 miles away. The message was immediately sent on to his Grace, and by him acknowledged. In a pigeon competition some years ago the winning bird flew from Ventnor to Manchester—208 miles—at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. The following is still more interesting, as it entailed a race between birds and insects. A pigeon fancier of Hamme, in Westphalia, made a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cote from the same distance. The competitors were given wing at Rhynhern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee finished a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon; three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon; the main body of both detachments finishing almost simultaneously an instant or two later. The bees, too, may be said to have been handicapped in the race, having been rolled in flour before starting, for purposes of identification.

Birds of prey, with their scythe-like sweep of wing, are not less remarkable for swiftness than long-sustained flight. Many of the falcons attain to a hundred and fifty miles an hour; while a peregrine which belonged to Henry IV. of France escaped from Fontainebleau, and in twenty-four hours after was found at Malta, a distance of not less than 1,530 miles—a velocity of nearly sixty-seven miles an hour, supposing the falcon to have been unceasingly on the wing. But as such birds never fly by night, and allowing the day to be at the longest, its flight was perhaps equal to seventy-five miles an hour. The best speed of a railway train is only a little more than half the velocity of the golden eagle, the flight of which often attains to the rate of 140 miles an hour. Of all birds, the condor mounts the highest into the atmosphere. Humboldt describes the flight of this bird in the Andes to be at least 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. Upon one occasion a falcon was observed to cut a snipe in two, with such strength and speed did it strike down its prey. Sparrow hawks and merlins have not unfrequently been known to crash through thick plate-glass windows in pursuit of prey or at caged birds. Swallows were long supposed to be the fastest birds that fly; but this is by no means the case. They attain to an immense speed in their rushes, but are among the most fatigable of birds. There is a well-authenticated instance of a swallow having flown twenty miles in thirteen minutes. The speed of a swallow flying straight and swift is about ninety-two miles an hour; its ordinary course sixty miles. The swift easily attains to 200 miles, and seems quite tireless on the wing. The Hobby falcon, which is a summer migrant to Britain, hawks for dragon flies—among the swiftest of insects—which it seizes with the foot and devours in the air. It also kills swifts, larks, doves, and (in Bulgaria) more rarely, bee-birds. Leeuwenhoek relates an exciting chase, which he beheld in a menagerie about 100 feet long, between a swallow and a dragon fly (Morella). The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled with such address that the swallow, notwithstanding its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it. Chabrier states that the male of the silkworm moth travels upward of 100 miles a day, and it has been computed that the common house fly, in ordinary flight, makes 600 strokes per second, and advances twenty-five feet; but that rate of speed, if the insect be alarmed, may be increased six or seven fold, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip the fleetest race-horse. Every one, when riding on a warm summer day, must have been struck with the crowd of flies which buzz about his horse's ears, even when the animal is urged to its fastest pace, and it is no uncommon thing to see a bee or wasp endeavoring to get in at the window of a railway train in full motion. If a small insect like a fly can outstrip a race-horse, an insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon ball. Of all birds, the albatross has, perhaps, the most extended powers of flight. It has been known to follow a vessel for several successive days without once touching the water, except to pick out food, and even then it does not settle. In describing the flight of this bird from personal observation, Capt. Hutton writes as follows: "The flight of the albatross is truly majestic, as with outstretched motionless wings he sails over the surface of the sea—now ris-

ing high in the air, now with a bold sweep and wings inclined at an angle with the horizon, descending until the tip of the lower one all but touches the crests of the waves as he skims over them. I have sometimes watched narrowly one of these birds sailing and wheeling about in all directions for more than an hour without seeing the slightest movement of the wings, and have never witnessed anything to equal the ease and grace of this bird as he sweeps past, often within a few yards—every part of his body perfectly motionless except the head and eye, which turn slowly and seem to take notice of everything. "Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow. Even in its very motion there was rest."

A 'Possum Farm—E. W. B.—Atlanta Constitution

Have you ever seen a 'possum farm? If you have not take the first train and come to Griffin. You will never regret it. A few miles west of Griffin is the home of Mr. William Throckmorton. Mr. Throckmorton is the proprietor of the most unique and remunerative farm in Georgia. It is the "Lime Creek 'Possum farm." On the very crest of a well-wooded hill is a comfortable cottage surrounded by beautiful shade trees. At the foot of the hill is a pretty branch, running through the very centre of a ten-acre persimmon grove inclosed within a high board fence. The persimmon trees are interspersed with a quantity of old hollow trees and hollow logs planted in the ground. This is the 'Possum Farm. It was in the early afternoon when we arrived, and to the uninitiated the farm appeared to be an immense fruit orchard bearing an oblong whitish sort of fruit hanging from the dead limbs of the trees by a long, black stem. But appearances were deceptive. It was not fruit, but between seven and eight hundred 'possums taking their afternoon siesta. The 'possum, when desiring to take a nap, simply climbs the most convenient tree, walks out on a limb, wraps his tail one and a half times around and swings his body out into space. His legs and feet are drawn close in to his body and his head drawn up between his shoulders until he forms an almost perfect ball and appears to be a great pear covered with white fur. The sun was setting below the distant pine mountains and we were still gazing at the queer objects in amused wonder, when a half-dozen little 'possums emerged from the pocket of their mother, ran up her tail and commenced playing on the limb above. In a few minutes this marsupial stretched her head and then her fore feet out. She swung herself once or twice, grabbed her tail with her forepaws and climbed up it to the limb, which she caught with her claws, untwisted her tail and pulled it up. Hardly had she balanced herself when the half-dozen young ones climbed into her pocket and were hid from view. She then climbed down the tree. While this was going on, more than seven hundred others had awakened and were coming down from the trees. Reaching the ground each one made for the creek, drank, and then ran up the hill to a pen in which they were to be fed. They were of all sizes. Some would barely weigh a half pound, while others would tip the scales at thirty. The 'possum, when hungry, utters a sound which is a cross between a mew and a moan. Over seven hundred 'possums were together so thick that the ground could not be seen between them, and the small ones had been forced upon the backs of the larger. All were uttering this peculiar sound, when through a gate a negro pushed a wheelbarrow, heaping full of all kinds of trash and slops—consisting of fruit peelings, vegetables, meat, bones and bread. As he hove in sight, the scene among the 'possums reminded

one of feeding time in a menagerie. The little ugly animals screamed and scratched and bit at one another, until the negro had scattered the contents of the wheelbarrow over the ground. Then, although it was well scattered, all wanted to eat in one place, just like hogs, and there was considerable more scratching and biting. But this did not last long, for the rations were soon consumed by the great drove of 'possums, and they commenced to disperse, seemingly contented, and this time climbed the persimmon trees. During the persimmon season the 'possums are not fed at all, for it is on this fruit they become rolling fat and ready for market. Mr. Throckmorton will probably ship five hundred to eastern points and the cities throughout Georgia this winter. They will average him one dollar each, and he makes quite a good thing out of it, as they are practically no expense. In shipping to Atlanta and Georgia points they are generally dressed, but the majority go to Washington and are shipped there alive. The large shipments to Washington are perhaps due to the average Southern congressman's fondness for baked 'possum and 'taters. Congressman Stewart, who comes from Griffin, and Congressman Barnes, of Augusta, are perhaps the most inveterate 'possum eaters in Congress, and it has already leaked out that these two distinguished Georgians have ordered two dozen of Mr. Throckmorton's finest and a couple of bushels of sweet potatoes to be sent to them at the Metropolitan hotel next Christmas. It is supposed they intend giving an old-fashioned Georgia 'possum bake, complimentary to the democratic minority.

Tragedy in Animal Life—New York Evening Sun

Early morning pedestrians in the City Hall Park were surprised to see a handsome female stranger skipping over the lawn. Every now and then the stranger would dart from the ground through the trees, uttering a sweet low note, as though calling for a lost mate. There was no response, however, and although bedecked in all the colors of the rainbow, the stranger had a dejected air. She was evidently in search of her truant husband, who had left the land of the sweet magnolia. Sporting in far off tropical America little did the stranger dream that in her wanderings she would fall among English thugs and meet the fate of a common felon. But such was her fate, and in a land, too, noted for its philanthropists and its Inspector Byrnes. The coming of the stranger was viewed with alarm by the dingy, ill-dressed colony of English sparrows who have pre-empted City Hall Park. The green-eyed monster took possession of them and they watched the bird with the gorgeous plumage with no friendly gaze. Suddenly there was a great chattering among the English thugs. Embassadors were sent in every direction for recruits, who quickly answered the call of the ringleader. In less time than it takes to tell it fifty sparrows congregated in one corner of the green lawn and the chattering among them became of a most exciting nature. The stranger was unquestionably the cause of their unusual excitement. All this time the little stranger darted through the few remaining trees in the Park and uttered a plaintive note, the melody of which was in strong contrast with the angry chirping of the English pirates. From the topmost limb of a stately elm she sailed down to the lawn again. As she did so the chatter among the sparrows ceased, and they began to circle around the unknown bird. The circle grew smaller and smaller until it was about ten feet in circumference. Then came a moment of suspense. The strange bird for the first time realized that the sparrows meant mischief. Uttering a sound of alarm she

suddenly darted upward. As she did so the sparrows, like a band of wild savages, dashed at the lonely bird, and a desperate battle ensued. The beautiful raiment of the stranger flew in every direction. Her eyes were plucked from her plumed head, and she dropped to the ground. Here the unequal battle had lasted but a few moments when the writer rushed to her assistance. Life was slowly ebbing away. A tremulous quivering of the body, a twitching of the legs, a quick, short gasp, and the fairest and handsomest feathered stranger on Manhattan Island breathed her last. She was murdered by jealous English thugs. She came here looking for her mate, but met an untimely death. Some said she was a Southern rat bird, but a well-known ornithologist said he had never seen the species before.

* * * * *

There was an exciting time at Reiche's animal store, Park row, this morning. Two or three days ago Mr. Reiche received a large invoice of snakes from South America. There were snakes of all kinds, big and little, in the lot, and among them were several great boa constrictors. One of the latter was fully twenty feet in length and as big around as a man's leg. Having been boxed up for many weeks with nothing whatever to eat the snakes were naturally hungry. The warm weather had made them lively, too, and when a boa constrictor is both hungry and lively he is a dangerous fellow to handle. The men employed at the store, however, are so used to handling dangerous animals that they have become a little reckless, and so this morning when they were transferring the snakes to new quarters in the yard of the establishment they were not quite so careful as they should have been, perhaps. At any rate they let one of the snakes get away. He was the big twenty-foot boa, too. Now the only way to handle one of those big South American snakes when he is lively and feeling good is to grab him around the neck close to the head. It takes an expert to do this without being bitten, especially when his snakeship is crawling around at a lightning gait in a small yard full of boxes and cages. When, therefore, the snake began his tour of inspection in the yard none of the men was particularly anxious to tackle him. He was too big and wicked looking to be approached with impunity. And then he went squirming and wriggling around at such a rapid rate that it was next to impossible to get the proper hold on his neck. In one corner of the yard, chained to a post, was a little pet monkey, such as the organ grinders used to employ as cashiers before Mayor Hewitt emancipated them. He was a mild little monkey and a very good-natured one, and the men about the place looked upon him as a friend and a brother. He had been in the yard for nearly six months and was well used to the sight of the many wild animals which make the place a sort of a road house between their native wilds and the various menageries and zoölogical gardens to which they are destined. But the little monkey, who was known as Chestnuts, was not at all used to seeing 20-foot boa constrictors roaming around in the inclosure at their own sweet will. At first he surveyed the big snake with curiosity and astonishment plainly depicted upon his funny little old face. As the snake made a bee line for him, however, this expression quickly gave way to one of terror, and the monkey made a dive behind a box which stood near. Being out of sight of the snake, he evidently thought that he was safe. He was mistaken. The snake had seen him, and, having been brought up mainly upon monkey meat, considered him his lawful prey.

With lightning rapidity he drew his huge length across the yard, swung his head like a flash around the corner of the box, and seized the terror-stricken monkey's head in his capacious jaws. For a moment the monkey and snake were flying about the corner in a confused jumble, but the monkey soon ceased to struggle, and the great serpent wound itself about him and crushed him until half the bones in his body were broken. When the men saw that the boa constrictor had seized the monkey's head they knew that it would be useless to try to rescue him, so they allowed the snake to have his meal in peace. One of them daringly cut the leather strap loose from the monkey's neck, as he did not think the chain to which it was fastened would be good for the snake's digestive organs. As soon as this was done the boa began to swallow the monkey whole. It wasn't a particularly pleasant sight, but it was a decidedly interesting one. The big reptile's jaws stretched until it seemed as if they must tear loose from each other, and then, with a slow, steady movement, he literally crawled over the monkey. Slowly but surely the whilom lively little Chestnuts was absorbed. The monkey's body didn't move from one spot more than perhaps two or three inches all the time it was being swallowed. The boa drew himself over it like a huge glove. The swallowing operation lasted fully twenty minutes, not counting the monkey's tail, which was a long one. This didn't disappear for at least ten minutes after the monkey proper had been devoured. When the boa constrictor was lifted into his new quarters, there was a large lump in him about four or five feet from his head.

In A Leopard's Den—"Days and Nights in the Desert"

One day, while looking out for bok, Cigar came across the spoor of a leopard, a beast far more cunning and dangerous than a lion. The Hottentot's gun was an old flint-lock musket, which did not always go off. But he was nearly out of ammunition, and the leopard's skin would buy him a trade-bag of powder; so he followed the leopard's spoor from stone to brush, and from stump to tree. The chase was a long one and led the hunter to a rocky ravine, where the tracking would have been difficult and dangerous had not a pack of baboons unexpectedly come to his aid. When the baboons discovered their enemy stealthily creeping among the rocks, they followed at a safe distance, howling out their rage and hatred. Cigar heard the cries and made for an elevated rock, whence he saw the leopard ascend the opposite side of the ravine and enter a cleft in the rocks. Knowing that the leopard had gone into her den, Cigar selected a hiding-place within easy range of the ledge on which the cave opened, and waited for the animal to come out. As soon as the baboons began to howl the leopard came forth from her den, followed by two cubs about twelve weeks old. Thereupon the baboons forsook the Hottentot, and directed their attention to the leopard, who had extended herself upon the ledge, and lay on her side, in order that the cubs might more easily take their food. Cigar having taken time for a steady aim at her heart, fired, and the beast rolled over on her back dead. The cubs ran into the cave and the baboons scuttled up the rocks. Cigar ran to the ledge, skinned the leopard, kicked the carcass into the ravine, and then considered how he should secure the cubs alive. The interior of the cave was dark, and low in the roof, but smooth on the floor, which was thickly covered with sand. Cigar crawled on his stomach to the end of the cave, where he groped about and soon touched a spitting and hissing cub. With much trouble and many scratches and bites,

he secured it and brought it out into the daylight, where he left it lying on the ledge with its four feet tied together. On re-entering the cave, Cigar took with him his loaded musket, thinking that the father might return and discover him rifling his home. The second cub had squeezed itself into such a deep crack that it took the Hottentot half an hour to draw it out. While tying its feet, the little light failed, all was dark within. There could be but one cause for the darkness, and the Hottentot prepared for the fight that must end in the death of hunter or leopard, or of both. He knew, even in the darkness, where his foe was, for the leopard's eyes glowed like balls of fire. The roof was so low that the animal could not spring upon the hunter, and it had to advance slowly, stretching out its body to its full length. Anxiously Cigar took aim; the report answered the snapping of the lock; the leopard was struggling in front of the man. The Hottentot reloaded his gun—a slow process on account of the constrained position—and then, knowing that the wounded beast was struggling toward him, shoved forward the musket. Its muzzle touched the leopard's body. Cigar pushed the gun, and pressed the trigger. There was a stunning report and then all was still. He had won. It took him a long time to crawl over the dead beast, so closely was it wedged in the passage, and a longer time to draw out the carcass. His first shot had smashed the animal's lower jaw, and the second had entered the chest and passed along the spine to the root of the tail, where it lodged. The brave hunter sold the cubs and the skins to a party of English gentlemen, for nearly fifty dollars in trade and cash.

The Enormous Malay Bisons—The London Field

His Highness the Sultan of Pahang, in the Malay Peninsula, can claim to have introduced a decidedly novel feature into Oriental sport since he has just brought his great bison kraal to a successful issue. The bison of the Malay Peninsula, called *s'ladang* by the Malays, corresponds almost exactly with the Indian gaur, but it has never been decided by naturalists whether it is the true *Gavæus gaurus* or not, as it is seldom shot or caught, and the few trophies existing are imperfect and do not afford conclusive evidence. They are magnificent beasts of great size, but shy in the extreme and excessively fierce. They usually go about in herds of from half a dozen to a score, sometimes singly, and occasionally in couples, in the steep, densely wooded hills, and rarely issuing from their seclusion except at night. The Sultan, who usually resides at Pekan, the capital of Pahang, removed to Pulan Tawer in the end of February, accompanied by about 1,000 men, and immediately set them to work to build a strong fence along the edge of the river so as to inclose the entire promontory, except that part in connection with the mainland, which was to be left undisturbed until the herd were found to have entered of their own accord, which they were expected to do about the end of April. However, there was consternation and confusion in the camp when at daybreak April 6th it was discovered that a large herd of bisons had found their way on to the promontory during the night and still remained there. Only about a mile of the barricade had been completed, and there remained another mile and a half to be done before the beasts could be surrounded. The whole force of men, which had been steadily increasing in numbers, and now amounted to over 1,500, were immediately put on to complete the fence, which they succeeded in doing by nightfall, to the surprise of every one, including themselves. The bison were now safe inside. In one corner

of the kraal, some fifty yards from the river, and well above it, a smaller inclosure, about 20 yards square, was constructed, and into this, after considerable difficulty, the entire herd, numbering twenty-four head, was driven. Terrified by the noise of the beaters, and wild with fear, the great creatures appeared almost mad, and rushed about attacking each other with indescribable fury. They continued to charge and fight like demons, amid the yells and cheers of the excited crowd, until at nightfall ten of the noble beasts lay dead or dying. Two more succumbed during the night, and it was a pitiable sight next morning to see the twelve survivors all jaded and gory—utterly exhausted but still vicious and game. Four of the slain—two bulls and two cows—measured eighteen hands and over in height at the dorsal ridge. One huge bull, the largest of all, who is still living, must measure eighteen hands three inches. Large covered bamboo rafts were constructed, and some of the bisons have been driven on board these and sent down to Pekan, a distance of 150 miles; the others will follow in due course. At the time of writing a large cow and two smaller ones are at Pekan. The large cow, which was presented to the Resident, has been generously offered to the Singapore Museum, and is now being skinned and prepared prior to being set up there. Another has been presented to the Governor, and is now on its way to Singapore alive. The large cow measures eighteen hands one inch at the dorsal ridge and sixteen hands three inches in height at the shoulder. It is to be hoped that the bison will now be identified, so as to definitely settle the vexed question as to whether the Malay bison and Indian gaur are the same species. Two tigers were caught in the kraal, but both made their escape. Several deer and pigs, however, were successfully captured. It was intended to send one or two of the live bisons to England, if possible, as one has never been seen there. However, there is but little chance of their either living in captivity or standing the voyage. This is believed to be the first large bison kraal on record.

A Plague of Tigers in Java—Allen's Indian Mail

According to the administration report of Java recently laid before the Dutch Chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the south-west of the Bantam province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have now become an intolerable pest in parts of the same province. The total population is about 600,000, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people, it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the villages most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by Government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears, also, that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstition, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns and other fire-arms were always very rare in this particular district, and, since a rising a few years ago, have been taken away by the authorities altogether, leaving the natives helpless.

PRATTLE-CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

Peter Noddy—D. W. Morehead—Mail and Express

Peter Noddy comes at night,
Down the chimney, so they say,
Sews our eyelids fast and tight
Till the break of day.
And never yet has anybody
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair
By the fire, to watch for him,
But he took me unware
In the shadows dim,
And before my eyes would view him,
He had popped his needle through them.

Is his thread a moonbeam white,
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?
Or, perhaps he tears the slight
Spiderwebs asunder,
And from out their glossy shreds,
Twines and spins his lissome threads.

And his fingers are so deft,
And his needle is so keen,
Not a scar or mark is left,
Where its point has been.
So he comes and so he goes,
Whence or whither, no one knows.

A Little Girl's Petticoat—M. N. B.—Boston Globe

Gladys has got a gay little new petticoat.
Oh, yes, she has! I am telling you true;
Gladys has got a sweet pretty new petticoat,
Just matching her two bonny bright eyes of blue.

Gladys has had, oh, full many a petticoat,
Beruffled, betucked and befeatherstitched, too;
But what's a white commonplace everyday petticoat
Beside this miraculous marvel of blue?

Gladys sits cuddling her dainty dear petticoat,
Dandling it now and now hiding from view;
Singing a lullaby, laughing for love of it,
As though 't were a live thing, this beauty of blue!

Gladys looks up from her precious new petticoat—
Up at the sky of the self-same clear hue;
Then she is sure some one's cut a piece out of it,
To make little Gladys a petticoat blue.

Gladys asks papa who gave her new petticoat—
Was it Aunt Minnie, Aunt Dora or Lu?
Nobody knows, and the little girl guesses then
That God must have sent her that petticoat blue.

A Slumber Song—Meredith Nicholson—Indianapolis Jour.

Baby, you stand by a gate that leads
Into a land of dreams;
There's a drowsy watchman here who heeds
Never the straggling gleams
Of light that stray from the far-off sun—
Always for him its twinkling begun—
And we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Little one, hear what the stream sings of
Here in this quiet land;
It sings of the joy of mother love—
Sings to birds in the sand—
To the strange, tall birds, with dreamy eyes,
That look at you, dear, in mute surprise,
While we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

If you open the gate no one will know;
The guard will never guess.
You must open it gently, slowly—so!
No one has heard, unless
Those dreamful birds, or the dreamland sheep,
Heard you stealing through their land of sleep
While I stood by the gate,
To watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Oh, strange are the birds and the sheep that dwell
Here in the land of dreams!
But you must not see, and you must not tell,
However strange it seems,
Or they'll never let you in again,
And it would not please you, baby, then,
Just to stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Little Moccasined Feet—F. W. Lee—Philadelphia Times

Two little moccasined feet I heard—
Heard while I reveled in fancies quaint—
Treading unsteadily through the room,
Pattering soft in the twilight's gloom
There by the door. As the curtain stirred,
Soft came the sound of her laughter faint—
Clear as the ring of the tinkling chain,
Sweet as the nightingale's sweetest strain.

Two little moccasined feet that brought
Thoughts I'd been seeking an hour or more;
Seeking in vain, for my fickle muse,
True to her sex would her gifts refuse.
Giving the caller the smile she sought,
Kissing her flower lips o'er and e'er,
Up to my lap then I lifted her—
Muse who inspired without demur.

Wonderful moccasined feet were they,
Guiding me into Elysian fields;
Wonderful, too, was that baby hand,
Leading me hither to fairy land;
Potent as well were her eyes blue gray,
Casting the spell that a siren wilds.
Where was there ever a muse like this,
Bringing a charm with her baby kiss?

Two little moccasined feet—ah, me!
Where will they stray in the coming years?
Shall it be into a time less fair,
Marring her life with a cloud of care?
God give her strength for what is to be,
Robbing her sky of its rain of tears,
Leading the trend of her simple life
Far from the world and its vulgar strife.

Good-Morning and Good-Night—R. E. Angel—St. Nicholas

Good-Morning peeped over her eastern gate,
To see if the children were up;
And laughed at a bumblebee coming home late,
Who was caught in a hollyhock cup.
Good-Morning has eyes like the glint of the skies
When they're bright as the sun and the stars mixed together,
And her lips are so sweet, and her steps are so fleet,
She can dance like a thistle down, fly like a feather.
You "never have seen her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
What a dull little sleepy-head you must be!

Good-Morning can sing like a brook or a bird;
She knows where the fairies all hide;
Some folk, hard of hearing, say they never have heard
Her sing, though they often have tried.
Good-Morning has hair made of sunshine so rare,
The elves tried to steal it to weave in the weather;

Which made her afraid, the bonny wee maid,
 To swing on the gate many minutes together.
 You "never have seen her?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
 What a cross, lazy lie-abled you must be!

Good-Night is her neighbor, a dear little sou,
 Who swings in a hammock, and not on a gate.
 She half shuts her eyes with a great yawn, so droll,
 It would make an owl laugh, I will venture to state.
 Good-Night always brings the most wonderful things,
 To hide in the children's beds, glittering and gleaming!
 Such tales she can tell, and she tells them so well,
 You could listen all night, and believe you were dreaming!
 You "never have heard her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
 What a small naughty wide-awake you must be!

Good-Night has a house full of beautiful toys,
 That she keeps for the children,—no growa folks are there;
 And she carries them off, the wee girlies and boys,
 To her magical palace, and, oh, how they stare!
 Good-Night never frowns when she sees the white gowns
 Come trooping to beg for more stories,—the dear!—
 But with kisses and smiles the time she beguiles,
 And bids them to come again soon,—do you hear?
 You "never have been there?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
 What a very sad, grown-up young chick you must be!

Mother's Boy—Emma C. Dowd—Harper's Young People

Two little clinging velvety arms;
 Two little hands with rose-leaf palms;
 Two brown eyes, in whose clear deeps
 The brook's own sunshine laughs and leaps;
 Two little ears like pink-white shells;
 A snowy chin where a dimple dwells;
 A dainty nose; two peach-bloom cheeks;
 A red-lipped mouth that soft words speaks;
 A brow reflecting the soul within,
 Untouched by sorrow, unmarked by sin;
 A crown of curls whose traceries hold
 The chestnut's warmth and the sunbeam's gold;
 A rounded body; two rosy limbs;
 A voice like notes from cathedral hymns;
 Two restless feet and a laugh of joy.
 What is the total?—mother's boy.

The Nursery at Night—Philadelphia Record

The day is done and in their cozy nest
 The rosy darlings lie in perfect rest;
 Their shining tresses softly straying o'er
 Those dimpled cheeks which we may kiss once more
 Before we go; but let the kiss be light.
 Good-night, sweet slumberers; Good-night, good-night!

Anon we see a smile all gently play
 O'er a sweet face, then slowly die away;
 The little brain with fairy fancies teems,
 And Flossie wanders in the land of dreams.
 There she will wander till night's shadows flee,
 Good-night, little one, God guardeth thee.

She sees serener sunlight, fairer flowers,
 And bluer skies than grace this world of ours,
 As down the silent slopes of shadow land
 Again she glides, her hoop in eager hand,
 Or may a mythic butterfly pursue.
 Good-night, my pretty one, till morn. Adieu.

Truth About Little Bo-Peep—C. M. S.—Pittsburg Bulletin

Oh, little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep,
 And didn't know where to find 'em;
 Oh, leave 'em alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind 'em.

Now, if little Bo-Peep had watched her sheep,
 She wouldn't have had to rue it;
 Alas, what a shame! that a maid with a name
 So pretty as this, could do it!

But little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
 And that is the truth of the matter;
 And all of the sheep of little Bo-Peep
 Concluded that they would scatter.

So little Bo-Peep lay down in the deep
 Rich grass, and the blossomed clover;
 While the wind in the trees, and the hum of the bees,
 Sang a lullaby over and over.

Said little Bo-Peep, "I will only sleep
 The tiniest little minute;"
 But a wee little head, on a clover-bed,
 Has lots of queer notions in it.

For little Bo-Peep went fast asleep,
 And that is the truth of the matter;
 And she slept away the livelong day,
 Till the dog came barking at her.

Then little Bo-Peep commenced to weep
 For her sheep—but she couldn't find 'em,
 "Oh, leave 'em alone and they'll come home,"
 Said the wind, "with their tails behind 'em."

So little Bo-Peep saw her lambkins leap
 Again over the waving heather;
 And they stood by the door of the fold once more,
 All huddled up close together.

But, alas! Bo-Peep, for your pretty sleep,
 That a wink or two could sever,
 She had let 'em alone and they had come home,
 But they had no tails whatever!

Mother and Child—Eugene Field—The Chicago News

One night a tiny dew-drop fell
 Into the bosom of a rose;
 "Dear little one, I love thee well—
 Be ever here thy sweet repose!"

Seeing the rose with love bedight,
 The envious sky frowned dark, and then
 Sent forth a messenger of light
 And caught the dew-drop up again.

"Oh, give me back my heavenly child—
 My love!" the rose in anguish cried;
 Alas, the sky triumphant smiled,
 And so the flower, heartbroken, died.

A Bedtime Song—Eben E. Rexford—N. Y. World

Oh, sing a song for bedtime, when wee ones at my knee
 Their little prayers lisp over, and kiss good-night to me.
 Then mother takes her darlings and cuddles them away
 In soft, warm beds to slumber and dream till peep o' day.

Oh, take this kiss to dream of
 With all things sweet and fair.
 May angels guard thy slumber—
 God have thee in His care.

Oh, sing a song for bedtime. The nest upon the bough
 Is rocking in the night-wind, and little birdies now
 Are dreaming as they cuddle against their mother's breast.
 Oh, go to sleep as they do, my nestlings, in thy nest.

Oh, take this kiss to dream of
 With all things sweet and fair,
 May angels guard thy slumber—
 God have thee in His care.

Oh, sing a song for bedtime. I hear far off and sweet,
 Sounds of bells in Sleep-land, where dream-elves' dainty feet
 Are marking off the measures of moments as they go.
 Oh, listen, darlings, listen—how sweet it is, and low.

Oh, take this kiss to dream of
 With all things sweet and fair.
 May angels guard thy slumber—
 God have thee in His care.

Oh, sing a song for bedtime. The wee ones are asleep.
 I bend above their slumber and pray that God will keep
 Their white souls stainless ever, and help me guide their feet
 Into the pleasant pathways where truth and honor meet
 Take mother's kiss to dream of,
 With all things sweet and fair.
 May angels guard thy slumber—
 God have thee in His care.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

Burden Bearers of Martinique—Lafcadio Hearn—Harper's

When you find yourself for the first time, upon some unshadowed day, in the delightful West Indian city of St. Pierre—supposing that you own the sense of poetry, the recollections of a student—there is apt to steal upon your fancy an impression of having seen it all before, ever so long ago, you cannot tell where. The sensation of some happy dream you cannot wholly recall might be compared to this feeling. In the simplicity and solidity of the quaint architecture; in the eccentricity of bright narrow streets all aglow with warm coloring; in the tints of roof and wall, antiquated by streakings and patchings of mould greens and grays; in the startling absence of window-sashes, glass, gas lamps, and chimneys; in the blossom-tenderness of the blue heaven, the splendor of tropic light, and the warmth of the tropic wind—you find less the impression of a scene of to-day than the sensation of something that was and is not. Slowly this feeling strengthens with your pleasure in the colorific radiance of costume; the semi-nudity of passing figures; the puissant shapeliness of torsos ruddily swart like statue metal; the rounded outline of limbs yellow as tropic fruit; the grace of attitude; the unconscious harmony of groupings; the gathering and folding and falling of light robes that oscillate with swaying of free forms; the sculptural symmetry of unshod feet. You look up and down the lemon-tinted streets—down to the dazzling azure brightness of meeting sky and sea; up to the perpetual verdure of mountain woods—wondering at the mellowness of tones, the sharpness of lines in the light, the diaphaneity of colored shadows, always asking memory, "When—where did I see all this long ago?" Then, perhaps, your gaze is suddenly riveted by the vast and solemn beauty of the verdant violet-shaded mass of the dead volcano, high-towering above the town, visible from all its ways, and umbraged, maybe, with thinnest curlings of cloud, like spectres of its ancient smoking to heaven. And all at once the secret of your dream is revealed, with the rising of many a luminous memory—dreams of the Idyllists, flowers of old Sicilian song, fancies limned upon Pompeian walls. For a moment the illusion is delicious: you comprehend as never before the charm of a vanished world, the antique life, the story of terra-cottas and graven stones and gracious things exhumed: even the sun is not of to-day, but of twenty centuries gone: thus, and under such a light, walked the women of the elder world. Too soon the hallucination is broken by modern sounds, dissipated by modern sights—rough trolling of sailors descending to their boats, the heavy boom of a packet's signal gun—the passing of an American buggy. Instantly you become aware that the melodious tongue spoken by the passing throng is neither Hellenic nor Roman: only the beautiful childish speech of French slaves. But what slaves were the fathers of this free generation? Your anthropologists, your ethnologists, seem at fault here: the African traits have become transformed; the African characteristics have been so modified within little more than two hundred years—by interblending of blood, by habit, by soil and sun, and all those natural powers which shape the mould of races—that you may look in vain for verification of ethnological assertions. No: this is a special race, peculiar to the island as are the shapes of its peaks—a mountain race, and mountain races are

comely. The erect carriage and steady, swift walk of the women who bear burdens are especially likely to impress the observer; it is the sight of such passers-by which gives, above all, the antique tone and color to his first sensations; and the larger part of the female population of mixed race are practised carriers. Nearly all the transportation of light merchandise, as well as of meats, fruits, vegetables, and food stuffs, to and from the interior, is effected upon human heads. At some of the ports the regular local packets are loaded and unloaded by women and girls, able to carry any trunk or box to its destination. At Fort-de-France the great steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique are entirely coaled by women, who carry the coal on their heads, singing as they come and go in procession of hundreds and the work is done with incredible rapidity. The creole *porteuse*, or female carrier, is certainly one of the most remarkable physical types in the world. At a very early age, perhaps at five years, she learns to carry small articles upon her head. At nine or ten she is able to carry thus a tolerably heavy basket, or a *trait* (a wooden tray with deep outward-sloping sides) containing a weight of from twenty to thirty pounds; and is able to accompany her mother, sister, or cousin on long peddling journeys, walking barefoot twelve and fifteen miles a day. At sixteen or seventeen she is a tall robust girl—lithe, vigorous, tough, all tendon and hard flesh. She carries now a tray or a basket of the largest size, and a burden of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds weight. She can now earn about thirty francs (about six dollars) a month by walking fifty miles a day as an itinerant seller. As a general rule the weight is such that no well-freighted *porteuse* can unassisted either load or unload (*chargé* or *déchargé*, in creole phrase); the effort to do so would burst a blood-vessel, wrench a nerve, rupture a muscle. She cannot even sit down under her burden without risk of breaking her neck: absolute perfection of the balance is necessary for self-preservation. And no one ever refuses to aid a woman to lift or to relieve herself of her burden; you may see the wealthiest merchant, the proudest planter, gladly do it. The meanness of refusing this little kindness has only been imagined in those strange Stories of Devils wherewith the oral and uncollected literature of the creole abounds. Preparing for her journey, the young *màchanne* (marchande) puts on the poorest and briefest chemise in her possession, and the most worn of her light calico robes. She binds a plain *foulard* neatly and closely about her head; and if her hair be long, it is combed back and gathered in a loop behind. Then, with a second foulard of coarser quality, she makes a pad, or, as she calls it, *tôche*, and the soft mass is placed upon her head, over the ornamental foulard. On this the great loaded *trait* is poised. She wears no shoes: the soles of her feet are toughened so as to feel no asperities, and present to sharp pebbles a surface at once yielding and resisting, like a cushion of solid caoutchouc. Besides her load she carries only a canvas purse, tied to her girdle on the right side, and on the left a very small bottle of rum, or white *tafia*—usually the latter, because it is so cheap; for she may not always find the Gouyave Water to drink—the cold clear pure stream conveyed to the fountains of Saint Pierre from the highest mountains by a beautiful and marvellous

plan of hydraulic engineering: she will have to drink betimes the common fountain water of the remoter high-roads, and this may cause dysentery if swallowed without a spoonful of spirits. Therefore she never travels without a little liquor. Lo! she is ready: "*Châgé moin, souplé, ché!*" She bends to lift the end of the heavy *trait*—some one takes the other: it is on her head. Perhaps she winces an instant: the weight is not perfectly balanced; she settles it with her hands, gets it in the exact place. Then, all steady—lithe, light, half naked—away she moves with a long springy step. So even her walk that the burden never sways; yet so rapid her motion that, however good a walker you may fancy yourself to be, you will tire out after a sustained effort of fifteen minutes to follow her up hill. Fifteen minutes!—and she will keep up that pace without slackening—save for a minute to eat and drink at mid-day—for at least eleven hours and forty-two minutes, the briefest length of a West Indian day. Such travel in such a country would be impossible but for the excellent national roads, limestone highways, solid, broad, faultlessly graded, that wind from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, over mountains, over ravines, ascending by zigzags to heights of twenty-five hundred feet, traversing the primeval forests of the interior, now skirting the dizziest precipices, now descending into the loveliest valleys. There are thirty-one of these magnificent routes, with a total length of 488,052 metres (more than 303 miles), whereof the construction required engineering talent of the very highest order, the construction of bridges beyond counting, and devices the most ingenious to provide against dangers of storms, floods, landslips, etc. In every season, in almost every weather, the porteuse makes her journey, never heeding rain, her goods being protected by triple water-proof coverings bound over her *trait*. Happily among her class these fatalities are very rare. Murder for purposes of robbery is not an unknown crime in Martinique, but I am told the porteseuses are never molested. And yet some of these girls carry merchandise to the value of hundreds of francs; and all carry money, the money received for goods sold, often a considerable sum. This immunity may be partly owing to the fact that they travel during the greater part of the year only by day, and usually in company. A very pretty girl is seldom suffered to journey unprotected; she has either a male escort or several experienced and powerful women with her. In the cocoa season, when carriers start from Grande Anse as early as two o'clock in the morning, so as to reach St. Pierre by dawn, they travel in strong companies of twenty or twenty-five, singing on the way. As a general rule the younger girls at all times go two together, keeping step perfectly as a pair of blooded fillies; only the veterans, or women selected for special work by reason of extraordinary physical capabilities, go alone. To the latter class belong certain girls employed by the great bakeries of Fort-de-France and St. Pierre; these are veritable caryatides. They are probably the heaviest-laden of all, carrying baskets of astounding size far up into the mountains before daylight, so as to furnish country families with fresh bread at an early hour; and for this labor they receive about four dollars (twenty francs) a month and one loaf of bread per diem.

Honolulu, Aloha—Geo. A. Sala—Paradise of the Pacific

Land came at last, on the morning of the seventh day after we left San Francisco. Land, first in the guise of jutting headlands and promontories, then of low-lying, undulating chains of hills, glorious in purple

and gold in the rays of the morning sun. We were among the islands of the Hawaiian group, and shortly after one o'clock the good ship Australia was alongside the wharf in the harbor of Honolulu, Aloha! It is a matter of etiquette to be continually crying Aloha! while you are at Honolulu. Not being skilled in the Hawaiian tongue, I am unable to state what may be the exact signification of Aloha; but I take it to be a convertible term for the American "Bully for you;" for the French "On dirait du veau;" for the Italian "Viva la bella famiglia," and for the English "All serene." Honolulu is serenest than ever was the *sarrissima* republic of Venice. It is the loveliest spot that these eyes have yet gazed upon—lovelier than Sorrento, lovelier than Ventnor, lovelier than the view of the Thames from the terrace of the Star and Garter at Richmond, lovelier than Jackson square, New Orleans, by moonlight. Honolulu is a terrestrial paradise, but with, alas, a fell serpent lurking among its loveliness. Aloha! I had some business with his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands, whom I had already had the honor to meet at dinner at Kelly's Lodge, Highgate, at the time when that intelligent monarch was making his voyage round the world, and for whom I was the bearer of some presents from the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The saucy Alameda, which had only distanced us by a few hours, had reported the commissioner of our arrival, and it was an odd and far from unpleasant surprise, as soon as the Australia had come to her moorings, to find her boarded by a number of gentlemen in European dress—as European dress is understood in the vicinity of the tropics—who after violently shaking hands took me at once into abiding custody. I had never seen any of them before, in all probability I shall never see any one of them again, but they were all exceedingly kind; they all seemed to be thoroughly well acquainted with the object of my mission, and they certainly made my four and a half hours' stay in the Sandwich Islands a very happy one. Four and a half hours! I should have liked to stay a month, and I am sure that I had at least half a dozen invitations to "lie over till the next steamer touched, and have a high old time;" but Capt. Ghest was necessarily inexorable. I was due at a certain date at Sydney, so it was impossible to entertain the contingency of lying over and having a high old time. Aloha! So I was amicably jostled into a wagonette in the company—if I remember aright—of an estimable Protestant clergyman, a couple of editors, a sugar planter, and a Governor-General of the Hawaiian kingdom. Whither my friends in the wagonette intended to carry me I am sure I do not know; but it was only after a number of piteous appeals on my part, and meek entreaties that I should be able to liberate my soul from the burden of the presents from the Baroness to the King, that I was temporarily released from custody, or, the rather, handed over to another amicable set of alguazils, who shunted me, so to speak, into a buggy drawn by two high-spirited horses, and driven by a full-bearded gentleman of unmistakably American extraction, in which vehicle I was conveyed to the royal palace, an edifice of stone, and of architectural pretensions at least equalling those of a schloss in an average German Grand Duchy. The Hawaiian palace stands in tastefully laid out grounds, rainbow hued with tropical plants and flowers, and surrounded by a high stone wall. There was an armed sentinel in a neat uniform on guard at the entrance gate, and a few more soldiers were lounging about an underground apartment which appeared to be the guard

room of the palace; and I subsequently learned that his Majesty maintains a considerable military establishment, which makes an impressive appearance in the Hawaiian army list. There is the Royal Hawaiian Band, organized by a very talented military bandmaster, a Prussian named Berger, who, when he arrived at the Sandwich Islands in 1872, found about twelve young natives who had acquired some degree of proficiency in blowing wind instruments. The intrepid Herr took these young Polynesians in hand, and made finished instrumentalists of them, after the manner of the Prussian army. Bandmaster Berger has also composed for the use of his chocolate-skinned pupils, the Kamehameha Hymn, which has become the national anthem under the title of Hawaii Pono. The band, now numbering twenty-eight musicians, give a grand concert once a week in Queen Emma square, and once or twice a month in front of the Hawaiian Hotel. The King has a serenade once a week at the palace, and on the departure of steamers or the arrival of foreign war vessels Herr Berger's martial minstrels usually play a welcome of sweet sounds. Noted guests are also frequently treated to serenades. Aloha! The King is a gentleman of considerable inches, stalwart and well built, very dark, but with a very intelligent expression of countenance. He talked fluently and with ease in really excellent English, and there is nothing astonishing in his doing so, since he has received a capital education, literary, legal, and military. His instructors in the first two branches were Americans of high culture, while his military training was superintended by an old Prussian officer, Capt. Funk.

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King Kalakaua, after signifying his gracious acceptance of the gifts which I had brought him, and making many kind inquiries touching the health of the Baroness, of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and of his many friends in Europe, dismissed me with fair words, and I went on my way rejoicing, to fall speedily into the hands of my friends in the wagonette, who straightway took me into custody again and proceeded to drive me out of my mind, figuratively speaking, at the fastest pace at which the two spirited horses could go at a tearing gallop along magnificent roads. I should have dearly longed to have had a quiet saunter—an observant prowl—though the leafy lanes which form the streets of Honolulu; but my genially imperious friends of the wagonette would not hear of anything of that kind. I must ride. I must be driven by the tall, full-bearded jehu of transatlantic aspect. The consequence was that I saw Honolulu not as in a glass darkly, but under what I may term kaleidoscopic circumstances. It was a splendid day, and the sun was shining gloriously, although far away in the valley we could see the purple clouds pouring down huge sheets of rain. On the right there was a blue sea—calm to-day, majestic, imperturbable; but in the foreground on either side it was one almost maddening succession of kaleidoscopic panoramas. Now whole groves of cocoanut palm; now lofty thickets blazing with the almost indescribably superb scarlet Bouganvillias; then groves of cacti and prickly pear; then hedges bursting forth in brilliant flowers; then trim market gardens, delightful in their greenery, laid out by Chinese gardeners. Then came a vision of China, the Flowery Land itself, a dream of the dear old Willow Pattern Plate—no longer uniform blue and white, but translated into all manner of radiant hues. There was a little streamlet crossed by a little elliptical bridge, and upon my word there were three pigtailed Chinamen crossing that bridge, looking

for all the world like the celebrated brothers of the Willow Pattern Plate; and there were the willows themselves, and a boat, and a pagoda painted bright red, and with little balls pendent from the leaves, and birds of rare plume were circling in the sky. The place, they told me, contained a Chinese temple, a tea house, and the residence of a wealthy Chinese merchant. John Chinaman does well at Honolulu. A large consignment of Japanese had also arrived the day prior to our landing. The Japs were under engagement to labor in the sugar plantations. But speedily more kaleidoscopic fragments of pictures floated across my field of vision. A group of Catholic Sisters of Charity, in their wide-sleeved robes and snowy wimples, and pinners beneath their snowy veils, and with their sweet, smiling, rosy faces. Yes, rosy even beneath this torrid sun. Then knots and groups of native children, black-polled, black, shining, bead-like eyed urchins, male and female, with little bare brown legs and feet, and clad uniformly in a single garment—a bedgown of white or colored calico, and nothing else—a most sensible and suitable garment for this climate, as “mighty convenient” as were Mr. Brian O’Lynn’s nether garments of sheepskin, of which he turned the woolly side outward in summer and inward in winter. The Russian *moujik*, as you well know, acts in precisely the same manner with his sheepskin gaberdine, or *louloupe*. Nor is the use of the single linen or calico garment for all attire confined to the native children. In the garden of a handsome country house I saw with admiration a white lady, young, handsome, and elegant—a member, possibly, of one of the first families of the island, bending lovingly over a lace-trimmed mosquito-curtained cot, in which lay a pretty white lady. The lady had diamond drops at her ears and a diamond cross at her neck, and golden bracelets and flashing rings, but her only visible garment was a long white muslin bedgown. Why wear more, at Honolulu, at least? Aloha! Native women, too, their headgear huge cabbage-tree hats, passed us on horseback, And then came more children scampering out of school and chattering very harmoniously in a language which to my ears seemed to be nearly all vowels, with just a consonant here and there to keep the weaker vessels of sound in order. And so we came at last to a beautiful bungalow—a fishing villa, I was told, with a landing stage jutting out into the blue sea. And here we found, ladies and gentlemen, an elegant collation. Heidsieck’s dry monopole—or was it Pommery and Greno?—in spuming chalices. There, too, we found not only a hearty welcome, but polite conversation—the society small talk of London and Paris, of New York and Washington. I rubbed for a moment the eyes of my mind, and wondered for a moment where I was. Have you not occasionally fallen into a similar condition of temporary uncertainty—wanderer on the face of the earth? Society, the whole world over, has grown to be so much alike. Rub the eyes of your mind. Where the deuce are you? Sometimes you see in a splendid saloon a swarthy gentleman in a black surtout buttoned to the throat, and with a scarlet fez worn at the back of his head. You are in society at Pera, at Constantinople. Again, your neighbor at dinner is a charming lady who speaks French with much more purity than many Parisiennes do and who is talking enthusiastically about Patti and Nilsson, Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt. But the gentlemen present are mainly in mid-day uniform and wear large epaulettes of loose bullion. You are dining out in society at St. Petersburg. Again, you are at dinner; the ices and the

coffee are of exquisite quality. You are at Vienna. Somebody is smoking *papeblito* between the courses. You are at Madrid. As you pass from the dining room to the drawing room you espy a shovel hat or so on the table in the vestibule, and among the male guests there may be some old gentlemen in red stockings, and some younger gentlemen in purple hose. As I continue to rub the eyes of my mind in the great drawing room of the bunaglow far away, my eye suddenly lights on the oddest lady's boudoir that I have ever yet beheld. It is a room within a room—a dainty little boudoir containing a cabinet piano, a rocking chair, a work table, a plentitude of shrubs and flowers, and pretty bric-à-brac; but the walls and the ceiling of this room within a room are seemingly of the finest wire gauze. The dainty boudoir reminds me for an instant of a kind of glorified meat safe; but then I remember that the translucent walls and ceiling are intended to keep out the mosquitoes, and that I am at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. Aloha! *Shanghai's Surprises—Henry Norman—Pittsburg Dispatch*

Truly the stay-at-home is ignorant of many things. Who would have supposed, for instance, that in a journey embracing the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, the charm of Japan, the far-off life of Russian Tartary, the unknown interior of Korea, the Celestial capital, and the wall of China, the greatest surprise would be saved for the first sight of Shanghai? Yet so it was. I was writing below as we steamed up the Hwang-po River, and did not come on the deck of the Hae-an till five minutes before we anchored. Then I could hardly believe my eyes. I had expected another port like Tientsin or Yokohama—a busy water front, with a row of offices and warehouses and a small town of foreign houses at the back. Instead of that I saw a magnificent city, surrounding a broad and crowded river. True, the magnificence is only skin-deep, so to speak, all the architectural beauty and solidity of Shanghai being spread out along the river; but I am speaking only of the first sight of Shanghai, and in this respect it is superior to New York, far ahead of San Francisco, and almost as imposing for the moment as Liverpool itself. A broad and beautifully-kept boulevard, called, of course, The Bund, runs round the river, with a row of well-grown trees and a broad grass plat at the water's edge, and this Bund is lined on the other side, from one end to the other, with mercantile buildings second to none of their kind in the world. At the upper end of the Bund a large patch of green shows the Public Garden, where the band plays on summer evenings. At night all Shanghai is bright with the electric light and its telegraph poles remind you of Chicago—I believe I counted nearly a hundred wires on one pole opposite the club. And the needed touch of color is added to the scene as you look at it from on deck, by the gay flags of the mail steamers and the Consular bunting. The first sight of Shanghai is only its first surprise. As I was rolling away to the hotel the rickshaw coolie turned on to the right-hand side of the road. Instantly a familiar figure stepped off the sidewalk and shook a warning finger and the coolie swung back again to the left side. It was a policeman, no semi-Europeanized Mongolian, languidly performing a half-understood duty, as I had seen elsewhere, but the genuine home article, helmet, blue suit, silver buttons, regulation boots, truncheon and all—just bobby. And his uplifted finger turns the traffic to the left in Shanghai precisely as it does in front of the Mansion House at home. A hundred yards further on there was a flash of scarlet in the sun and there stood a second

astonishing figure—a six-foot copper-colored Sikh, topped by a huge red turban, and clad also in blue and armed with the same truncheon, striding solemnly by on his beat. Then we pass the Chinese policeman, with his little saucer hat of red bamboo and his white gaiter, swinging a diminutive staff, a reduced and rather comical replica of his big English and Indian comrades. Then as we cross the bridge into the French concession—I am on my way to the French hotel—here is positively the sergeant de ville, absolutely the same as you see him in the Place de l'Opera—peaked cap, waxed moustache, baggy red trousers, sabre and revolver. And beyond him again is the Frenchified Chinese policeman. In fact, Shanghai is guarded municipally by no fewer than six distinct species of policemen—English, Sikh, Anglo-Chinese, French, Franco-Chinese and the long-legged mounted Sikhs on sturdy white ponies who clank their long swords around the outskirts of the town and carry terror into the turbulent Chinese quarters. Shanghai dubbed itself long ago the Model Settlement. Then a noble English globe-trotter came along and afterward described it in the House of Lords as “a sink of corruption.” Thereupon a very witty consul suggested that in future it should be known as the Model Sink. For my own part I should not grudge it the first title, for it is one of the best governed places municipally, at any rate so far as the Anglo-American quarters are concerned, that I have ever known. The French live apart under their own Municipal Council, presided over and even dismissed at pleasure by their own consul. The English and Americans coalesce in an elected Municipal Council of nine members, with an elected chairman at its head. And a short stay in Shanghai is sufficient to show how satisfactorily this works. The roads are perfect, the traffic is kept under admirable direction and control, the streets are quiet and orderly, and even the coolies are forbidden to push their great wheelbarrows through the foreign settlement with ungreased wheels. The third surprise of Shanghai does not dawn upon you immediately. It is a republic—a community of nations, self-governed and practically independent, for its snaps its fingers politely at the Chinese authorities or discusses any matter with them upon equal terms, and it does not hesitate to differ pointedly in opinion from its own consuls when it regards their action as unwise or their interference as unwarranted. Over the Chinese within its borders the Municipal Council has, however, no jurisdiction. In the Maloo there is a Magistrate's Yamen, and there the famous Mixed Court sits every morning, the Chinese magistrate and one of the foreign consuls in turn. All natives charged with offences against foreigners or foreign law are dealt with there, petty criminals being punished in the municipal prison or the chain-gang, serious offenders, or refugees from Chinese law, being sent into the native city. The Chinese magistrate in the Mixed Court is, of course, a figure-head, chiefly useful, so far as I could see, in lecturing the prisoners while the foreigner made up his mind what punishment to award. In criminal cases the Mixed Court works fairly well, but in civil suits it gives rise to numerous and bitter complaints. The population of Shanghai to-day (the last census was in 1885) is probably about 4,000 foreigners (British, 1,500; Japanese, 600; Portuguese, 450; French, 400; American, 300; Spanish, 250; German, 250) and Chinese, 175,000. These figures may be considerably under the mark. It is curious that by the Land Regulations, which form the Constitution of Shanghai, the

Chinese are forbidden to reside or hold property within the foreign settlements, and yet here are these 175,000 of them afloat and ashore, and I fancy Shanghai itself would be astounded if it could be told exactly what proportion of the whole property is in their hands. The Republic of Shanghai has its own army, of course, composed of volunteer infantry, 159 strong; artillery, with 4 guns and 45 men, and a smart troop of 38 light horse. It has also volunteer fire brigades and no fewer than seven distinct Postal systems of different nationalities.

How the Shah Travels at Home—Fortnightly Review

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules, and horses in every direction that our eyes penetrated. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses, and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3,000 tents to accommodate 7,000 to 8,000 individuals; 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 female attendants. The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. . . . The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery—that is to say an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and antimacassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall inclosing an acre of ground the effect is startling and magnificent. Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly-caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other baggage, with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the gate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman, who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manners so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called Beest Sitoun, or Twenty Pillars, with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to Twenty Pillars stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when travelling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the firebox and the water gourd, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whiff of

tobacco. Among the horses were the body guard with their silver and gold batons, the running footmen clad in red with hats, any number of officers, and soldiers. The scene was one of the greatest animation and brilliancy, lit up by the searching rays of a Persian sun.

Photographed Mirage—The Silent City—S. F. Chronicle

During the last fifteen years Prof. Richard D. Willoughby has been a character in Alaska well known among whites and natives. He is favorably known from Fort Tongas to Mount St. Elias. He lived a third of a century along the coast, and his knowledge of Alaska forms an arctic encyclopedia. He left civilization so long ago that he does not remember ever having seen a locomotive or a train of cars. He is a man of robust stature and about sixty years of age. As a miner he has no equal in the Territory. He has exposed more locations of mineral wealth than any other three men. Among other things upon which he employs his spare moments is photography. While pursuing this scientific amusement Prof. Willoughby frequently discovers remarkable mirages, and after four years of labor, amid dangers, privation, and suffering, he accomplished for the civilized world a feat in photography heretofore considered problematical. It was on the longest day in June, 1888, that Willoughby's camera took within its grasp the reproduction of a city remote and at first glance thought to be within the recesses of another world. This remarkable photograph was taken at nine o'clock at night in Glacier Bay. The mirage city was named by Prof. Willoughby The Silent City. The first two copies were sent to the government officials at Washington, D. C.; the second was placed in the hands of the purser of the Alaskan steamer, and the third copy was sent to the Chronicle. It is ten inches in length by eight inches in width. The view, somewhat indistinct, is apparently taken from a public park or garden on a hill. In the foreground is a gravelled walk, a stone fence, a rustic seat, and a little child at play. Beyond the stone wall are the roofs of houses, with clumps of trees at the sides. In the distance are the half-completed towers of a cathedral and several tall public buildings, while far away, enveloped in what appears to be a cloud-like atmosphere, are tall smoke-stacks and the towers of churches. The style of architecture is decidedly modern, the roofs are like those of England or the British provinces. The chimneys are made of tiles. Taken as a whole it is a remarkable photograph. A hundred people or more saw the mirage picture yesterday. Some regarded the thing as a fraud, while others believed it the genuine photographic result of a mirage. Mirages, as a general rule, represent scenes in the immediate vicinity, not over a few hundred miles away at the best. At first the city of Victoria was suggested, but an old resident of that city denied the likeness. Victoria is fully 900 miles from Glacier Bay, where the alleged photograph was made. A score of persons ventured an opinion as to the location of The Silent City. However, no one could be found who recognized the scene. At Tabor's and other photographic establishments it was thought the picture was that of a city in France or Germany. A dozen persons agreed that it resembled Montreal or Quebec, possibly Halifax. The agents of the Canadian Pacific were divided in opinion as to Halifax and Montreal. In the latter city there is a cathedral building resembling the one in the photograph. As a final result of yesterday's investigation Montreal appears to be the most likely city represented in the picture of The Silent City.

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

Acrostical Paraphrase—The Lord's Prayer

Our Lord and King, who reign'st enthroned on high,
 Father of Light! mysterious Deity!
 Who art the great I Am, the last, the first,
 Art righteous, holy, merciful and just.
 In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
 Heaven is the dwelling-place of God our King.
 Hallowed Thy name, which doth all names transcend,
 Be Thou adored, our great almighty Friend;
 Thy glory shines beyond creation's bound;
 Name us 'mong those Thy choicest gifts surround.
 Thy kingdom towers beyond Thy starry skies;
 Kingdom satanic falls, but Thine shall rise.
 Come let Thine empire, O Thou Holy One,
 Thy great and everlasting will be done.
 Will God make known His will, His power display?
 Be it the work of mortals to obey.
 Done is the great, the wondrous work of love;
 On Calvary's cross He died, but reigns above;
 Earth bears the record in Thy holy word.
 As heaven adores Thy love, let earth, O Lord;
 It shines transcendent in the eternal skies,
 Is praised in heaven—for man, the Saviour dies.
 In songs immortal, angels laud His name;
 Heaven shouts with joy, and saints His love proclaim.
 Give us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
 Us needful food on which our souls may live!
 This be our boon to-day and days to come,
 Day without end in our eternal home.
 Our needy souls supply from day to day;
 Daily assist and aid us when we pray;
 Bread though we ask, yet, Lord, Thy blessings lend.
 And make us grateful when Thy gifts descend.
 Forgive our sins, which in destruction place
 Us, the vile rebels of a rebel race;
 Our follies, faults, and trespasses forgive,
 Debts which we ne'er can pay, nor Thou receive.
 As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
 We beg Thou'dst blot ours from Thy memory's book.
 Forgive our enemies, extend Thy grace
 Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
 Debtors to Thee in gratitude and love,
 And in that duty paid by saints above,
 Lead us from sin, and in Thy mercy raise
 Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
 Not in our own, but in His name who bled,
 Into Thine ear we pour our every need.
 Temptation's fatal charm, help us to shun,
 But may we conquer through Thy conquering Son;
 Deliver us from all that can annoy
 Us in this world, and may our souls destroy.
 From all calamities that may betide,
 Evil and death, oh, turn our feet aside,—
 For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay,—
 Thine 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
 Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
 The whole creation knows no God but Thee.
 Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall;
 The King eternal reigns the King of all.
 Power is Thine—to Thee be glory given,
 And be Thy name adored by earth and heaven.
 The praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
 Glory to Thee, the Everlasting One.
 Forever be Thy holy name adored.
 Amen! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

The Months and the Gems—Notes and Queries

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
 No gems save *Garnets* should be worn,
 They will insure her constancy,
 True friendship, and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February born shall find
 Sincerity and peace of mind,
 Freedom from passion and from care,
 If they the *Amethyst* will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
 In March first open shall be wise,
 In days of peril firm and brave,
 And wear a *Bloodstone* to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
 For vain repentance flow; this stone,
 Emblem of innocence, is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
 In Spring's sweet flowery month of May
 And wears an *Emerald* all her life,
 Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with Summer to this earth,
 And owes to June her hour of birth,
 With ring of *Agate* on her hand
 Can health, wealth, and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing *Ruby* shall adorn
 Those who in warm July are born;
 Then will they be exempt and free
 From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a *Sardonyx*, or for thee
 No conjugal felicity;
 The August born without this stone,
 'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when Autumn leaves
 Are rustling in September's breeze,
 A *Sapphire* on her brow should bind,
 'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
 And life's vicissitudes must know;
 But lay an *Opal* on her breast
 And hope will lull those words to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
 With drear November's fog and snow
 Should prize the *Topaz's* amber hue.
 Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
 The month of snow and ice and mirth,
 Place on your hand a *Turquoise* blue,
 Success will bless whate'er you do.

Rhomboidal Dirge—George Wither
Farewell,

Sweet groves, to you!
 Yon hills that highest dwell,
 And all you humble vales adieu!
 You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
 My dear companions all, and you my tended flocks!
 Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs whose strains
 Delighted once the fairest dancing nymphs upon the plains.
 You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
 Have without pity broke the truest heart,
 Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
 That erst did with me dwell,
 And others joy.
 Farewell!

SUPERNATURAL STORIES—THE GHOST DEAD-BELL*

It is now many years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Amongst the acquaintances which I formed there was a young nobleman who was in the Imperial Guard, the Baron Von Steingraff. He was the sole descendant of an ancient Styrian family that had lived for centuries in a castle near Salzburg.

A finer-hearted fellow could not be found in his Imperial Majesty's dominions, nor a better soldier in his army, than Friedrich. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favorite with his own sex, and a good figure, to say nothing of a good property, made him not unacceptable with old mammas and young daughters. Friedrich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, though he had nothing misogynistic in his nature. When our friendship had grown into close intimacy I happened to banter him on the subject of matrimony, but Friedrich assured me gravely that he had resolved never to marry.

"Not," said he, "that I have any disinclination to the matrimonial state, but Fate, cruel and inexorable, has forbidden me to enter into it."

I stared at him in silent surprise. After a moment he told me how, when a child, he had met a Ziegeunerinn, or gipsy woman, from Bohemia, as he crossed a wood near the Schloss. She had stopped him, looked into his hand and said—

"Young Herr—when you go to marry a wife, take heed. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

"Well!" cried I, laughing, "that was a safe prophecy. A man cannot well get to the church door unless he walks through the church yard."

Friedrich shook his head. "That was not her meaning," said he, "but rather that I, or she whom I shall wish to make my bride, must die on the bridal day. Therefore, dear friend, I shall never marry. You may think me superstitious and a fool, but there have been stranger things known to our family!" He shivered and turned pale, but just as I would have questioned him, he laid his hand on my shoulder and added, "And now, Hauptmann, let us never speak of this again!"

A year passed by and I was far away in the north of Germany, when I got a letter from Von Steingraff. It announced his coming marriage with a young lady of his own country. "My destiny," he wrote, "whatever it may be, I must work out. I could not resist my passion for my little Roeschen. So come to me as soon as you can, and who knows but your happier interpretation of the gipsy's prophecy may be the true one?"

I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story! Woman's tongue had overcome man's resolve—pretty Roeschen had whipped the withered gipsy from the field! And so saying, I packed for my journey and the morrow found me en route.

At the close of a lovely autumn day I drove along the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen where it skirts the picturesque little lake of Mondsee, so snugly embosomed in precipitous hills clothed with pine and larch. Not far from this stood the schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery, and sheltered by the dark forest on whose tree tops the evening sun glinted warmly. Thither I worked my way—but slowly—for the approach was steep and circuitous and by the time I reached the entrance and stood under the heavy arches of the doorway, the sun had set and

the great, stone mass of building was lying in gloom. This gave me a strange, unpleasant feeling, which increased as I stood knocking for many minutes at the heavy open portal without response from within.

Was I, then, not expected? And at this hour? I shook off a sensation of nervousness and beat loudly on the panelling with my closed fist and with the heavy handle of my riding-whip.

There was the sound of the slipping of bolts on an inner door, and with a sense of relief I knew that, at last, my summons had been answered. Then the door opened and before me stood a person who looked more like a holzknecht, or woodsman, of the district, than the servitor of a well-ordered establishment such as I believed Friedrich's to be. He carried a lamp in his hand and over it he regarded me suspiciously. I stated who I was, and desired him to conduct me to his master. To this he made no reply, but shaking his ill-looking head, motioned me to follow. We crossed the great hall and entered a small chamber, where my strange guide deposited the light and left me without a word.

"A strange welcome," I muttered, "from a bridegroom to his best man," and then I looked about me.

The room in which I stood alone was elegantly and most comfortably furnished. There were cases well filled with books running along the walls and above them racks holding curious weapons, many guns, spears, and hunting gear. An escritoire of exquisite workmanship stood near the fireplace, but no cheerful fire glowed on the hearth, a few half-burned logs lay cold on the iron dogs, and again the strange feeling of gloom and nervousness settled upon me.

Suddenly conscious of some other presence, I looked up from the cheerless hearth. An old serving man stood in the doorway. Bowing respectfully, he entered the room and in a few words solved the mystery of my strange reception. On the very day his master had written me, he was prostrated with a serious illness and he was now in the eighth day, struggling with the delirium of fever. The doctors of St. Gilgen declared the case to be hopeless, but were in almost constant attendance. One had just left the young Baron and had said he would return, as the crisis would occur that very night.

I need not say how this intelligence affected me. I determined, of course, to await the issue and asked to be shown to Friedrich's chamber. In a few moments I stood by the bedside of my dearest friend and looked down on a poor, shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip and glazed eye, tossing and raving, whose hand was unconscious of my loving pressure, whose ear turned from my words of affection. I sat beside him for hours. From time to time I could distinguish words, through his mutterings, which told how the bewildered spirit wrestled with horrible phantoms. With appalling incongruity he mingled the scenes of the bridal chamber and the charnel vault, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave-clothes about her, now bidding the sexton pledge him a skull of wine. Terrible as all this was to hear and painful to see, I determined to watch through the night, and the faithful old butler begged to remain also. Indeed, I felt so nervous and distressed that I was glad of his company. The doctor was to return at midnight. When it wanted but two hours of that time, Friedrich who had gradually ceased his raving,

* From the Dublin University Magazine.

fell into a lethargic stupor. I left the bedside and went to sit by the fire. Old Klaus threw on a fresh log and filled a glass with Hungarian wine from a flask on the table. I noticed that the old fellow's hand trembled and that his eyes were full of tears. I spoke a few words of comfort and he sobbed aloud:

"Alas! Herr Hauptmann, my mind misgives me sadly! I fear, every moment, that I shall hear the dismal ringing of the Ghost Dead-Bell!"

At this uncanny title, I shivered. "But what may that be?" I asked anxiously.

"Ach! What an old fool I am. I forget sometimes—but forgive it!"

"But Klaus," said I, "what did you mean?"

Klaus bent toward me, his old face drawn with fear. "The bell that rings out the life of every Von Steingraff," said he, with suppressed emotion.

I suppose I looked both startled and interested, and the old servant, glad of sympathy and attention, continued in a hushed voice: "Mayhap you observed the monastery near the castle, sir, as you came up the drive?"

"Ay, Klaus, and a fine, old ruin it is, with its bell-tower still standing!"

"A ruin now, sir, but it was once a grand and holy place with its lord abbot, and monks, and broad, rich lands. Well, sir, a long time ago—I don't know how many a hundred years—the Baron Steingraff of that day who lived then in the old Schloss higher up in the hills above the Krötensee—had a quarrel with the abbot. The baron was a fierce and haughty man that cared little for church and priest, and the abbot was as haughty in his way, so the feud grew deadlier every day. At last the abbot swore on the holy relics of Saint Wolfgang that he would excommunicate the baron. And the baron swore by the cross upon his sword hilt that he would tear the frock off the abbot's back and drive him and his monks out of the monastery. The abbot was as good as his word, and so, on the feast of the blessed Saint Wolfgang, he and all his monks walked in procession through the church up to the high altar and the great book was opened and the anathemas read, and then the bell was tolled and the lighted candles extinguished, and thus the baron was excommunicated.

"Well! The bell was still tolling and the priests were on their way back down the aisle when the shouts of the baron and his wild men-at-arms, his jägers and holzknechts rang at the walls and sledges and great pine beams were battering at the gates.

Short work they made of it!

One mad fellow seized a splinter of wood and lit it at the altar and then he fired the panels and the roof and the dry wood was all soon in a blaze. The baron, as if possessed by an evil spirit, seized the bell-rope and rung out a wild peal of triumph. But the abbot walked up to him, dressed in all his robes, and holding up his hands cursed him in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and said—

"As the Evil One peals that bell now through your hands, so shall he peal it when he claims the soul as it passes from the body of you and of your son, and of your son's son, in *sæcula, sæculorum, Amen!*"

"So saying, the abbot called his monks and they went their way down to the lake of Aver. But the baron and his followers threw themselves upon the holy men and tore the frocks from their backs and threw their books into the lake. The baron then seized the monastery lands and held them, too, for might was right in those days, and he built the present castle hard by the ruins

of the monastery, lest the abbot and his retainers should rally and seek to regain their old possessions. But they never did, for the abbot was not over-loved in the country, and the baron was too powerful to be lightly meddled with, so the monks built them a new monastery, where the church of Saint Wolfgang now stands.

"Time passed on, and the baron had well-nigh forgotten that abbot or monk had ever dwelt within the old blackened monastery walls.

One wild winter's night, the baron sat with his retainers in the great hall drinking and revelling, as was their wont. The wind howled in gusts fitfully, and in the pauses a loud knocking was heard at the oaken door, the very door by which you entered this evening, Herr Hauptmann. The Thürhüter, when he opened the door, saw no one, though the moon was that moment shining through the drift of the clouds, but he felt a cold blast sweep across his face. So he shut the door again, and thought it must have been the storm that had deceived him.

The next moment those in the hall saw a monk in a black habit, with his cowl drawn closely over his head, enter and walk up without a word to where the baron was sitting. Then the monk threw back his hood, and an old withered face, ghastly pale, but stern and fierce, gazed undaunted on the baron.

"'Tausend sakerment!' shouted the Baron, starting in rage; 'dog of an abbot, what brings you here? Trundle out the shaveling, and set the hounds upon him.'

"The abbot raised his skinny arm, and said in a hollow and solemn voice: 'This night twenty years you and I met. I am on my way to the abbey, follow me.'

"The abbot retired as he came, no one daring to hinder or to harm the holy man.

"Zum henker! to the hangman with him," cried the baron, choking with rage, and springing after him. That moment the old bell pealed out with a wild clang from the tower. The baron in his haste tripped over a stool and fell to the ground. When they lifted him up he was dead. 'Twas said he died of a fit. Maybe so. But that very night one of the holzknechts returning to the village from the Riesen up in the hills where he had been working, declared that as he passed the tower he heard the old bell pealing, and saw a procession of monks following a bier, and disappearing within the ruins. Next morning tidings came that the old abbot had died the day before at St. Wolfgang's, but where or when he was buried nobody ever knew."

Old Klaus ceased and sat looking in the fire.

"A strange, wild tale!" I said, lightly, unwilling to confess myself moved by the story. "Has the Ghost-Bell ever been heard since that time?"

Old Klaus shuddered, "Ay, sir," he answered, gloomily, "whenever the soul passes from the body of a Von Steingraff, but I am not willing to believe that the Evil One dare claim the spirit of my dear, young master—one so good and noble as he!" and again the old servant fell to weeping.

"Hush, Klaus, lest you disturb him," I said hastily, although a glance at my poor Friedrich well-nigh assured me that few sounds would disturb him more. Then I paced the room and out into the hall and down the stairs, for I heard the sound of horses at the gates and I knew the physician had come. I let him go up alone, while I sat for a few moments in the little chamber I had been shown to on my arrival. I could not take my mind from the story of the Ghost-Bell. I am not naturally credulous, but the shock I had received after the

weariness of my journey of several days, had, I suppose, told upon my nerves. I stole up, once more, to the sick-room. The physician sat at the foot of the bed. Friedrich seemed to be sleeping quietly. I hoped this might be a good sign, but, to my inquiry, the old physician shook his head sadly:

"'Tis the sleep that will wake only in death," he answered sadly. "An hour will decide, but be prepared for the worst—I can give but little hope."

Impelled by I know not what, I suddenly asked:

"Doctor, what could have caused this sudden illness? My friend has had the most perfect health all his life. He once told me he had never been ill. What could have caused this fever?"

"God alone can tell!" answered the physician piously. "The young baron was with me the day previous to his illness and bade me gayly enough to dance at his wedding. I never saw him looking better. He was on horseback and rode swiftly out of St. Gilgen, reining up his steed for an instant, to throw money to an old gipsy, who stood, her hand outstretched, by the road. Always kind," added the good doctor, "always noble! I have known him thus as boy and man." And the usually cold man of science brushed his hand across his eyes.

I took his other hand in my own and pressed it warmly. Then I went to the chamber below. Old Klaus crept after me. He seemed to cling to me for sympathy. I sat down by the fire, with a heavy heart. I pondered on the doctor's words. I found myself wondering why I had put the question to him, and then I recalled, word for word, his answer.

A sudden thought shot through my brain.

He had spoken of an old gipsy who stood, with outstretched hand by the roadside.

Another scene rose before me.

A fair-haired lad with his firm palm held frankly out—a withered, old face bent over it and I seemed to hear the quavering voice muttering the prophecy—"Young Herr, take heed to your wedding day! The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

"Klaus!" I asked sharply, "when was your master to have been married!" for Friedrich had mentioned no day in his letter—"We will talk over everything, when you come," he wrote.

"Ach, Mein Herr! But to-morrow!"

I seemed to turn cold all over. To think of other things I questioned Klaus concerning the young Roeschen, whose cup of happiness was so soon to be dashed from her lips. I learned that she was lovely and amiable and deeply enamored of her handsome lover. His illness had been kept from her as long as possible, and though she knew her marriage must be postponed—she dreamed, as yet, of no change.

'Alas!' said Klaus, "should my lord not recover, I fear it will go hard with the sweet young lady, for she loves him more than life. Who knows but there may be two burials rather than one bridal!"

"The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

Would the words ever cease ringing in my ears? I shook myself impatiently. A coincidence—a sad coincidence—that was all! And my grief had surely unsettled my mind. I picked up a book from one of the shelves and tried to read. The words swam on the page. Not a sound was to be heard save the ticking of the great clock in the hall. I laid down the book and sighed. Just then the clock tolled the midnight hour. The deep bell struck twelve times loud and clear, and mechanically I counted every stroke.

Midnight! A sudden thought—the crisis!

Then my poor Friedrich might, even now, be passing the portal of Eternity!

I was about to speak to Klaus when I discovered that he slept, exhausted, on the hearth.

"God forbid," I cried aloud, in my fear.

"Poor, faithful soul!" thought I. "Rest there a while—you may awake to deepest grief!" For I realized that he, like myself—like Roeschen—must lose, with Friedrich, that which he best loved on earth.

So I rose noiselessly, and passed sadly and alone into the great stone hall.

A breath of cold air swept my cheek. It came from the end of the hall—down there, toward the outer doors. I was pierced through and through with its chill touch. Certainly, the outer doors must be open! Could Klaus, in his anxiety, have forgotten to close them after the doctor's entrance? I peered through the vista of dimly-lighted arches toward the entrance and moved a few steps in that direction. As I did so, I was sure I heard a muffled knocking at the portal. I listened intently and after a moment, the sound was repeated and followed almost immediately by the slipping of a bolt. Still I saw no one, and I concluded the sounds must come from some other part of the Schloss. I was about to turn and desist from investigation, when I again felt that icy blast sweep my face and throat. Thoroughly startled, I strained my eyes to see more clearly before me, they became gradually accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I perceived the massive doors swing inward on their great iron hinges, to admit a tall, dark figure in hood and cloak.

"A priest!" I thought, instantly; then the thought was succeeded by another. "Friedrich is not a Catholic! Who has summoned him? The doctor, perhaps!" And then again: "Who has admitted him?" I, myself, had seen this dark figure pass through doors bolted and barred! I had heard his muffled knocking! I saw him, now, before me—and yet of a certainty I knew that none had bade him enter nor had any hand unclosed the gates to give him entrance!

Smitten with a nameless fear I stood, or rather leaned, against one of the stone pillars for support. The dark figure now moved toward me down the hall. Nearer—nearer it came and I saw that I was right—it was the figure of a priest.

As he passed close beside me, his cowl fell back and revealed an old, wrinkled, ashy face in which were set two gleaming eyes—black and evil. He looked not to the right nor to the left, but as he passed up the wide stair, he raised one thin, white hand above his head and the dark sleeve fell back and showed the skinny, withered arm bare to the elbow.

I stood frozen with terror to the spot—I know not for how long—when a harsh sound smote upon my ear. It was followed by a shrill scream, and old Klaus rushed from the room and threw himself at my feet.

"God have mercy upon us," he shrieked, almost crazed with fright, "the Ghost-Bell!"

Again came the harsh sound—the clanging of an iron bell! It smote cruelly upon my shattered sense—wild, fitful, irregular—and, God forgive me! not as human hand could have rung it!

I flew up the stairs—Klaus close behind me.

In a moment I was in the baron's chamber. The physician laid his cold hand on mine—I saw the truth written in his face—

"It is over," he said. "He is dead!"

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

A number of unpublished manuscripts left by the late Francis S. Saltus are to be collected, edited, and brought out in book form this fall.—Prof. Armenius Vambéry, the Hungarian traveller, is a short, thick-set man, with face worn and frame bent with travel and exposure, slightly lame, with keen dark eyes, a frank manner and perfectly command of English.—Twenty thousand copies of Frances E. Willard's *Glimpses of Fifty Years* were sold during the first four weeks after publication.—Miss Frith, a daughter of the popular English artist, writes for one of our American papers under the pseudonym Walter Powell.—The Grand Duke Constantine, cousin to the Czar, has just published a book of poems.—Edward S. Van Zile, the successful young novelist, is a slender, olive-skinned man with dark eyes and hair, and a thoughtful countenance.—The Marchioness of Stafford contemplates publishing a volume of travels around the world made in company with her husband.—Prof. Rhys intends to make a scientific tour in Brittany, when he will be the guest of M. Renan.—Mary Goudon Duffee, the authoress, now nearly fifty years old, lives with her aged mother in a ruined frame cottage, perched on the very summit of a picturesque mountain near Blount Springs, Ala.—François Coppée, who has just written a short story entitled *Henrietta*, is about finishing *Sincere Words*, a volume of verse.—Mrs. John Sherwood, author of *A Transplanted Rose*, and *Manners and Social Usages*, has been decorated with the insignia of *Officier d'Académie*; this is an honor conferred by the French Minister of Public Instruction on persons who have distinguished themselves in literary pursuits, and now for the first time conferred on an American woman.

Mr. Gladstone has a poor memory of faces.—George Truman Kercheval, who wrote a successful book called *Lorin Mooruck and Other Indian Stories*, is said to be a young lady named Winifred Jennings.—Another London literary landmark, the famous old White Hart Inn at Southwark, where *Pickwick* and Sam Weller met after the elopement of Miss Rachel Wardle with Mr. Alfred Jingle, has recently been torn down.—Dr. H. K. Carroll, editor of the *New York Independent*, will have charge of the work of collecting religious statistics for the next census.—The two young daughters of the Prince of Wales are contributors to magazines.—Susan Warner, whose novel *The Wide, Wide World* was the most popular American novel of its day, lies buried in the military cemetery, close by the Cadets' Monument, West Point.—Richard Malcolm Johnston is engaged upon a novel illustrating rural life in Georgia sixty years ago.—It is a fact but little known, that Edouard Cadol collaborated with Jules Verne and D'Ennery in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and although the play is signed by these two authors only, yet Cadol always has received, and still receives, a portion of the royalty.—There are said to be 420 editions of the *Divine Comedy*, 323 in Italian, 33 in French, 31 in German, 10 in English, 9 in Latin, 5 in Dutch and the rest scattering.—Miss Grace Ellery Channing, granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, is known in California as a clever writer.—Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, who is not yet 50 years old, has held the chair of political economy in Yale for the past seventeen years, and is the author of half a dozen books on that subject: and of him it is said: "His features are severe, his step is measured, his speed is guarded, and in all his

expression and movements there are evidences of that decision of character so well known to Yalensians."—Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet-painter, began writing verses at an early age, and is now 37 years old.—Eugene M. Camp has retired from the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Times* to edit *Santa Claus*, the new juvenile weekly, for which great things have been promised.

The Shah of Persia recently desired a set of Robert Browning's works to be presented to him, and the poet sent the set in the most gorgeous binding that could be made.—Wilfrid Blunt the author of *In Vinculis*, still suffers in his eyesight from the glare of the whitewashed walls of the cells in which he spent some months, a convict under the Coercion Act.—Bruce Joy is to make the bust of Matthew Arnold for Westminster Abbey.—The Rev. Arthur Pierson, D.D., editor of the *Missionary Review of the World* and pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has resigned his pulpit.—Joseph Howard, Jr., the well-known newspaper correspondent is writing a novel.—The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is that of an English man of letters, who wears constantly round his neck a portion of Shelley's charred skull, inclosed in a little gold casket.—Rev. Horatio Bonar, the well-known Scotch hymn writer, died recently in Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-one years.—The London correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, Marie de Mensiaux, is Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling, daughter of Marx, the celebrated Austrian economist.—Rev. Dr. Francis N. Zabriskie, of Princeton, N. J., was formerly editor of the *Intelligencer*, and since his retirement from that position has been a regular contributor to religious journals and magazines.—Michele Amari, the orientalist and historian of mediæval Sicily, died recently at his home at Palermo.—The father of Mrs. Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere*, is Thomas Arnold, son of the great master at Rugby and a brother of Matthew Arnold: he is part author of the *Catholic Dictionary*, a work designed to expound the doctrine and rites of the Roman Catholic Church.—The daughters of Julian Hawthorne are named Hildegard, Gwendolen, Gladys, Beatrice, and Imogen.—Andrew Lang has edited a fairy book to be shortly published in London.

Mrs. George I. Sill, whose poems over the signature of Duvva, and her maiden name, Louise Morgan Smith, have attracted attention, is now living at Newcomb, Tenn., where her husband is engaged in engineering operations.—Jefferson Davis has quarrelled with Appleton & Co. because his *Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy* did not sell with the rapidity of the Grant and the Sherman memoirs.—Dr. Nansen's book on his journey in Greenland is nearly ready for publication in London, and as soon as it is issued he proposes to start out on a longer and more difficult expedition.—A theosophical circulating library has been established in New York.—Mrs. Mary Huntley Russell, daughter of Lydia H. Sigourney, the noted poet and author, died recently.—The University of Oxford will present to the King of Sweden, on the occasion of the Oriental Congress, of which his Majesty is the president, all Oriental works printed by the order of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.—At a well-known book shop in Rome a copy of Max O'Rell's travels in America was asked for, and the shocked and indignant response in

German-English was "Marcus Aurelius vos neffer in the Unided Staates!"—Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, has returned from her eight months' tour abroad to her Brockport (N. Y.) home, and intends during the fall and winter to give a series of parlor readings "at home" on experiences of her travels.—Mrs. Sutherland Orr, the author of a well-known book on Browning's poems, is a sister of Sir Frederick Leighton.—Fred Burrelle, manager of the Western Bureau of Clippings (the best of its kind in the country) has assumed the editorship of a new paper *The Western Journalist*.—Frederick Tennyson, eldest brother of the Poet Laureate, whose name appears so prominently in the recently published correspondence of Edward Fitzgerald, has a collection of poems ready for early issue.—Some essays and contributions to reviews by the late J. Cotter Morison will be published in book form soon, with a preface by John Morley.—Richard H. Stoddard says of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, "She is a hard student, she is very industrious and very painstaking, but even when she is at her best there is always a sense of something lacking in her verse and prose, the something which differentiates cleverness from talent, and talent from genius."—A new life of Bruno is to be prepared by the Vatican.—Lady Dufferin is to publish part of the journal she kept in India while her husband was Governor-General under the title *Our Vice-Regal Life in India*.—A volume of short stories and one of dramatic essays will be issued by Brander Matthews some time in the fall.—Sardou, the French playwright, is charming when he feels inclined to take the trouble; but he is a great physiognomist, and it is only when he takes a fancy that he is agreeable to those whom he meets.—*Aludoe* is the title of a new Latin magazine of essays, stories, poems, and sketches, begun in Italy under the editorship of Carlo A. Ulrichs, a brilliant young scholar who distinguished himself at Munich.

Union College has given W. A. Croffut, the well-known writer, the degree of Ph.D.—Gay Davidson, local editor of the *Republican*, of Carthage, Ill., writes verse for a number of Western papers.—Henry F. Keenan, author of *Trajan*, *The Aliens*, and other novels, has lately purchased a farm near Mamaroneck, N. Y., where he expects to spend the remainder of his days.—A volume of memoirs of Richard Henry Lee is in course of preparation by his great-grandson, C. H. Lee, of Leesburg, Va.—Miss Fannie Aymar Matthews has nearly ready a novelette entitled *The Double I*, to be issued during the autumn.—A. H. Welch, associate professor of English language in the Ohio State university, and author of several standard works on English literature, died recently, at the age of thirty-seven.—The late Prof. Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, left the complete MS. of a second *History of the United States*.—Theodore Watts' nine columns of praise in the *Athenæum* on Swinburne's new book may be partially explained, or justified, in the fact that the two are great friends and keep bachelor quarters together.—The Camden Professorship of Ancient History at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Canon Rawlinson, author of the *Seven Great Monarchies*, will not be filled until the end of October.—Chas. G. Leland represents the English Gypsy Lore Society and the Hungarian Folk Lore Society at the Congress des Traditions Populaires at Paris.—Lady Colin Campbell is the art critic of the *Saturday Review*.—Mrs. Herbert Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) has established a Fisherman's Reading-room at Gloucester, Mass., where she is much beloved on account of her

efforts in the cause of temperance.—Prince Warawan, brother of the King of Siam, is engaged in translating the *Arabian Nights* into Siamese, for publication serially in illustrated numbers.—The statement that Edna Lyall's new work, *Derrick Vaughan*, Novelist, is based upon incidents in her own career, is untrue.—Richard E. Burton, whose poems in Harper's and the *Century* have attracted so much attention, is on the editorial staff of the *Churchman*.—Noadiah M. Hill, who has died recently at North Chatham, N. Y., at the age of seventy-three years, could read and understand fifty different languages and dialects.

Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of New York, whose engagement to Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, the younger brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has been announced, is only twenty-one years old, but is a fine classical scholar and a clever linguist, and the author of a volume of poems.—Amy Robsart, a hitherto unknown work of Victor Hugo, has been published recently in Paris.—The Archduchess Valerie of Austria is a delightful versifier, and has published a collection of poems and novelettes said to have considerable merit.—Prof. E. S. Morse's election as corresponding member of the Berlin Society of Ethnology, Anthropology, and Archaeology is said to be due to his original and suggestive paper on "arrow-release."—Swinburne has just published some political verses in which he refers to Gladstone as "Gladsniff."—William Allingham has in the press a new volume of poems, entitled *Life and Phantasy*.—John H. Hewitt, of Baltimore, Maryland, who is known as the father of the American ballad, and has composed over two hundred songs, recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.—Zola began life as a poor and obscure lad, employed at \$20 a month in the bookstore of the famous publisher, Hachette, and from this he has risen to be the *Chatelain de Médan*, as he is called; in 1871, he was an almost unknown political reporter, during the war and Commune, and now he is illustrious, wealthy, but forty-eight years old, and the best paid novelist in France.—Chas. Rohlf, the husband of Anna Catherine Green, has his first novel nearly ready for publication.—John Strange Winter, author of *Boote's Baby*, has, it is said, refused an offer of \$2,500 for her next novelette.

Richard Holt Hutton is to retire from the editorship of the *London Spectator*, a position he has occupied in co-operation with Mr. Townsend for many years.—Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in reviewing his life he finds he has taken more interest in surgery than in poetry, but he realizes that his fame will rest upon the efforts of his pen, not of his knife.—Prof. Edward S. Morse is preparing a catalogue of his collection of pottery.—Violet Fane, whose novel *Helen Davenant*, has just appeared, is the London poet who is caricatured in Mallock's *New Republic* as Mrs. Sinclair, and otherwise described as a sort of fashionable London Sappho.—Oscar Browning has a life of George Eliot nearly ready.—On his return from Europe James Russell Lowell expects to live at Elmwood, the family homestead, in Cambridge, Mass.—Richard Henry Stoddard says of Mrs. Margaret Wood's verse: "There is something stern and dark in her work, a hopeless, resentful melancholy, a silent, savage sullenness which is worse than open, outspoken cynicism."—Olive Schreiner, author of *The Story of an African Farm*, is reported to have said recently that Henrik Ibsen and George Meredith are the two writers who best understand women.—A sister of the late Prof. Maria Mitchell will prepare for the press the *Life and Letters* of the distinguished student of astronomy.—The Comte de Paris

has planned to publish several volumes of his father's letters.—John Gilmary Shea, the scholar and historian, of Newark, N. J., is hereafter to be the editor of the *Catholic News*.—The sum which Messrs. Longmans, the London publishers, have agreed to pay to Dr. Nansen for his forthcoming book on his experiences in Greenland is said to be £2,500.—James Whitcomb Riley says of Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese: "She shows a wonderful sympathy with nature, and depicts its varying moods in sonnet form with the grace and power of some of the famous bards of old."—The original manuscript of Hood's *Song of the Shirt* was sold recently for \$40.

Lewis Morris is busily engaged in writing a poem after the manner of the *Epic of Hades*, in which he deals with episodes in the lives of the saints, beginning with the early Christian saints and martyrs, and ending with the life and death of Father Damien.—Miss Katherine Tynan, the Irish poet, whose work is familiar to American readers, is described as a blonde, of medium height with an exquisite complexion and abundance of golden hair, and small beautiful hands.—A recent visitor to the grave of Buckle, the historian, at Damascus, describes the altar tomb of white marble and black basalt as inclosed in a high wall with a padlocked gate, over which is an Arabic inscription.—The Duke of Argyll is writing a political novel with characters drawn from real life.—A large and important collection of Brontë relics have just come into the possession of a Yorkshire firm of booksellers, R. and F. Brown, cousins of the Martha Brown for so long a servant in the Brontë family.—A Volapük edition of Crown Prince Rudolf's *Tour Through the East* has just appeared in Leipzig: the Volapük preface has been translated into fifteen different languages by fifteen expert students of Volapük in fifteen different countries.—Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, is quite small, with a very thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance; his beard is iron-gray, thin, and he brushes it out from his chin.—Bret Harte will write his next serial story for *Pick-Me-Up*, the London society journal.—Pierre Loti, the novelist, is a lieutenant in the French navy and writes all of his books from notes made in his diary while on his travels.—Dr. Robertson Smith, who for a short time has been the chief editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was recently elected Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.—John Ruskin refers to John Strange Winter, author of *Boote's Baby*, as "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier."—Rev. Samuel Longfellow is recasting and extending his biography of the poet.—Philip G. Hamerton, the English art-critic and essayist, recently lost his eldest son, Richard Edward Hamerton, Professor of English Literature in the University of France.—It is said that the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia have paid Miss Maud Howe \$1,000 for her new story.

Dr. Crozier, author of the successful *Civilization and Progress*, is a tall stalwart London physician of about forty, with bright restless eyes, fine features, and pleasant manners.—The *Chicago America* says of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* theories and the Nationalist movement: "This precious midsummer madness is the result of attempting to build political theories upon the unsubstantial imaginings of a fiction-writer."—Andrew Lang has a most marvellous power of mental concentration in his work, and always writes in his dining-room undisturbed by the family conversation around him.—Prof. Vambéry,

in a private letter to a Hungarian friend, thus expresses his desire to see the United States: "Give my brotherly kiss to the soil of the great republic and tell the Americans the Dervish will not die before having seen them."—*La Nouvelle Monde* is a new illustrated French weekly begun in New York in the interests of literature, the sciences and fine arts, politics, and current topics.—Mrs. L. B. Walford, the author of *Mr. Smith*, recently gave a garden party at her home, Cranbrooke Hall, near Ilford, Essex, to some four hundred members of the Salon, a London club composed exclusively of people who earn money with their pens.—Miss Anna Reeve Aldrich, whose *Rose of Flame* has reached a second edition, is at present at work on a novel.—W. M. Rossetti has in press, for publication in the autumn, a *Life and Letters* of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—Richard le Gallierine is a promising young English poet whose work in the vein of Keats is attracting attention.

J. F. Farmer, compiler of *Americanisms Old and New*, is making a slang dictionary, which by comprehensiveness and historical treatment, is intended to supersede all other works of the kind.—Robert Browning is writing a volume of semi-humorous poems, to be called *Jocoseria*.—Ouida admires a witty retort even when at her own expense, and above all if from a woman, and when Mrs. John Bigelow said to her, "I don't know why you dislike Americans so, they are the only people who read your nasty books," Ouida drew her toward her, saying: "Why, you must be an interesting woman, you may come in," and took her all over her villa, showed her her pet views of Florence, her dogs, and her wonderful collection of antique jewelry.—Editor Stead, of the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, proposes to visit this country.—Mrs. Lynn Linton has been a most energetic canvasser for signatures to the protest against woman suffrage in *The Nineteenth Century*; and at parties and receptions she goes around, note-book and pencil in hand, soliciting names.—General Sheridan's book has reached the sale of 60,000 copies.—François Coppée, the French poet, who is a heavy cigarette smoker, says, "I never had any reason to attribute my indifferent health to tobacco, which I regard as a stimulant to work and to dreaming, and for the poet these two words are synonymous."—Julian Hawthorne's next novel will have a Theosophical subject and will be located in New York, Boston, and India.—Gladstone is greatly interested in Miss Marie Corelli's new novel: *Ardath: the Story of a Dead Self*, and has recently called several times on the young novelist, and has held long conversations with her on the mystical theories discussed in her works.

Christie Murray, in collaboration with Mr. Herman, begins in the new *Newbery House Magazine*, a story called *The Bishop's Bible*, which turns on the forgery of such a Bible by a Teutonic Pigott.—Arthur C. Grissom, a clever young Western writer, whose work has appeared in *The Youth's Companion*, *Detroit Free Press* and other journals, is only twenty years old and is president of the Western Authors' and Artists' Club.—Edward Everett Hale is to write the life of James Freeman Clarke.—The *American*, of Philadelphia says: "The *Story of Helen Davenant*, by Violet Fane, is a reprint from a low and objectionable class of English fiction, which we are surprised that a house like that of Messrs. Appleton should countenance."—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian Dramatist, whose *Doll's House* is now the London sensation, was born and bred at the small sea-side town of Skein; his first tragedy, *Catalina*, was published

by the generosity of a friendly apothecary, but only thirty copies were sold.—Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant is engaged on a topographical account of Edinburgh.—The London Star writes thus kindly of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler: "Those who have met her socially speak enthusiastically of her charm of manner, her absence of all affectation and conceit; and her ears would tingle at the glowing accounts of her personal beauty."—J. Walter Thompson, the well-known advertising agent, has issued a hand-book of the principal magazines with reduced title-pages of each in color.—Frederick E. Weatherly, the English poet, says that he has written something between five hundred and one thousand songs, of which Nancy Lee and The Three Old Maids of Lee are the most popular.

It is not generally known that Gladstone has only three fingers on his left hand; the index finger having been shot off, forty-seven years ago, by an accident in the hunting-field.—Mrs. Graham R. Tomson will edit a volume of selections from the Greek anthology for the Canterbury Poets series.—Ernest Jarrold's clever Mickey Finn sketches are to be published shortly in book-form with a preface by Mark Twain.—W. E. S. Fales, the brilliant newspaper writer, is described as a man of intense personality, independence, and intellectuality, tall and stout, with light hair and a blond moustache, and a face expressive of jollity and good humor.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is to edit the children's department of a syndicate of English and American papers, for which she is to receive \$7,500 a year.—Madame Severina, the directress of the Paris Cri, is a very popular writer; whenever a leader signed by her appears in the paper, the circulation for the day goes up 5,000 copies.—Dr. H. Hoffman, author of the children's classic *Slovenly Peter*, has just past his eightieth birthday; his nursery rhymes have gone through 157 editions, and are translated into every European language.—George Bancroft writes concerning Mr. Lodge's admirable work on Washington: "I like your new work on the unique man of the last century exceedingly; it is written independently as well as with a full sense of the unique greatness of Washington."

Hon. Ward Gregory, editor of the *Ithaca Democrat*, and post-master at Ithaca, died recently: he was a born journalist and a great literary friend of the late Samuel J. Tilden.—While at work Zola always wears a lace frilled shirt and lace cuffs, like Buffon of the seventeenth century, and although wearing his hair cropped short for twenty years, he now wears it long; for since he has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, he is striving to present a new appearance.—Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, will shortly issue the first number of a quarterly portfolio of four photogravure pictures from the negatives of sun artists, to advance photography in the estimation of the art-loving public.—Mr. Naake, of the British Museum, has discovered some printing in Polish, which is the earliest known specimen of work of that kind: it is a hymn addressed to the Virgin Mary, and was sung by Polish troops before going into battle.—A Book of Wedding Days, modelled on the birthday-book scheme, will be issued at an early day with nearly one hundred illustrations by Walter Crane.—It is said of Tennyson, "Even the Queen has not such a dislike for casual human kind as has the Poet Laureate, who, it is well known, gave up the loved abode of many years because it was approachable by passers-by."—The Boston Publishing Co. offers a special prize of \$300 for the best short story of from 4,000 to 10,000 words.—Luther H. Beckford, of Leadville, Col., is a clever young writer,

whose story, *A Hopeless Case*, has been favorably noticed.—William O'Brien, the Irish leader, spent his time in prison in writing a novel which he calls *When we were Boys*.—Margaret Deland's *Florida Days* will be published in the autumn, with fine illustrations by Louis K. Harlow, who illustrated *Home of Shakespeare*, one of Prang's publications.—Louisa de la Ramé's well-known *nom-de-plume*, Ouida, was suggested by her baby sister calling her "Weeda," the nearest approach her little lips could make to Louisa.—Robert Browning, the poet, is the readiest, the blithest, and the most forcible of talkers, and it is said of him, that, "like the Mon-signor in Lothair, he can sparkle with anecdote, and blaze with repartee, and when he deals in criticism the edge of his sword is mercilessly whetted against pretension and vanity."—William Allingham, the poet, has been suffering severely from injuries received when thrown from his horse last autumn.—In an autograph letter of Charles Dickens, recently sold in London, occurred this advice, written to a young man ambitious to become an author: "Think of the vast crowd of young men who can write verse, and of the handful who can write poetry, and, rely upon it, that the worst you may ever have heard or read of the misery inseparable from a mistaken ambition in letters is nothing to the dread reality."—Edwin A. Abbey is in Worcestershire busy with his illustrations for an edition of Shakespeare's comedies.

Laurence Hutton, literary critic of *Harper's Monthly*, has hit upon a novel idea for decoration for his study in a frieze that runs around the room; it is made of the death masks of distinguished men and women, and the effect is strikingly suggestive of Bluebeard's secret chamber.—George Augustus Sala, at a recent authors' dinner, said that Douglas Jerrold's publisher, on learning of his death, regretfully remarked, "I am sorry to hear he's dead, for there still were pickings on his bones."—Robert J. Burdette is to edit the new humorous department of Lippincott's Magazine.—In a conversation on how ideas are suggested to writers, Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, says that once, when he was walking alone, the line, "For the Snark was a Boojum, you see," suddenly came to him; and forthwith he set upon the composition of that wonderful extravaganza, *The Hunting of the Snark*.—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, lives quietly at Munich, self-exiled from his native land.—The members of the famous publishing firm of A. & C. Black, which has existed for a hundred years in Edinburgh, are about to move their headquarters to London.—It is said of Andrew Lang, who, in spite of his delicate health, does a vast amount of work, that he is a most engaging man, kindly, approachable, and generous, his charms being of the endearing rather than of the imposing kind.—The young Duc de Morny has ready the memoirs of his father to the extent of five volumes, but their issue is withheld until after the French elections.—Prof. William T. Harris, the new United States Commissioner of Education, and editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, is President of the Concord School of Philosophy.—Dr. Hugo Winckler has in press a new work on the ancient civilization of Mesopotamia, in which it is said he has arrived at new and important conclusions.—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, author of *Rock Me to Sleep*, *Mother*; *I Loved You Better Than You Knew*, and other popular verses of sentiment, lives in the village of Ridgewood, N. J.—Eduard Mautner, the Austrian poet and dramatist, whose translation of Poe's *Raven* is well known, died recently at Baden, near Vienna.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT

Art and Decoration :

Art in the Modern State : Lady Dilke : J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... \$2 50

Biographic and Reminiscent :

Autobiography of Frederick Froebel : Translated by E. Michaelis and H. K. Moore : C. W. Bardeen 1 50
 Beethoven : a Memoir : Elliott Graeme ; with Essay by Ferdinand Hiller : Lippincott Co., cloth..... 2 00
 Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle : Edited by D. G. Ritchie : Scribner & Welford, 8vo, uncut..... 4 50
 Father Damien : A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii : Edward Clifford : Macmillan, cloth.. 75
 Life of Henry Grattan : Robert Dunlop : J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 75
 Life of Lamartine : Lady Margaret Domvile : J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 2 00

Educational Discussion :

Memory Training : Wm. L. Evans : A. S. Barnes & Co., cloth..... 1 25
 Principles of the History of Language : Paul Herman : Trans. by H. A. Strong : Macmillan..... 3 00

Fiction of the Month :

But Yet a Woman : A. S. Hardy : Houghton, Mifflin & Co., new edit..... 50
 By a Hair's Breadth : Edith Sessions Tupper : Willard, Fracker & Co., paper..... 50
 Fishin' Jimmy : Annie Trumbull Slosson : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., cloth..... 60
 Heart Stories : Theodore Bartlett : Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 75
 How They Kept the Faith : A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc : Grace Raymond : Randolph, cloth. 1 50
 Lord Dunmersey : Leander Richardson : Delay & Co., paper..... 50
 My Uncle Barbasson : Mario Uchard : Trans. from the French by A. D. Hall : Rand, McNally & Co.... 50
 The Light of Her Countenance : Hjalmer H. Boyesen : Appleton & Co., cloth..... 75
 The Pace that Kills : A Chronicle : Edgar Saltus : Belford, Clarke & Co., paper..... 50
 The Search for Basil Lyndhurst : Rosa N. Carey : Lippincott Co., half cloth..... 50
 The Story of Helen Davenant : Violet Fane : Appleton, cloth..... 75

Gardening and Agriculture :

The Garden's Story : or, Pleasures and Trials of an Amateur Gardener : G. H. Ellwanger : Appleton, clo. 1 25

Historical and Political :

Celtic Ireland : Sophie Bryant : With 3 Historical Maps, Bibliography, etc. : Scribner & Welford..... 1 75
 The Parnell Commission : The Opening Speech for the Defence : Sir Chas. Russell : Macmillan, cloth.... 3 50

Miscellaneous Topics :

Blots and Blemishes : A Book of Popular Short Sayings and Aphorisms : Scribner & Welford, 16mo..... 40
 Cartomancy : A Handbook of Fortune-Telling and Occult Divination : Scribner & Welford, cloth..... 50
 The Influence of the Stars : a Book of Old World Lore : Rosa Baughn : Scribner & Welford..... 2 00

Poetry of the Month :

The Merry Muse : Edited by E. DeLancey Pierson : Belford, Clarke & Co., cloth..... 1 50
 Songs and Sonnets : Philip Acton : Second Edition : Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo..... 1 75

Reference Works :

A Latin-English Dictionary : C. G. Gepp and A. E. Haigh : Ginn & Co., cloth..... 1 40
 Caspar's Directory of the American Book and Stationery Trade : C. N. Caspar, net..... 12 00

Religious and Philosophical :

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion : J. Caird : Macmillan..... 1 50
 Christianity and Agnosticism : A Controversy : H. Wace, Prof. Huxley, W. H. Mallock and others : Appleton. 1 00
 Padre Agostino's Sermons : First and Second Series : James Pott & Co., paper, each..... 50
 Tests of Various Kinds of Truths : James M'Cosh : Methodist Book Concern, cloth..... 70
 What is Truth ? : The Duke of Argyll : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., paper..... 25

Sociologic and Sanitary :

Diphtheria, its Nature and Treatment : C. E. Billington : Wm. Wood & Co..... 2 50
 The Railways of England : W. M. Acworth : Scribner & Welford, cloth..... 6 00

Sport and Recreation :

The Book of the All-round Angler : A Comprehensive Treatise : J. Bickerdyke : Scribner & Welford..... 2 20
 The London Stage : Its History and Traditions from 1576 to 1888 : H. B. Baker : Scribner & Welford : 2 vols. 4 80

Travel and Adventure :

Gleanings from Japan : W. G. Dickson : Scribner & Welford, Illustrated, 8vo..... 3 00
 Memorable London Houses : A Handy Guide, with Anecdotes : W. Harrison : Scribner & Welford..... 60
 Our Journey to the Hebrides : By Joseph and Eliz. Robins Pennell : Harper's, Illustrated..... 1 75
 Practical Guide to the Climates and Weather of India, Ceylon, and Burmah : H. F. Blanford : Macmillan. 3 50
 Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada : Chas. Dudley Warner : Harper..... 1 75
 Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco : a Narrative of Exploration : J. Thomson : Longmans, Green. 3 00
 Unknown Switzerland : Victor Tissot : Transl. by Mrs. Wilson : A. D. F. Randolph & Co..... 2 00

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Letter Song—Samuel M. Peck—Atlanta Constitution

Who is it dreams of thee all the night
Till the last star dies in the gray?
Who is it calls thee his heart's delight,
Though many a league away?
Who is it wishes thy sorrow to bear,
Leaving the joy for thee?
Who is it breathes thee a song and a prayer?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Who is it longs for the touch of thy hand,
The sound of thy feet at the door?
And who would give all the gold in the land
To gaze on thy face once more?
Who is it craving thy voice to beguile
Grim cares that will not flee?
Whose eyes are athirst for thy winsome smile?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Whose are the veins that laugh and leap
Whenever thy name is heard?
Whose are the eyes that fain would weep
To think of a hope deferred?
Whose is the arm that will not fail,
If ever thy need shall be?
Whose is the love that never grows pale?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Posthumous Revenge—Francis S. Saltus—To-Day

He who had marred my life in cruel wise,
The one I loathed, my one malignant foe,
Lay mute before me, never more to rise,
Pierced to his falsest heart by one quick blow.

With hate ineffable, with withering scorn,
I guarded there his carrion, dank and dead;
And, till the misty advent of the morn,
Gazed in his dull, unanswering eyes of lead.

But, not content, with rage that nothing daunts
I hissed into his ear my joy of crime,
With haughty insults, with infernal taunts,
And all that rabid hate can make sublime.

And then, O God! while I stood fearless there,
Alone in that deserted, sullied place,
I heard, I *heard* a murmur of despair,
A hot, swift *something* struck me on the face!

Pallid with anger I did quickly turn
To chastise and to crush my foe unknown;
I felt the warm blood on my forehead burn;
But oh! avenging God! *we were alone*.

Then horror held me, while I nothing saw;
I sank unto my knees without control,
For I had understood at last, in awe,
That what had struck me was his *outraged soul*!

Mountain Pines—Frank D. Sherman—Independent

See, on the mountain top afar,
Those lofty pinnacles that reach
So near to Heaven that a star
Burns like a taper bright in each.

There, changeless all the seasons through,
That green cathedral lifts its spires,
The first to catch the morning dew,
The last to hold the sunset fires.

Within its aisles no sound is heard
While Summer's service decks the nave;
Its altar knows no priest; no bird
Sings from the emerald architrave.

But when wrapt in her shroud of snow,
Beneath the roof lies Earth asleep,
A mournful music, measured, slow,
Wakes in the summit of yon steep.

That solemn dirge of winter brings
The heart to ponder thoughts divine;
It is God's harper strikes the strings
Stretched on the forest harp of pine!

A Spanish Cigarette—Charles F. Lummis—America

Nita, come roll me a cigarette,
Just as you used to long ago
In the far, sweet days when first I met
My dark-eyed fate in New Mexico.

Do *you* remember those days, Chiquite,
(Here is a husk) and the stranger pale
Your father's herders brought to your feet,
Dripping with blood, from the Dead Man's Trail?

(Now just a pinch of the *tamayd*—
How it flavors the poorest weed!
A coal for the lighting—good! *Alli sta!*)
Ah, youth it is that is life indeed!

And how you won him to life again,
Bending over with infinite eyes,
Lisping the tongue of your sunny Spain,
Fanning his forehead with softest sighs?

Deeper a hurt in his heart there lay
Than where the Apache arrows pried—
'Twas a fair-haired playmate, far away,
With blue eyes traitors and lips that lied!

* * * * *
I had a letter from *her* to-night—
"John, I was wrong! 'Twas a girl's mistake?
And time has humbled my heart to write
Oh, love! come back, for our old love's sake!"

Go? Do you *think* I would go, *mi flor*?
With love like yours shall I hoard regret?
And our barefoot babes around the door?
No! Then a kiss and—a cigarette!

A Dakota Wheat Field—Hamlin Garland—Youth's Comp.

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
Such as play in the golden hair of a girl,
A ripple of amber, a flare
Of light sweeping after, a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.

The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps,
Then all in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My Western land,
 Outspread beneath the setting sun!
 Once more amid your swells I stand,
 And cross your sod lands dry and dun,
 I hear the jocund calls of men
 Who sweep amid the ripened grain
 With swift, stern reapers, once again.

The evening splendor floods the plain,
 The crickets' chime
 Makes pauseless rhyme,
 And toward the sun
 The splendid colors romp and run
 Before the wind's feet
 In the wheat!

The Subtlety of Nature—Jas. Sherman—N. O. Picayune

I know not how the mavis sings;
 How swells the wondrous little throat
 Of soaring lark; how nature rings
 With its wild song and glorious note,
 Nor how the ear the notes retain,
 That fall with sweet vibrating sound,
 Or how 'tis whispered to the brain,
 Where life, and song, and soul are found.
 I know not how the germ is hid
 In tiny seed, in secret strength,
 Or how it bursts its fragile lid,
 And swells to flower and fruit at length.
 Nor can I tell how plants drink in
 The mystic drafts of heat and light,
 Transform the elements within
 To lovely forms of beauty bright;
 To golden red, or purple tint,
 The chaste white of lily rare;
 All forms, all colors, without stint,
 Those slender plants are made to bear.
 And what directs that subtle force,
 That moulds ten thousand varied shapes,
 From slender blue bell, prickly gorse,
 To passion flower, or clustered grapes?
 And then the mind, so strangely wrought
 Perceives this wondrous nature's work,
 But in the processes of thought
 It cannot trace where life does lurk.

Wooing of the Southland—Eugene Field—Chicago News

The Northland reared his hoary head
 And spied the Southland leagues away—
 "Fairest of all fair brides," he said,
 "Be thou my bride I pray!"
 Whereat the Southland laughed and cried:
 "I'll bide beside my native sea,
 And I shall never be thy bride,
 'Till thou com'st wooing me!"
 The Northland's heart was a heart of ice,
 A diamond glacier, mountain high—
 Oh, love is sweet at any price,
 As well know you and I!
 So gayly the Northland took his heart,
 And cast it in the wailing sea—
 "Go, thou, with all thy cunning art
 And woo my bride for me!"
 For many a night and for many a day,
 And over the leagues that rolled between,
 The true-heart messenger sped away
 To woo the Southland queen.
 But the sea wailed loud, and the sea wailed long
 While ever the Northland cried in glee:
 "Oh, thou shalt sing us our bridal song,
 When comes my bride, O sea!"
 At the foot of the Southland's golden throne
 The heart of the Northland ever throbs—
 For that true heart speaks in the waves that moan,
 The songs that it sings are sobs.

Ever the Southland spurns the cries
 Of the messenger pleading the Northland's part—
 The summer shines in the Southland's eyes—
 The winter bides in her heart!

And ever unto that far-off place
 Which love doth render a hallowed spot,
 The Northland turneth his honest face
 And wonders she cometh not.

The sea wails loud, and the sea wails long,
 As the ages of waiting drift slowly by,
 But the sea shall sing no bridal song—
 As well know you and I!

September—D. T. Fellows—Boston Transcript

There is a rest and finish in the air;
 Nature at last can fold her tired hands,
 And watch the final touches of the work—
 The gold and crimson high-lights of her plans.
 The aftermath is ready in the fields;
 The golden grain seems waiting for the day
 When eager hands shall gather in the sheaves,
 The prophecy fulfilled of early May.
 The maple's blush of promise in the spring
 Has turned to deepest ecstasy of hue;
 The distant hills in regal colors stand,
 Their purple tints soft mingling with the blue.
 The lengthening shadows and the ripening fruit,
 The sickle of the early harvest moon,
 The golden-rod and asters, all proclaim
 This is the year's sweet, solemn afternoon.
 I, too, have folded up my work awhile,
 Glad that the autumn resting time is near.
 Dear Christ, I bring not half, but all my heart
 To Thee—poor offering for this perfect year!

The Pilgrim Fathers—John Boyle O'Reilly—Boston Pilot

From a poem, read by the author, at the recent dedication of the Pilgrims' monument, at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom not of kings, but men;
 Began the making of the world again.
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake!
 Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
 Where all the people equal-franchised met;
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
 Where human breath blew all the idols down;
 Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were furled,
 And common men began to own the world!
 All praise to others of the vanguard then!
 To Spain, to France; to Baltimore and Penn;
 To Jesuit, Quaker—Puritan and Priest
 Their toil be crowned—their honors be increased!
 We slight no true devotion, steal no fame
 From other shrines to gild the Pilgrims' name.
 As time selects, we judge their treasures heaped;
 Their deep foundations laid; their harvest reaped;
 Their primal mode of liberty; their rules
 Of civil right; their churches, courts and schools;
 Their freedom's very secret here laid down—
 The spring of Government is the little town
 They knew that streams must follow to a spring,
 And no stream flows from township to a king.
 Give praise to others, early come or late,
 For love and labor on our ship of state;
 But this must stand above all fame and zeal:
 The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.
 On their strong lines we base our social health—
 The man—the home—the town—the Commonwealth!

CONCERNING CELEBRITIES—AT HOME AND ABROAD

The New Savonarola—H. R. Haweis—Pall Mall Gazette

The most extraordinary accounts of the great preaching friar, Padre Agostino da Montefeltro, reach us from Rome. The expectations of Leo XIII., who summoned him from Florence to preach in the ancient capital, have been surpassed. For forty days he has addressed every day from four to five thousand persons. The large church of San Carlo, in the Corso, was thronged, crowds being unable to gain admission. It has been found necessary to give the monk a military guard. The people accompany him in crowds to his hotel, and he is often compelled to show himself on the balcony before they will disperse. His sermons are interrupted with the sobs, the laughter, and even the applause of the congregation. All the usual conventionalities of the Church are laid aside. The instant he appears in the pulpit murmurs of *Eccolo! Eccolo!* (There he is! There he is!) run through the assembly, and at every pause, *Bene! Bene!* or even *Bravo!* are distinctly audible—the Father's efforts to repress these outbursts have proved useless, and so he has given it up. The people are simply carried away by his eloquence—old and young, high and low. He is commonly called the new Savonarola: let us hope he will not work out his legends. Who is this man? All sorts of tales are abroad about him. He is a widower, who, in despair at losing a beloved wife, took to the cloister. He is a Garibaldian who has exchanged the red shirt for the monk's cowl. The truth, however, seems to be even more romantic. Some twenty years ago a young Italian of good birth became enamored of a beautiful girl, and the course of true love, as usual, not running smooth, in a fit of burning and headstrong passion, the impetuous Agostino cut the knot and ran away with his idol to Switzerland. The rash pair were rudely aroused from love's young dream by the appearance of an altogether matter-of-fact personage, the brother of the young lady. He seems to have fallen on Agostino with his sword in the good old slashing style; but Agostino, it appears, could also play the swordsman, and in the desperate encounter which followed, the girl's brother fell pierced to the heart by the hand of her lover. What became of the young lady is not told: but Agostino, overcome with terror and remorse, seems to have fled to a Franciscan monastery, and there sought pardon and expiation for his crimes by twenty years of devotion, rigid seclusion, and severe penance. His extraordinary qualities, the vigor of his intellect, his taste for learning, and above all his eloquence did not escape the notice of his superior. About four years ago he was ordered to preach at Bologna. After his very first sermon he was hailed by the populace as a second Savonarola. He went to Florence last year, and was carried almost daily in a litter—for at that time he was very ill—into the Duomo. The whole of Florence was soon at his feet; the local journals employed numerous shorthand writers, and within a few hours of their delivery his sermons were hawked about the streets and devoured as greedily as Luther's tracts.

* * * * *

"My friends," he cried, in the Duomo at Florence, "your great desire is to press onward—to advance in every sense of the word; well then, in the name of the faith of our fathers, I say to you, Forward!" Sooner or later this sort of thing will be met by the imbecile, but

apparently inevitable non possumus of Rome, which broke the heart of Lacordaire, cowed Passaglia, paralyzed the intellect of Montalembert, and wrecked poor Father Hyacinth soon after his magnificent conferences at Notre Dame. He feels that the old style is played out. There is hardly a trace of the old dogmatic, much less Roman Catholic theology left in his sermons; somehow or other the people don't seem to miss it. His utterances are direct and glowing—defences of the religious instincts, expositions of human passion in the light of the higher spiritual experiences of the race as regenerate in Christ, vignettes of real life, flights of poetic declamation—in a word, grand, moral, philosophical and practical orations—ordered with consummate art, and heated through and through with the electric fire of a noble heart; that is what has won the people of Bologna, Pisa, Florence, Rome, and struck the narrow Cardinals with fear and suspicion. Father Agostino is in the prime of life. He is now in fair health, and in splendid oratorical form. His head is broad and finely formed; his features clear cut but strong; his mouth sweet but firm. A smile, said to be irresistible in its geniality and tenderness, is wont to play about his lips as he first surveys the eager upturned faces of the vast congregations which flock to him. How long before Rome stones this latest of her prophets? We shall see.

Washington's Personal Appearance—The Albany Express

In a memoir written by David Akerson in 1811 is found this description: Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude that seemed a vital part of the man.

Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woollen tied round his throat and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be almost painful to look at.

At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a pistol. His lungs were weak, his voice never strong.

He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and

his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. It was his regular custom to take a drink of rum or whiskey (neat) on awakening in the morning.

Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit his mouth, and pushed his under lip outward.

Sulejmann Pasha's Game of Chess—New York Sun

On a summer afternoon almost fifty years ago, Sulejmann Pasha, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at coffee in a café on the Nile terrace in Cairo. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before. Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizib, when he routed the Turkish army under Hafiz Pasha and Col. von Moltke, then in the Sultan's service. But Sulejmann Pasha was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Col. von Moltke, nor the battle of Nizib. His whole attention was concentrated on a chessboard before him.

Sulejmann Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten dozens of times Ulema Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as somewhat akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered chess to be preëminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chess board and strategy on the field of battle. Every afternoon he met Ulema Reschid Aga at the café on the Nile terrace and beat him two or three games.

On this particular afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Ulema Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his Waterloo, and Sulejmann Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace of a long, gaunt, bony young stranger. The stranger strolled right up to the Pasha's table, and after making a half-military salute, said so loudly that every one on the terrace could hear:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."

All the officers on the terrace sat quite still and stared at the thin, pale young man who stood before their great commander. The Pasha looked him over curiously.

"I am at your service," was his answer, after a long pause. "How high do you usually play?"

"You fix the stakes, Pasha."

"Well, a hundred ducats will not be too much."

The stranger nodded and sat down. The lots were cast. The game was begun. All the officers in the café left their coffee to crowd around the players. The first few moves convinced them that the long bony fingers of the stranger had moved chess men many times before. At the end of twenty minutes the Pasha's eyes suddenly brightened and he smiled. He had an invincible combination. He placed his queen before his opponent's queen. The officers began to grumble, for they thought their commander had lost his head. Only Reschid Aga, who in the mean time had joined the crowd of spectators, looked happy. He had guessed his friend's combination, and he, too, was sure that it was invincible.

"He will take the queen," commented the spectators.

"Then he will be checkmated in eight moves," whispered back Reschid Aga, his eyes fixed on the board.

"And if he doesn't take her?"

"He will lose his own," said the ex-champion.

The stranger moved a pawn. Sulejmann took his queen. The officers thought it was all up with the gaunt young man, and started back to their coffee. They were called back, however, by the first words the Pasha's opponent had spoken since he sat down to the table.

"Pasha, in twelve moves you will be checkmated."

The interest of the Pasha's friends became intense. They counted each move aloud. One—two—three—four—and the Pasha was already hard pressed. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—and his men were hemmed in on all sides. Ten—the Pasha tried in vain to break the blockade by sacrificing his queen. Eleven—he drew back his king into a corner. Twelve—"Checkmate."

There was a dead silence, all stared at the Pasha. He thought hard for several minutes, without a word. Then he looked searchingly at the stranger and said:

"Once before I have seen chess played as you play it. Your strategy is not new to me, although I cannot cope with it. The game that your playing reminds me of was much finer than this. It was played with cavalry and infantry and heavy artillery, till the ground shook under our feet. The great chess player from the North who was then against me had 150,000 men. In his hands they were invincible. The mad and envious interference of Hafiz Pasha ruined his combinations, however, and, happily for our side, gave us the game."

The Pasha stopped a moment to scrutinize the stranger's face. It was expressionless. Then he said:

"Young man, you remind me of that great chess player from the North who all but routed us at Nizib, as you routed me here. Only one man in the world can play chess like that. He is Col. von Moltke."

"You have it," answered the stranger, reaching the Pasha his hand across the chess-table, "I am Moltke."

Henry Clay and the Goat—From the Omaha Bee

The following anecdote of Henry Clay, has just been published for the first time: As he came out of the Capitol at Washington one day, seeing a frightened woman in the street striving to ward off the attacks of a sportive goat, he gallantly, in spite of his years and office, seized the goat by the horns. The woman thanked him and sped hurriedly on. Mr. Clay would have liked to move on also, but the goat had its own views about the interference with his innocent amusement. As soon as the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on the two horns, the animal rose majestically on its hind legs and prepared for a charge. In his own defence Mr. Clay now took the animal as before by the horns and thus for a time they stood, while a crowd of street boys gathered about, immensely amused at the unusual spectacle of a senator and a goat pitted one against the other in a public street. As long as Mr. Clay held the goat by the horns, all was well; but the moment the quadruped was free, came a fresh preparation for a charge. Not a boy offered assistance, but after a while one ventured forward to make a suggestion.

"Throw the billy down, sir." Mr. Clay at once accepted and adopted the report of that committee, and tipping the goat up essayed to pass on. Before he could fairly turn away, however, the goat was up in lofty preparation for a new charge. Mr. Clay gave his enemy the floor once more and turned to his new adviser.

"And what shall I do, now?"

"Cut and run like the devil," replied the lad.

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
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Special List of Magazines

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Atlantic Monthly.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Belford's Magazine.....	2.50	5.50	4.50
Cosmopolitan.....	2.40	5.40	3.00
Century Magazine.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Forum.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
Harper's Monthly.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Lippincott's Magazine.....	3.00	6.00	4.00
North American Review.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
Outing.....	3.00	6.00	4.00
Overland Monthly.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Popular Science Monthly.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
Scribner's Magazine.....	3.00	6.00	4.50
St. Nicholas.....	3.00	6.00	4.75
Wide Awake.....	2.40	5.40	4.50

Special List of Weeklies

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Arkansas Traveller.....	2.00	5.00	3.50
Churchman.....	3.50	6.50	5.50
Christian Union.....	3.00	6.00	4.50
Detroit Free Press.....	1.00	4.00	3.25
Dramatic News.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Frank Leslie's Illustrated.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Harper's Bazar.....	4.00	7.00	5.25
Harper's Weekly.....	4.00	7.00	5.25
Independent.....	3.00	6.00	4.75
Judge.....	4.00	7.00	5.50
Life.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
New York Ledger.....	3.00	6.00	4.75
New York Weekly.....	3.00	6.00	4.75
Once a Week.....	4.50	7.50	6.00
Pittsburgh Bulletin.....	2.00	5.00	3.50
Public Opinion.....	3.00	6.00	4.75
Puck.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
San Francisco Argonaut.....	4.00	7.00	5.00
Scientific American.....	3.00	6.00	5.00
Texas Siftings.....	5.00	8.00	6.00
Time.....	4.00	7.00	5.50

N. Y. Sat. and Sunday Papers

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Commercial Adv., Sat.....	1.50	4.50	3.25
Evening Sun, daily.....	3.00	6.00	4.50
Evening World, daily.....	3.50	6.50	5.00
Graphic, Sat.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Herald, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Journal, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Mail and Express, Sat.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
News, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Post, Sat.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Press, daily incl. Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Star, Sun.....	1.50	4.50	3.25
Sun, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Telegram, Sat.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Times, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
Tribune, Sun.....	2.00	5.00	4.00
World, Sun.....	2.50	5.50	4.25

Agriculture and Gardening

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Agricultural Epitome.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
American Agriculturist.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
American Cultivator.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
American Farmer.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
American Florist.....	S M 1.00	4.00	3.25
American Garden.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
American Rural Home.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Cultivator & Country Gent.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.00
Farm and Fireside.....	S M 50	3.50	3.00
Farm, Stock and Home.....	S M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Farmer's Home Journal.....	W 1.25	4.25	3.30
Farmer's Review.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Farming World.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.00
Garden and Forest.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.00
Hallett's American Farmer.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Home, Farm and Factory.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Indiana Farmer.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Journal and Agriculturist.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Kansas Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Mirror and Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
National Stockman.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
New England Homestead.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Ohio Practical Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Orange County Farmer.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Orange Judd Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Orchard and Garden.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Pacific Rural Press.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.00
Popular Gardening.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Practical Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Prairie Farmer.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Rural Home.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Rural New Yorker.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Seed-time and Harvest.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Southern Cultivator.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Southern Farm.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Texas Farm and Ranch.....	S M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Thrifty Farmer.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
True's Farming World.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Vick's Illustrated Magazine.....	M 1.25	4.25	3.50
Western Farmer.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Western Plowman.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Western Rural.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Western Stockman.....	M 50	3.50	3.00

Architecture and Building

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
American Architect.....	W 6.00	9.00	7.00
American Builder.....	S M 75	3.75	3.15
Architect and Builder.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Builder and Woodworker.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Building.....	W 6.00	9.00	7.00
Building Budget.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50
California Architect.....	M 2.00	5.00	3.75
Carpentry and Building.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Engineering and Build. Rec.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.00
Inland Architect.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50
Manufacturer and Builder.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Scientific, Am. (A. & B. edit.).....	W 2.50	5.50	4.25
Shoppell's Modern Houses.....	Q 1.00	4.00	3.25

Art and Decoration

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
American Art Journal.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.25
American Art Magazine.....	M 2.50	5.50	4.00
Art Age.....	M 2.50	5.50	4.00
Art Amateur.....	M 4.00	7.00	5.50
Art Interchange.....	W 4.00	7.00	6.00
Art Review.....	M 7.50	10.50	9.00
China Decorator.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50
Connoisseur.....	Q 50	3.50	3.00
Decorator and Furnisher.....	M 4.00	7.00	5.25
Home Decorations.....	B 2.00	5.00	3.75
Nonpareil.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Studio.....	M 2.50	5.50	4.00
Sun and Shade.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50

Army and Navy Matters

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Army and Navy Journal.....	W 6.00	9.00	7.25
Army and Navy Register.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Canadian Military Gazette.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Grand Army Gazette.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Hudson's Arm. & Nav. List.....	M 2.00	5.00	3.75
Jour. Milit. Serv. Instit.....	Q 3.00	6.00	4.50
United Service.....	M 4.00	7.00	5.00

Best Foreign Reprints

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Blackwood's.....	3.00	6.00	5.00
Contemporary.....	8.50	11.50	9.75
Edinburgh Review.....	4.00	7.00	6.00
Fortnightly Illustrated Magazine.....	1.75	4.75	3.50
Fortnightly Review.....	12.00	15.00	13.50
London Illustrated News.....	5.00	8.00	6.50
Macmillan's.....	3.00	6.00	4.50
New Review.....	1.75	4.75	3.75
Nineteenth Century.....	7.50	10.50	9.00
Quarterly Review.....	7.50	10.50	9.00
Scottish Review.....	10.50	13.50	12.00
Westminster.....	4.00	7.00	5.25

Books and Literary Criticism

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
American.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
American Bookmaker.....	M 2.00	5.00	3.75
American Bookseller.....	M 2.00	5.00	3.75
Author.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Book Buyer.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Book Chat.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Book Fiend.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Book Lover.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Book Mart.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Book News.....	M 50	3.50	3.00

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Critic.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Dial.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Journalist.....	W 4.00	7.00	7.25
Library Journal.....	M 5.00	8.00	7.00
Literary News.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Literary World.....	B W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Nation.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Newsman.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Publisher's Weekly.....	W 3.20	6.20	4.50
U. S. Gov. Pub. Catalogue.....	M 5.00	8.00	6.25
Western Journalist.....	W 1.00	4.00	3.25
Week.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Writer.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25

Dramatic and Musical


	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
American Musician.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Brainerd's Musical World.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Cæcilia.....	M 2.00	5.00	3.75
Clef.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Clipper.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Dramatic News.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Dramatic Mirror.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Dramatic Times.....	W 2.50	5.50	4.00
Etude.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Folio.....	M 1.60	4.60	3.50
Freund's Music and Drama.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Indicator.....	W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Keynote.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Loomis' Musical Journal.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Metronome.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.25
Music and Drama.....	W 2.50	5.50	4.00
Musical Courier.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Musical Harp.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Musical Million.....	M 50	3.50	3.00
Musical Visitor.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Presto.....	S M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Song Friend.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Stage.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Theatre.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Werner's Voice Magazine.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50

Educational Journals

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Academy (Syracuse).....	Q 1.00	4.00	3.25
Academy (Boston).....	Q 50	3.50	3.00
Amer. Journal of Education.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Amer. Jour. of Mathematics.....	Q 5.00	8.00	7.00
Amer. Journal of Philology.....	Q 3.00	6.00	4.50
Amer. Teacher.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Annals of Mathematics.....	B M 2.00	5.00	3.75
Central School Journal.....	M 75	3.75	3.15
Education.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50
Educational Courant.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Educational Gazette.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Educational News.....	W 1.50	4.50	3.50
Hebraica.....	Q 2.00	5.00	3.75
Jour. of Amer. Orthodoxy.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Jour. of Education.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
National Educator.....	S M 75	3.75	3.15
Ohio Educational Monthly.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Penn'a. School Journal.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Popular Educator.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Public School Gazette.....	W 50	3.50	3.00
School Herald.....	S M 75	3.75	3.15
School Journal.....	W 2.50	5.50	4.25
School Teacher.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Teacher.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Teachers' Institute.....	M 1.25	4.25	3.30
Western School Journal.....	M 1.25	4.25	3.30

Electricity and Mechanics

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
American Engineer.....	W 2.50	5.50	4.00
Electrical Review.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Electrical World.....	W 3.00	6.00	4.50
Electrician and Elect. Eng.....	M 3.00	6.00	4.50
Engineer.....	B W 2.00	5.00	3.75
Engineering and Min. Jour.....	W 4.00	7.00	5.25
Engineering News.....	W 5.00	8.00	6.50
Iron.....	M 1.50	4.50	3.50
Iron Age.....	W 4.50	7.50	5.50
Mechanical News.....	S M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Mechanics.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Power and Steam.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25
Power and Transmission.....	M 1.00	4.00	3.25

 These are the lowest combination subscription prices known—Consider what you pay now and what you can save by this list!

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Railroad Gazette.....W	4.25	7.50	5.25
Railroad and Eng. Jour.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Western Electrician.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Western Machinist.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25

Fashion and Dress Reviews

American Fashion Review.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
American Tailor.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Cloak and Suit Review.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Clothier and Furnisher.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Delineator.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Demorest's Fashion Journ.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Demorest's Illust. Mag.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Domestic Monthly.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Dress.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Fashion and Fancy.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Fashion Bazar.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Godey's Lady's Book.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Haberdasher.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Harper's Bazar.....W	4.00	7.00	5.25
Journal of Fashion.....M	8.00	11.00	9.25
Ladies' Journal.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
L'Art de la Mode.....M	3.50	6.50	5.00
Peterson's Magazine.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Universal Magazine.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Young Ladies' Jour. (Eng.).....M	4.00	7.00	5.25

Historical and Genealogical

Iowa Historical Record.....Q	1.00	4.00	3.25
Magazine of Amer. Hist.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Magazine of Western Hist.....M	4.00	7.00	5.25
Maine Hist. & Gen. Rec.....Q	3.00	6.00	4.50
New Eng. Hist. & G. Rec.....Q	3.00	6.00	4.50
Pennsylvania Magazine.....M	3.00	6.00	4.75
Rhode Island Hist. Mag.....Q	2.00	5.00	3.75

Home and General Reading

America.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Arkansas Traveller.....W	2.00	5.00	3.50
Arthur's Home Magazine.....M	2.00	5.00	3.50
Ballou's Monthly.....M	1.50	4.50	3.25
Boston Pilot.....W	2.50	5.50	3.75
Cassell's Family Magazine.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Chautauquan.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Detroit Free Press.....W	1.00	4.00	3.25
Drake's Magazine.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Eclectic Magazine.....M	5.00	8.00	6.75
Epoch.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
Family Story Teller.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Fireside Companion.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Frank Leslie's Pop. Month.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Frank Leslie's Weekly.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
Golden Era.....M	4.00	7.00	5.50
Granite Monthly.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Harper's Weekly.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
Lend a Hand.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Littell's Living Age.....W	8.00	11.00	9.00
Magazine of Poetry.....Q	2.00	5.00	3.50
New England Magazine.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
New Englander.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
New York Ledger.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
New York Weekly.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Norristown Herald.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Northwest Magazine.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Once a Week.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
Peck's Sun.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
San Francisco Argonaut.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
San Francisco Newsletter.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Saturday Night.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
St. Louis Magazine.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Waverley Magazine.....W	4.00	7.00	5.50
Woman's World.....M	3.50	6.50	5.00
Yankee Blade.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75

Household Journals

Advance Courier.....M	50	3.50	3.00
American Home Magazine.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
American Housekeeping.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Cottage Hearth.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Daughters of America.....M	75	3.75	3.15
Dorcas Magazine.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Domestic Journal.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Good Housekeeping.....B W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Happy Hours Magazine.....S M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Home Magazine.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Home Maker.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Homestead.....W	1.00	4.00	3.25
Household Pilot.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Household Visitor.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Housekeeper.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Illus. Household Magazine.....W	1.00	4.00	3.25
Ingall's Home Magazine.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Ladies' Home Companion.....S M	50	3.50	3.00
Ladies' Home Journal.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Ladies' Home Magazine.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Modern Priscilla.....M	50	3.50	3.00
New England Fireside.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Our Home and Fireside Mag.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Parlor and Kitchen.....M	75	3.75	3.15
Practical Housekeeper.....M	75	3.75	3.15
Table Talk.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Vickery's Fireside Visitor.....S M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Woman's Illustrated World.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Woman's Magazine.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Woman's Work.....M	50	3.50	3.00

Humor, Wit and Satire

Humorist.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Judge.....W	4.00	7.00	5.00
Life.....W	5.00	8.00	5.75
Puck.....W	5.00	8.00	5.75
Texas Siftings.....W	4.00	7.00	5.00
Time.....W	4.00	7.00	5.00
Wasp.....W	5.00	8.00	5.75

Juvenile Periodicals

American Boy.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Argosy.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Babyland.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Boys of New York.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Chautauqua Y. F. Journal.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Children's Friend.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Golden Days.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Harper's Young People.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Our Little Men and Women.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Our Little Ones.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Our Youth.....W	1.50	4.50	3.50
Pansy.....M	1.00	4.00	3.50
St. Nicholas.....M	3.00	6.00	4.75
Sunday School Magazine.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Sunshine.....M	75	3.75	3.10
Treasure Trove.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Wide Awake.....M	2.40	5.40	4.05
Young Men of America.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Young Scientist.....M	1.00	4.00	3.00
Youth.....M	1.00	4.00	3.00
Youth's Companion.....W	1.75	4.75	3.50

Legal Publications

Albany Law Journal.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
American Law Register.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
American Law Review.....B M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Chicago Law Journal.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Digest.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Green Bag.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Insurance Law Journal.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Legal Adviser.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Medico-Legal Journal.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
New York Court Journal.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
New York Law Journal.....W	7.00	10.00	8.00
Northwestern Reporter.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50

Medical and Surgical

Alienist and Neurologist.....Q	5.00	8.00	6.50
American Homoeopathist.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Amer. Journal of Insanity.....Q	1.25	4.25	3.30
Amer. Journal of Obstetrics.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Am. Jr. of Ophthalmology.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Amer. Medical Digest.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Amer. Medical Journal.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Annals of Surgery.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Archives of Gynecology.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Archives of Pediatrics.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Boston Med. & Surg. Jour.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Clinical Reporter.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Doctor.....S M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Gaillard's Medical Journal.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Hahnemannian Monthly.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Homoeopathic Physician.....M	2.50	5.50	4.50
Index Medicus.....M	10.00	13.00	10.25
Internat. Jour. of Surgery.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Jour. of Cutaneous Diseases.....M	2.50	5.50	4.00
Jour. of Inebriety.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Jour. of Materia Medica.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Massachusetts Med. Jour.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Medical Abstract.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Medical Age.....S M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Medical Analectic.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Medical Brief.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Medical Classics.....B M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Medical Herald.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Medical Journal.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Medical Record.....W	5.00	8.00	6.50
Medical Times.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
N. A. Journal Homoeopathy.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Obstetric Gazette.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
St. Louis Med. & Surg. Jr.....M	1.00	5.00	3.75
Therapeutic Gazette.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75

Religious Journals

Advance.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
American Hebrew.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Andover Review.....M	3.00	7.00	5.25
Ave Maria.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Baptist Review.....Q	2.50	5.50	4.00
Baptist Teacher.....M	50	3.50	3.00
Bibliotheca Sacra.....Q	3.00	6.00	4.50
Buffalo Christian Advocate.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Catholic Review.....W	3.00	6.00	4.75
Catholic World.....M	4.00	7.00	5.50
Central Christian Advocate.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Christian at Work.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Christian Herald.....W	1.50	4.50	3.50
Christian Intelligencer.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Christian Leader.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Christian Register.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Christian Statesman.....W	1.50	4.50	3.50
Christian Standard.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Christian Thought.....B M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Christian Union.....W	3.00	6.00	4.75
Church Union.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Churchman.....W	3.50	6.50	5.00
Congregationalist.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Donahoe's Magazine.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Evangelist.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Examiner.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
Freeman's Journal.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Golden Rule.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Hebrew Journal.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Herald and Presbytr.....W	3.50	6.50	5.00
Home Missionary.....M	60	3.60	3.00
Homiletic Review.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Illus. Christian Weekly.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Independent.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Interior.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Jewish Messenger.....W	4.00	7.00	5.25
Lutheran Observer.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Menorah.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Miss's Review of the World.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Moravian.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
National Baptist.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
N. W. Christian Advocate.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75
N. Y. Christian Advocate.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Observer.....W	4.00	7.00	5.25
Presbyterian.....W	2.65	5.65	4.10
Presbyterian Review.....Q	3.00	6.00	4.50
Standard.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Sunday School Times.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Tablet.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Unitarian Review.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Unity.....W	1.50	4.50	3.50
Universalist.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Universalist Quarterly.....Q	2.00	5.00	3.75

	Reg. Price.	Price Both.	Our Price.
Watchman.....W	3.00	6.00	4.50
Western Christian Advocate.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00
Witness.....W	1.00	4.00	3.25
Zion's Herald.....W	2.50	5.50	4.00

Reference and Review

Amer. Notes and Queries.....W	3.00	6.00	4.40
Notes and Queries.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Queries.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Shakespeareana.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50

Sanitation and Hygiene

Annals of Hygiene.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Babyhood.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Dr. Foote's Health Month.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Good Health.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Hall's Journal of Health.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Health Journal.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Herald of Health.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Journal of Health.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Journal of Heredity.....Q	1.00	4.00	3.25
Laws of Life.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Phrenological Journal.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Sanitarian.....M	4.00	7.00	5.00
Sanitary Era.....S M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Sanitary News.....W	2.00	5.00	3.75

Scientific Investigation

American Analyst.....S M	1.00	4.00	3.25
American Chemical Jour.....B M	3.00	6.00	4.50
American Geologist.....M	3.00	6.00	4.50
Amer. Jour. of Psychology.....Q	5.00	8.00	6.50
Amer. Meteorological Jour.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Amer. Microscopical Jour.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Amer. Naturalist.....M	4.00	7.00	5.25
Botanical Gazette.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Canadian Entomologist.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Canadian Mag. of Science.....M	2.50	5.00	4.00
Jour. of Franklin Institute.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Jour. of Mycology.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Jour. of N. Y. Micro. Soc'y.....Q	1.00	4.00	3.25
Microscope.....M	1.50	4.50	3.50
Smithsonian and Geologist.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Popular Science Monthly.....M	5.00	8.00	6.50
Popular Science News.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
Practical World.....M	2.00	5.00	3.75
Psyche.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25
School of Mines Quarterly.....Q	2.00	5.00	3.75
Science.....W	3.50	6.50	5.00
Science Observer.....M	3.50	3.50	3.00
Scientific American.....W	5.00	6.00	4.50
Scientific American, Suppl.....W	5.00	8.00	6.00
Sideral Messenger.....M	2.50	5.50	4.00
Signs of the Times.....Q	2.00	5.00	3.75
West American Scientist.....M	1.00	4.00	3.25

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